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CARLYLE'S COMPLETE WORKS
THE STERLING EDITION

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS.

Book XIII.

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED. 1741–1742.

CHAPTER PAGE

I. BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC . . 3
Cunctations, yet incessant and ubiquitous Endeavorings, of his Britannic Majesty (1741–1743), p. 4.

II. CAMP OF STREHLEN 13
Excellency Hyndford has his First Audience (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th); and Friedrich makes a most important Treaty, — not with Hyndford, p. 18.
Excellency Robinson busy in the Vienna Hofrath Circles, to produce a Compliance, 29.
Excellency Robinson has Audience of Friedrich (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August, 1741), 37.

III GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT 45

IV. FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE 51

V. KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF: FRIEDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION 65
"*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ,*" in the Poetic, and then also in the Prose Form. p. 67.

CHAPTER PAGE

Excellency Hyndford brings about a Meeting at Klein-Schnellendorf (9th October, 1741), 72.
Friedrich takes Neisse by Sham Siege (Capture not Sham); gets homaged in Breslau; and returns to Berlin, 78.

VI. NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH 84

VII. FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT 91
The French safe in Prag; Kaiserwahl just coming on, p. 99.
Broglio has a Bivouac of Pisek; Khevenhüller looks in upon the Donau Conquests, 102.

VIII. FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS 104

IX. WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAYETIES AT FRANKFURT 112
Wilhelmina at the Coronation, p. 117.
The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, returning from Berlin, favors us with another Visit, 124.

X. FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION, WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY 128
Iglau is got, but not the Magazine at Iglau, p. 130.
The Saxons think Iglau enough; the French go home, 131.
Friedrich submerges the Moravian Countries; but cannot Brünn, which is the indispensable point, 134.
The Saxons have no Cannon for Brünn, cannot afford any; there is a high Resolution taken at Vienna (Feb. 25th): Friedrich quits the Moravian Enterprise, 135.

XI. NÜSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE 144
How Nüssler happened to be in Neisse, May, 1742, p. 146.

XII. PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON 149

XIII. BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ 154

XIV. PEACE OF BRESLAU 166

Book XIV.

THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END. 1742-1744.

CHAPTER PAGE

I. FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS 173

Settles the Silesian Boundaries, the Silesian Arrangements; with manifest profit to Silesia and himself, p. 177.

Opening of the Opera-House at Berlin, 181.

Friedrich takes the Waters at Aachen, where Voltaire comes to see him, 182.

II. AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND . . . 185

War-Phenomena in the Western Parts: King George tries, a second Time, to draw his Sword; tugs at it violently, for Seven Months (February–October, 1742), p. 186.

How Duc d'Harcourt, advancing to reinforce the Oriflamme, had to split himself in two; and become an "Army of Bavaria," to little effect, 191.

How Belleisle, returning from Dresden without Coöperation, found the Attack had been done, — in a fatally reverse way. Prag expecting Siege. Colloquy with Broglio on that interesting point. Prag besieged, 194.

Concerning the Italian War which simultaneously went on, all along, 198.

Scene, Roads of Cadiz, October, 1741. By what astonishing Artifice this Italian War did, at length, get begun, 200.

Other Scene, Bay of Naples, 19th–20th August, 1742: King of Two Sicilies (Baby Carlos that was), having been assisting Mamma, is obliged to become Neutral in the Italian War, 201.

The Siege of Prag continues. A grand Sally there, 202.

Maillebois marches, with an "Army of Redemption" or "of Mathurins" (wittily so called.) to relieve Prag; reaches the Bohemian Frontier, joined by the Comte de Saxe; above 50,000 strong (August 9th–September 19th), 206.

Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke, hearing of Maillebois, go to meet him (Sept. 14th); and the Siege of Prag is raised, 209.

The Maillebois Army of Redemption cannot redeem at all; — has to stagger Southward again; and becomes an "Army of Bavaria," under Broglio, 210.

Voltaire has been on Visit at Aachen, in the interim, — his Third Visit to King Friedrich, 214.

Three Letters of Voltaire, dated Brussels, 10th Sept. 1742, 216.

CHAPTER PAGE

III. CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME 220
Retreat from Prag; Army of the Oriflamme, Bohemian Section of it, makes Exit, p. 221.
A Glance at Vienna, and then at Berlin, 225.
Voltaire, at Paris, is made immortal by a Kiss, 229.

IV. AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT . . 231
Britannic Majesty, with Sword actually drawn, has marched meanwhile to the Frankfurt Countries, as "Pragmatic Army;" ready for Battle and Treaty alike, p. 238.
Friedrich has Objections to the Pragmatic Army; but in vain. Of Friedrich's many Endeavors to quench this War, by "Union of Independent German Princes," by "Mediation of the Reich," and otherwise; all in vain, 242.

V. BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN; AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER 246
Battle of Dettingen, p. 246.
Britannic Majesty holds his Conferences of Hanau, 262.
Hungarian Majesty answers, in the Diet, that French Declaration, "Make Peace, good People; I wish to be out of it!" — in an ominous Manner, 268.
Britannic Majesty goes home, 273.

VI. VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME . . 277
Friedrich visits Baireuth; on a particular Errand; — Voltaire attending, and privately reporting, p. 285.

VII. FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY 294

VIII. PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND 303
The Succession in Russia, and also in Sweden, shall not be hostile to us: Two Royal Marriages, a Russian and a Swedish, are accomplished at Berlin, with such View, p. 304.
Glance at the Belligerent Powers; Britannic Majesty narrowly misses an Invasion that might have been dangerous, 311.
The young Duke of Würtemberg gets a valedictory Advice; and Pöllnitz a ditto Testimonial (February 6th; April 1st, 1744), 317.
Two Conquests for Prussia, a gaseous and a solid: Conquest First, Barberina the Dancer, 320.
Conquest Second is Ost-Friesland, of a solid Nature, 325.

Book XV.

SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE. 1744–1745.

CHAPTER PAGE

I. PRELIMINARY: HOW THE MOMENT ARRIVED 331

Prince Karl gets across the Rhine (20th June-2d July, 1744), p. 333.

Friedrich decides to intervene, 339.

II. FRIEDRICH MARCHES UPON PRAG, CAPTURES PRAG . . . 342

III. FRIEDRICH, DILIGENT IN HIS BOHEMIAN CONQUESTS, UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UPON PRINCE KARL, WITH NO FRENCH ATTENDING HIM 353

Friedrich, leaving small Garrison in Prag, rushes swiftly up the Moldau Valley, upon the Tabor-Budweis Country; to please his French Friends, p. 355.

The French are little grateful for the Pleasure done them at such ruinous Expense, 360.

IV. FRIEDRICH REDUCED TO STRAITS; CANNOT MAINTAIN HIS MOLDAU CONQUESTS AGAINST PRINCE KARL . . . 366

Friedrich tries to have Battle from Prince Karl, in the Moldau Countries; cannot, owing to the Skill of Prince Karl or of old Feldmarschall Traun; — has to retire behind the Sazawa, and ultimately behind the Elbe, with much Labor in Vain, p. 368.

Friedrich's Retreat; especially Einsiedel's from Prag, 378.

V. FRIEDRICH, UNDER DIFFICULTIES, PREPARES FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN 384

Old Dessauer repels the Silesian Invasion (Winter 1744–45), p. 389.

The French fully intend to behave better next Season to Friedrich and their German Allies; but are prevented by various Accidents (Nov. 1744–April, 1745; April–Aug. 1745), 393.

Strange Accident to Maréchal de Belleisle in the Harz Mountains (20th December, 1744), 396.

The Kaiser Karl VII. gets secured from Oppressions in a tragic Way. Friedrich proposes Peace, but to no purpose, 402.

CHAPTER PAGE

VI. VALORI GOES ON AN ELECTIONEERING MISSION TO DRESDEN 408
1°. Friedrich's Position towards Saxony, p. 409.
2°. There is a "Union of Warsaw" (8th January, 1745); and still more specially a "Treaty of Warsaw" (8th January–18th May, 1745), 409.
3°. Valori's Account of his Mission (in compressed form), 413.
Middle-Rhine Army in a staggering State; the Bavarian Intricacy settles itself, the wrong Way, 415.

VII. FRIEDRICH IN SILESIA; UNUSUALLY BUSY 420
King Friedrich to Podewils, in Berlin (under various dates, March–April, 1745), p. 420.
Friedrich to Podewils (as before, April-May, 1745), 428.

VIII. THE MARTIAL BOY AND HIS ENGLISH *versus* THE LAWS OF NATURE 431
Battle of Fontenoy (11th May, 1745), p. 432.

IX. THE AUSTRIAN-SAXON ARMY INVADES SILESIA, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS 446

X. BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG 461

XI. CAMP OF CHLUM: FRIEDRICH CANNOT ACHIEVE PEACE . 468
Camp of Dieskau: Britannic Majesty makes Peace, for himself, with Friedrich; but cannot for Austria or Saxony, p. 477.
Schönbrunn, 2d August, 1745, Robinson has Audience of her Hungarian Majesty, 479.
Grand-Duke Franz is elected Kaiser (13th September, 1745): Friedrich, the Season and Forage being done, makes for Silesia, 483.

XII. BATTLE OF SOHR 487

XIII. SAXONY AND AUSTRIA MAKE A SURPRISING LAST ATTEMPT 502
Friedrich goes out to meet his Three-legged Monster; cuts one Leg of it in two (Fight of Hennersdorf, 23d November, 1745), p. 506.
Prince Karl, cut in two, tumbles home again double-quick, 513.

MAPS.

Battle of Chotusitz . . . . *to face p.* 165
" " Dettingen 257
" " Fontenoy 440
" " Hohenfriedberg . . . . *to face p.* 498
" " Sohr . . . . *ib.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portraits: Voltaire.

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Frontispiece.

Portrait: Frederick II.

Painted by Franke. Etched by Stephen J. Ferris.

To face page 1.

HISTORY OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN TWENTY-ONE BOOKS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XIII.

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED.

May, 1741–July, 1742.

CHAPTER I.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC.

Part First of his Britannic Majesty's Sorrows, the Britannic or Domestic Part, is now perhaps conceivable to readers. But as to the Second, the Germanic or Pragmatic Part, — articulate History, after much consideration, is content to renounce attempting these; feels that these will remain forever inconceivable to mankind in the now altered times. So small a gentleman; and he feels, dismally though with heroism, that he has got the axis of the world on his shoulder. Poor Majesty! His eyes, proud as Jove's, are nothing like so perspicacious; a pair of the poorest eyes: and he has to scan with them, and unriddle under pain of death, such a waste of insoluble intricacies, troubles and world-perils as seldom was, — even in Dreams. In fact, it is of the nature of a long Nightmare Dream, all this of the Pragmatic, to his poor Majesty and Nation; and wakeful History must not spend herself upon it, beyond the essential.

May 12th, betimes this Year, his Majesty got across to Hanover, Harrington with him; anxious to contemplate near at hand that Camp of the Old Dessauer's at Göttin, and the other fearful phenomena, French, Prussian and other, in that Country. His Majesty, as natural, was much in Germany in those Years; scanning the phenomena; a long while not knowing what in the world to make of them. Bully Belleisle having stept into the ring, it is evident, clear as the sun, that one must act, and act at once; but it is a perfect sphinx-enigma to say How. Seldom was Sovereign or man so spurred, and goaded on, by the highest considerations; and then so held down, and chained to his place, by an imbroglio of counter-considerations and sphinx-riddles! Thrice over, at different dates (which shall be given), the first of them this Year, he starts up as in spasm, determined to draw sword, and plunge in; twice he is crushed down again, with sword half drawn; and only the third time (in 1743) does he get sword out, and brandish it in a surprising though useless manner. After which he feels better. But up to that crisis, his case is really tragical, — had idle readers any bowels for him; which they have not! One or two Fractions, snatched from the circumambient Paper Vortex, must suffice us for the indispensable in this place: —

Cunctations, yet incessant and ubiquitous Endeavorings, of his Britannic Majesty (1741–1743).

. . . After the wonderful Russian Partition-Treaty, which his English Walpoles would not hear of, — and which has produced the Camp of Göttin, see, your Majesty! — George does nothing rashly. Far from it: indeed, except it be paying money, he becomes again a miracle of cunctations; and staggers about for years to come, like the — Shall we say, like the White Hanover Horse amid half a dozen sieves of beans? Alas, no, like the Hanover Horse with the shadows of half a dozen Damocles'-swords dangling into the eyes of it; — enough to drive any Horse to its wit's end! —

"To do, to dare," thinks the Britannic Majesty; — yes, and of daring there is a plenty: but, "In which direction? What, How?" these are questions for a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. We suppose it was by Walpole's advice that he gave her Hungarian Majesty that £200,000 of Secret-Service Money; — advice sufficiently Walpolean: "Russian Partition-Treaties; horrible to think of; — beware of these again! Give her Majesty that cash; can be done; it will keep matters afloat, and spoil nothing!" That, till the late Subsidy payable within year and day hence, was all of tangible his Majesty had yet done; — truly that is all her Hungarian Majesty has yet got by hawking the world, Pragmatic Sanction in hand. And if that were the bit of generosity which enabled Neipperg to climb the Mountains and be beaten at Mollwitz, that has helped little! Very big generosities, to a frightful cipher of Millions Sterling through the coming years, will go the same road; and amount also to zero, even for the receiving party, not to speak of the giving! For men and kings are wise creatures.

But wise or unwise, how great are his Britannic Majesty's activities in this Pragmatic Business! We may say, they are prodigious, incessant, ubiquitous. They are forgotten now, fallen wholly to the spiders and the dust-bins; — though Friedrich himself was not a busier King in those days, if perhaps a better directed. It is a thing wonderful to us, but sorrowful and undeniable. We perceive the Britannic Majesty's own little mind pulsing with this Pragmatic Matter, as the biggest volcano would do; — shooting forth dust and smoke (subsidies, diplomatic emissaries, treaties, offers of treaty, plans, foolish futile exertions), at an immense rate. When the Celestial Balances are canting, a man ought to exert himself. But as to this of saving the House of Austria from France, — surely, your Britannic Majesty, the shortest way to that, if that is so indispensable, were: That the House of Austria should consent to give up its stolen goods, better late than never; and to make this King of Prussia its friend, as he offers to be! Joined with this King, it would manage to give account of France and its balloon projects, by and by. Could your Britannic Majesty but take Mr. Viner's hint; and, in the interim, mind your *own* business! —

His Britannic Majesty intends immediate fighting; and, both in England and Hanover, is making preparation loud and great. Nay, he will in his own person fight, if necessary, and rather likes the thought of it: he saw Oudenarde in his young days; and, I am told, traces in himself a talent for Generalship. Were the Britannic Majesty to draw his own puissant sword! — His own puissant purse he has already drawn; and is subsidizing to right and left; knocking at all doors with money in hand, and the question, "Any fighting done here?" In England itself there goes on much drilling, enlisting; camping, proposing to camp; which is noisy enough in the British Newspapers, much more in the Foreign. One actual Camp there was "on Lexden Heath near Colchester," from May till October of this 1741,[1] — Camp waiting always to be shipped across to the scene of action, but never was: — this actual Camp, and several imaginary ones here, which were alarming to the Continental Gazetteer. In England his Majesty is busy that way; still more among his Hanoverians, now under his own royal eye; and among his Danes and Hessians, whom he has now brought over into Hanover, to combine with the others. Danes and Hessians, 6,000 of each kind, he for some time keeps back in stall, upon subsidy, ready for such an occasion. Their "Camp at Hameln," "Camp at Nienburg" (will, with the Hanoverians, be 30,000 odd); their swashing and blaring about, intending to encamp at Hameln, at Nienburg, and other places, but never doing it, or doing it with any result: this, with the alarming English Camps at Lexden and in Dreamland, which also were void of practical issue, filled Europe with rumor this Summer. — Eager enough to fight; a noble martial ardor in our little Hercules-Atlas! But there lie such enormous difficulties on the threshold; especially these Two, which are insuperable or nearly so.

Difficulty *First*, is that of the laggard Dutch; a People apt to be heavy in the stern-works. They are quite languid about Pragmatic Sanction, these Dutch; they answer his Britannic Majesty's enthusiasm with an obese torpidity; and hope always they will drift through, in some way; buoyant in their own fat, well ballasted astern; and not need such swimming for life. "What a laggard notion," thinks his Majesty; "notion in ten pair of breeches, so to speak!" This stirring up of the Dutch, which lasts year on year, and almost beats Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, and our chief Artists, is itself a thing like few! One of his Britannic Majesty's great difficulties; — insuperable he never could admit it to be. "Surely you are a Sea-Power, ye valiant Dutch; the *Other* Sea-Power? Bound by Barrier Treaty, Treaty of Vienna, and Law of Nature itself, to rise with us against the fatal designs of France; fatal to your Dutch Barrier, first of all; if the Liberties of Mankind were indifferent to you! How is it that you will not?" The Dutch cannot say how. France rocks them in security, by oily-mouthed Diplomatists, Fénelon and others: "Would not touch a stone of your Barrier, for the world, ye admirable Dutch neighbors: on our honor, thrice and four times, No!" They have an eloquent Van Hoey of their own at Paris; renowned in Newspapers: "Nothing but friendship here!" reports Van Hoey always; and the Dutch answer his Britannic Majesty: "Hm, rise? Well then, if we must!" — but sit always still.

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[1] Manifold but insignificant details about it, in the old Newspapers of those Months.

Nowhere in Political Mechanics have I seen such a Problem as this of hoisting to their feet the heavy-bottomed Dutch. The cunningest leverage, every sort of Diplomatic block-and-tackle, Carteret and Stair themselves running over to help in critical seasons, is applied; to almost no purpose. Pull long, pull strong, pull all together, — see, the heavy Dutch do stir; some four inches of daylight fairly visible below them: bear a hand, oh, bear a hand! — Pooh, the Dutch flap down again, as low as ever. As low, — unless (by Diplomatic art) you have *wedged* them at the four inches higher; which, after the first time or two, is generally done. At the long last, partially in 1743 (upon which his Britannic Majesty drew sword), completely in 1747, the Dutch were got to their feet; — unfortunately good for nothing when they were! Without them his Britannic Majesty durst not venture. Hidden in those dust-bins, there is nothing so absurd, or which would be so wearisome, did it not at last become slightly ludicrous, as this of hoisting the Dutch.

Difficulty *Second*, which in enormity of magnitude might be reckoned first, as in order of time it ranks both first and last, is: The case of dear Hanover; case involved in mere insolubilities. Our own dear Hanover, which (were there nothing more in it) is liable, from that Camp at Göttin, to be slit in pieces at a moment's warning! No drawing sword against a nefarious Prussia, on those terms. The Camp at Göttin holds George in checkmate. And then finally, in this same Autumn, 1741, when a Maillebois with his 40 or 50,000 French (the Leftward or western of those Two Belleisle Armies), threatening our Hanover from another side, crossed the Lower Rhine — But let us not anticipate. The case of Hanover, which everybody saw to be his Majesty's vulnerable point, was the constant open door of France and her machinations, and a never-ending theme of angry eloquences in the English Parliament as well.

So that the case of Hanover proved insoluble throughout, and was like a perpetual running sore. Oh the pamphleteerings, the denouncings, the complainings, satirical and elegiac, which grounded themselves on Hanover, the *Case of the Hanover Forces*, and innumerable other Hanoverian cases, griefs and difficulties! So pungently vital to somnambulant mankind at that epoch; to us fallen dead as carrion, and unendurable to think of. My friends, if you send for Gentlemen from Hanover, you must take them with Hanover adhering more or less; and ought not to quarrel with your bargain, which you reckoned so divine! No doubt, it is singular to see a Britannic Majesty neglecting his own Spanish War, the one real business he has at present; and running about over all the world; busy, soul, body and breeches-pocket, in other people's wars; egging on other fighting, whispering every likely fellow he can meet, "Won't you perhaps fight? Here is for you, if so!" — hand to breeches-pocket accompanying the word. But it must be said, and ought to be better known than in our day it is, His Majesty's Ministers, and the English State-Doctors generally, were precisely of the same mind. To them too the

Austrian Quarrel was everything, their own poor Spanish Quarrel nothing; and the complaint they make of his Majesty is rather that he does not rush rapidly enough, with brandished sword, as well as with guineas raining from him, into this one indispensable business. "Owing to his fears for Hanover!" say they, with indignation, with no end of suspicion, angry pamphleteering and covert eloquence, "within those walls" and without.

The suspicion of Hanover's checking his Majesty's Pragmatic velocity is altogether well founded; and there need no more be said on that Hanover score. Be it well understood and admitted, Hanover was the Britannic Majesty's beloved son; and the British Empire his opulent milk-cow. Richest of milk-cows; staff of one's life, for grand purposes and small; beautiful big animal, not to be provoked; but to be stroked and milked: — Friends, if you will do a Glorious Revolution of that kind, and burn such an amount of tar upon it, why eat sour herbs for an inevitable corollary therefrom! And let my present readers understand, at any rate, that, — except in Wapping, Bristol and among the simple instinctive classes (with whom, it is true, go Pitt and some illustrious figures), — political England generally, whatever of England had Parliamentary discourse of reason, and did Pamphlets, Despatches, Harangues, went greatly along with his Majesty in that Pragmatic Business. And be the blame of delirium laid on the right back, where it ought to lie, not on the wrong, which has enough to bear of its own. And go not into that dust-whirlwind of extinct stupidities, O reader: — what reader would, except for didactic objects? Know only that it does of a truth whirl there; and fancy always, if you can, that certain things and Human Figures, a Friedrich, a Chatham and some others, have it for their Life-Element. Which, I often think, is their principal misfortune with Posterity; said Life-Element having gone to such an unutterable condition for gods and men.

"One other thing surprises us in those Old Pamphlets," says my Constitutional Friend: "How the phrase, 'Cause of Liberty' ever and anon turns up, with great though extinct emphasis, evidently sincere. After groping, one is astonished to find it means Support of the House of Austria; keeping of the Hapsburgs entire in their old Possessions among mankind! That, to our great-grandfathers, was the 'Cause of Liberty;' — said 'Cause' being, with us again, Electoral Suffrage and other things; a notably different definition, perhaps still wider of the mark.

"Our great-grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they would be devoured by France; that French ambition would overset the Celestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand upon your guard then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of all, — your *virtutes*, manhoods, conformities to the Divine Law appointed you; which are the great and indeed sole strength to any Man or Nation! Discipline yourselves, wisely, in all kinds; more and more, till there be no anarchic fibre left in you. Unanarchic, disciplined at all points, you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, let France, and the whole World at its back, try what they could do upon you and the unique little Island you are so lucky as to live in? — Foolish mortals: what Potentiality of Battle, think you (not against France only, but against Satanas and the Ministers of Chaos generally), would a poor Friedrich Wilhelm, not to speak of better, have got out of such a Possession, had it been his to put in drill! And drill is not of soldiers only; though perhaps of soldiers first and most indispensably of all; since 'without Being,' as my Friend Oliver was wont to say, 'Well-being is not possible.' There is military drill; there is industrial, economic, spiritual; gradually there are all kinds of drill, of wise discipline, of peremptory mandate become effective everywhere, '*Obey* the Laws of Heaven, or else disappear from these latitudes!' Ah me, if one dealt in day-dreams, and prophecies of an England grown celestial, — celestial she should be, not in gold nuggets, continents all of beef, and seas all of beer, Abolition of Pain, and Paradise to All and Sundry, but in that quite different fashion; and there, I should say, *there* were the magnificent Hope to indulge in! That were to me the 'Cause of Liberty;' and any the smallest contribution towards that kind of 'Liberty' were a sacred thing! —

"Belleisle again may, if he pleases, call his the Cause of Sovereignty. A Sovereign Louis, it would appear, has not governing enough to do within his own French borders, but feels called to undertake Germany as well; — a gentleman with an immense governing faculty, it would appear? Truly, good reader, I am sick of heart, contemplating those empty sovereign mountebanks, and empty antagonist ditto, with their Causes of Liberty and Causes of Anti-Liberty; and cannot but wish that we had got the ashes of that World-Explosion, of 1789, well riddled and smelted, and the poor World were quit of a great many things!" —

My Constitutional Historian of England, musing on Belleisle and his Anti-Pragmatic industries and grandiosities, — "how Chief-Bully Belleisle stept down into the ring as a gay Volunteer, and foolish Chief-Defender George had to follow, dismally heroic, as a Conscript of Fate," — drops these words, in regard to the Wages they respectively had: —

"Nations that go into War without business there, are sure of getting business as they proceed; and if the beginning were phantasms, — especially phantasms of the hoping, self-conceited kind, — the results for them are apt to be extremely real! As was the case with the French in this War, and those following, in which his Britannic Majesty played chief counter-tenor. From 1741, in King Friedrich's First War, onwards to Friedrich's Third War, 1756–1763, the volunteer French found a great deal of work lying ready for them, — gratuitous on their part, from the beginning. And the results to them came out, first completely visible, in the World-Miracles of 1789, and the years following!

"Nations, again, may be driven upon War by phantasm *terrors*, and go into it, in sorrow of heart, not gayety of heart; and that is a shade better. And one always pities a poor Nation, in such case; — as the very Destinies rather do, and judge it more mercifully. Nay, the poor bewildered Nation may, among its brain-phantasms, have something of reality and sanity inarticulately stirring it withal. It may have a real ordinance of Heaven to accomplish on those terms: — and *if* so, it will sometimes, in the most chaotic circuitous ways, through endless hazards, at a hundred or a hundred thousand times the natural expense, ultimately get it done! This was the case of the poor English in those Wars.

"They were Wars extraneous to England little less than to France; neither Nation had real business in them; and they seem to us now a very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously gone into, on the part of England; far from that. England undertook them, with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectralities bewildering it; and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavy-laden energy, and, on the whole, with a depth of stupidity, which were very great. Yet look at the respective net results. France lies down to rot into grand Spontaneous-Combustion, Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else; which still lasts, to her own great peril, and the great affliction of neighbors. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty years, finds on awakening, that she is arrived, after all, where she wished to be, and a good deal farther! Finds that her own important little errand is somehow or other, done; — and, in short, that 'Jenkins's Ear [as she named the thing] *has* been avenged,' and the Ocean Highways 'opened' and a good deal more, in a most signal way! For the Eternal Providences — little as poor Dryasdust now knows of it, mumbling and maundering that sad stuff of his — do rule; and the great soul of the world, I assure you once more, is *just*. And always for a Nation, as for a man, it is very behooveful to be honest, to be modest, however stupid!" —

By this time, however, — Mollwitz having fallen out, and Belleisle being evidently on the steps, — his Britannic Majesty recognizes clearly, and insists upon it, strengthened by his Harringtons and everybody of discernment, That, nefarious or not, this Friedrich will require to be bargained with. That, far from breaking in upon him, and partitioning him (how far from it!), there is no conceivable method of saving the Celestial Balances till *he* be satisfied, in some way. This is the one step his Britannic Majesty has yet made, out of these his choking imbroglios; and truly this is one. Hyndford, his best negotiator, is on the road for Friedrich's Camp; Robinson, at Vienna, has been directed to say and insist, "Bargain with that man; he must be bargained with, if our Cause of Liberty is to be saved at all!" —

And now, having opened the dust-bin so far, that the reader's fancy might be stirred without affliction to his lungs and eyes, let us shut it down again, — might we but hope forever! That is too fond a hope. But the background or sustaining element made imaginable, the few events deserving memory may surely go on at a much swifter pace.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP OF STREHLEN.

Friedrich's Silesian Camps this Summer, Camp of Strehlen chiefly, were among the strangest places in the world. Friedrich, as we have often noticed, did not much pursue the defeated Austrians, at or near Mollwitz, or press them towards flat ruin in their Silesian business: it is clear he anxiously wished a bargain without farther exasperation; and hoped he might get it by judicious patience. Brieg he took, with that fine outburst of bombardment, which did not last a week: but Brieg once his, he fell quiet again; kept encamping, here, there, in that Mollwitz-Neisse region, for above three months to come; not doing much, beyond the indispensable; negotiating much, or rather negotiated with, and waiting on events.[1]

[1] In Camp of Mollwitz (nearer Brieg than the Battle-field was) till 28th May (after the Battle seven weeks); then to Camp at Grotkau (28th May–9th June, twelve days); thence (9th June) to Friedewalde, Herrnsdorf; to Strehlen (21st June–20th August, nine or ten weeks in all). See *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 924, ii. 931; Rödenbeck, Orlich, &c.

Both Armies were reinforcing themselves; and Friedrich's, for obvious reasons, in the first weeks especially, became much the stronger. Once in May, and again afterwards, weary of the pace things went at, he had resolved on having Neisse at once; on attacking Neipperg in his strong camp there, and cutting short the tedious janglings and uncertainties. He advanced to Grotkau accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer Neisse (28th May,—stayed till 9th June), quite within wind of Neipperg and his outposts; but found still, on closer inspection, that he had better wait; — and do so withal at a greater distance from Neipperg and his Pandour Swarms. He drew back therefore to Strehlen, northwestward, rather farther from Neisse than before; and lay encamped there for nine or ten weeks to come. Not till the beginning of August did there fall out any military event (Pandour skirmishing in plenty, but nothing to call an event); and not till the end of August any that pointed to conclusive results. As it was at Strehlen where mostly these Diplomacies went on, and the Camp of Strehlen was the final and every way the main one, it may stand as the representative of these Diplomatizing Camps to us, and figure as the sole one which in fact it nearly was.

Strehlen is a pleasant little Town, nestled prettily among its granite Hills, the steeple of it visible from Mollwitz; some twenty-five miles west of Brieg, some thirty south of Breslau, and about as far northwest of Neisse: there Friedrich and his Prussians lie, under canvas mainly, with outposts and detachments sprinkled about under roofs: — a Camp of Strehlen, more or less imaginable by the reader. And worth his imagining; such a Camp, if not for soldiering, yet for negotiating and wagging of diplomatic wigs, as there never was before. Here, strangely shifted hither, is the centre of European Politics all Summer. From the utmost ends of Europe come Ambassadors to Strehlen: from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland, — there are sometimes nine at once, how many successively and in total I never knew.[1] They lodge generally in Breslau; but are always running over to Strehlen. There sits, properly speaking, the general Secret Parliament of

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 932.

Europe; and from most Countries, except Austria, representatives attend at Strehlen, or go and come between Breslau and Strehlen, submissive to the evils of field-life, when need is. A surprising thing enough to mankind, and big as the world in its own day; though gone now to small bulk, — one Human Figure pretty much all that is left of memorable in it to mankind and us.

French Belleisle we have seen; who is gone again, long since, on his wide errands; fat Valori too we have seen, who is assiduously here. The other figures, except the English, can remain dark to us. Of Montijos, the eminent Spaniard, a brown little man, magnificent as the Kingdom of the Incas, with half a page of titles (half a peck, five-and-twenty or more, of handles to his little name, if you should ever require it); who, finding matters so backward at Frankfurt, and nothing to do there, has been out, in the interim, touring to while away the tedium; and is here only as sequel and corroboration of Belleisle, — say as bottle-holder, or as high-wrought peacock's-tail, to Belleisle: — of the eminent Montijos I have to record next to nothing in the shape of negotiation ("Treaty" with the Termagant was once proposed by him here, which Friedrich in his politest way declined); and shall mention only, That his domestic arrangements were sumptuous and commodious in the extreme. Let him arrive in the meanest village, destitute of human appliances, and be directed to the hut where he is to lodge, — straightway from the fourgons and baggage-chests of Montijos is produced, first of all, a round of arras hangings, portable tables, portable stove, gold plate and silver; thus, with wax-lights, wines of richest vintage, exquisite cookeries, Montijos lodges, a king everywhere, creating an Aladdin's palace everywhere; able to say, like the Sage Bias, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* These things are recorded of Montijos. What he did in the way of negotiation has escaped men's memory, as it could well afford to do.

Of Hyndford's appurtenances for lodging we already had a glimpse, through Büsching once; — pointing towards solid dinner-comforts rather than arras hangings; and justifying the English genius in that respect. The weight of the negotiations fell on Hyndford; it is between him and French Valori that the matter lies, Montijos and the others being mere satellites on their respective sides. Much battered upon, this Hyndford, by refractory Hanoverians pitting George as Elector against the same George as King, and egging these two identities to woful battle with each other, — "Lay me at his Majesty's feet" full length, and let his Majesty say which is which, then! A heavy, eating, haggling, unpleasant kind of mortal, this Hyndford; bites and grunts privately, in a stupid ferocious manner, against this young King: "One of the worst of men; who will not take up the Cause of Liberty at all, and is not made in the image of Hyndford at all." They are dreadfully stiff reading, those Despatches of Hyndford: but they have particles of current news in them; interesting glimpses of that same young King; — likewise of Hyndford, laid at his Majesty's feet, and begging for self and brothers any good benefice that may fall vacant. We can discern, too, a certain rough tenacity and horse-dealer finesse in the man; a broad-based, shrewdly practical Scotch Gentleman, wide awake; and can conjecture that the diplomatic function, in that element, might have been in worse hands. He is often laid metaphorically at the King's feet, King of England's; and haunts personally the King of Prussia's elbow at all times, watching every glance of him, like a British house-dog, that will not be taken in with suspicious travellers, if he can help it; and casting perpetual horoscopes in his dull mind.

Of Friedrich and his demeanor in this strange scene, centre of a World all drawing sword, and jumbling in huge Diplomatic and other delirium about his ears, the reader will desire to see a direct glimpse or two. As to the sad general Imbroglio of Diplomacies which then weltered everywhere, readers can understand that *it* has, at this day, fallen considerably obscure (as it deserved to do); and that even Friedrich's share of it is indistinct in parts. The game, wide as Europe, and one of the most intricate ever played by Diplomatic human creatures, was kept studiously dark while it went on; and it has not since been a pleasant object of study. Many of the

Documents are still unpublished, inaccessible; so that the various moves in the game, especially what the exact dates and sequence of them were (upon which all would turn), are not completely ascertainable, — nor in truth are they much worth hunting after, through such an element. One thing we could wish to have out of it, the one thing of sane that was in it: the demeanor and physiognomy of Friedrich as there manifested; Friedrich alone, or pretty much alone of all these Diplomatic Conjurers, having a solid veritable object in hand. The rest — the spiders are very welcome to it: who of mortals would read it, were it made never so lucid to him? Such traits of Friedrich as can be sifted out into the conceivable and indubitable state, the reader shall have; the extinct Bedlam, that begirdled Friedrich far and wide, need not be resuscitated except for that object. Of Friedrich's fairness, or of Friedrich's "trickiness, machiavelism and attorneyism," readers will form their own notion, as they proceed. On one point they will not be doubtful, That here is such a sharpness of steady eyesight (like the lynx's, like the eagle's), and, privately such a courage and fixity of resolution, as are highly uncommon.

April 26th, 1741, in the same days while Belleisle arrived in the Camp at Mollwitz, and witnessed that fine opening of the cannonade upon Brieg, Excellency Hyndford got to Berlin; and on notifying the event, was invited by the King to come along to Breslau, and begin business. England has been profuse enough in offering her "good offices with Austria" towards making a bargain for his Prussian Majesty; but is busy also, at the Hague, concerting with the Dutch "some strong joint resolution," — resolution, Openly to advise Friedrich to withdraw his troops from Silesia, by way of starting fair towards a bargain. A very strong resolution, they and the Gazetteers think it; and ask themselves, Is it not likely to have some effect? Their High Mightinesses have been screwing their courage, and under English urgency, have decided (April 24th),[1] "Yes, we will jointly so advise!" and

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 964; the *Advice* itself, a very mild-spoken Piece, but of riskish nature think the Dutch, is given, ib. 965, 966.

Friedrich has got inkling of it from Räsfeld, his Minister there. Hyndford's first business (were the Dutch Excellency once come up, but those Dutch are always hanging astern!) is to present said "Advice," and try what will come of that. An "Advice" now fallen totally insignificant to the Universe and to us, — only that readers will wish to see how Friedrich takes it, and if any feature of Friedrich discloses itself in the affair.

Excellency Hyndford has his first Audience (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th); *and Friedrich makes a most important Treaty, — not with Hyndford.*

May 2d, Hyndford arrived in Breslau; and after some preliminary flourishings, and difficulties about post-horses and furnitures in a seat of War, got to Brieg; and thence, May 7th, "to the Camp [Camp of Mollwitz still], which is about an English mile off," — Podewils escorting him from Brieg, and what we note farther, Pöllnitz too; our poor old Pöllnitz, some kind of Chief Goldstick, whom we did not otherwise know to be on active duty in those rude scenes. Belleisle had passed through Breslau while Hyndford was there: — "am unable to inform your Lordship what success he has had." Brieg Siege is done only three days ago; Castle all lying black; and the new trenching and fortifying hardly begun. In a word, May 7th, 1741, "about 11 A.M.," Excellency Hyndford is introduced to the King's Tent, and has his First Audience. Goldstick having done his motions, none but Podewils is left present; who sits at a table, taking notes of what is said. Podewils's Notes are invisible to me; but here, in authentic though carefully compressed state, is Hyndford's minute Narrative: —

Excellency Hyndford mentioned the Instructions he had, as to "good offices," friendship and so forth. "But his Prussian Majesty had hardly patience to hear me out; and said in a passion [we use, where possible, Hyndford's own wording; readers will allow for the leaden quality in some parts]: —

King (in a passion). "'How is it possible, my Lord, to believe things so contradictory? It is mighty fine all this that you now tell me, on the part of the King of England; but how does it correspond to his last Speech to his Parliament [19th April last, when Mr. Viner was in such minority of one] and to the doings of his Ministers at Petersburg [a pretty Partition-Treaty that; and the Excellency Finch still busy, as I know!] and at the Hague [Excellency Trevor there, and this beautiful Joint-Resolution and Advice which is coming!] to stir up allies against me? I have reason rather to doubt the sincerity of the King of England. They perhaps mean to amuse me. [That is Friedrich's real opinion.[1]] But, by God, they are mistaken! I will risk everything rather than abate the least of my pretensions.'"

Poor Hyndford said and mumbled what he could; knew nothing what instructions Finch had, Trevor had, and —

King. "'My Lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. The King of England, in his Letter, tells me you are instructed as to everything; and yet you pretend ignorance! But I am perfectly informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for me,'" — Joint-Resolution to Advise, for example?

Hyndford, *not* in the strength of conscious innocence, stands silent; the King, "in his heat of passion," said to Podewils: —

King to *Podewils* (on the sudden). "'Write down, that my Lord would be surprised [as he should be] to receive such Instructions!'" (A mischievous sparkle, half quizzical, half practical, considerably in the Friedrich style.) — Hyndford, "quite struck, my Lord, with this strange way of acting," and of poking into one, protests with angry grunt, and "was put extremely upon my guard." Of course Podewils did not write. . . .

Hyndford. "'Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a human body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary.' . . . That expression made him smile, and he began to look a little cooler. . . . 'Shall we apply to Vienna, your Majesty?'

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[1] His Letter to Podewils (Ranke, ii. 268).

Friedrich. "'Follow your own will in that.'

Hyndford. "'Would your Majesty consent now to stand by his Excellency Gotter's original Offer at Vienna on your part? Agree, namely, in consideration of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the Queen with all your troops for maintenance of Pragmatic Sanction, and to vote for the Grand-Duke as Kaiser?'

King. "'Yes' [what the reader may take notice of, and date for himself].

Hyndford. "'What was the sum of money then offered her Hungarian Majesty?'

"King hesitated, as if he had forgotten; Podewils answered, 'Three million florins (£300,000).'

King. "'I should not value the money; if money would content her Majesty, I would give more.' . . . Here was a long pause, which I did not break;"—nor would the King. Podewils reminded me of an idea we had been discoursing of together ("on his suggestion, my Lord, which I really think is of importance, and worth your Lordship's consideration"); whereupon, on such hint,

Hyndford. "'Would your Majesty consent to an Armistice?'

Friedrich. "'Yes; but [counts on his fingers, May, June, till he comes to December] not for less than six months,—till December 1st. By that time they could do nothing,'" the season out by that time.

Hyndford. "'His Excellency Podewils has been taking notes; if I am to be bound by them, might I first see that he has mistaken nothing?'

King. "'Certainly!'"—Podewils's Note-protocol is found to be correct in every point; Hyndford, with some slight flourish of compliments on both sides, bows himself away (invited to dinner, which he accepts, "will surely have that honor before returning to Breslau");—and so the First Audience has ended.[1] Baronay and Pandours are about, — this is ten days before the Ziethen feat on Baronay; — but no Pandour, now or afterwards, will harm a British Excellency.

These utterances of Friedrich's, the more we examine them by other lights that there are, become the more correctly expressive of what Friedrich's real feelings were on the occasion. Much contrary, perhaps, to expectation of some readers. And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking; — there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends? How busy have the Owls been with Friedrich's memory, in different countries of the world; — perhaps even more than their sad wont is in such cases! For indeed he was apt to be of swift abrupt procedure, disregardful of Owleries; and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse," — do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning, for his own behoof, what the facts before him are; and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich; much more so than to common men: this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich, in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl-droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away! —

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[1] Hyndford's Despatches, Breslau, 5th and 13th May, 1741. Are in State-Paper Office, like the rest of Hyndford's; also in British Museum (Additional MSS. 11,365 &c.), the rough draughts of them.

To Friedrich a bargain with Austria, which would be a getting into port, in comparison to going with the French in that distracted voyage of theirs, is highly desirable. "Shall I join with the English, in hope of some tolerable bargain from Austria? Shall I have to join with the French, in despair of any?" Readers may consider how stringent upon Friedrich that question now was, and how ticklish to solve. And it must be solved soon, — under penalty of "being left with no ally at all" (as Friedrich expresses himself), while the whole world is grouping itself into armed heaps for and against! If the English would but get me a bargain — ? Friedrich dare not think they will. Nay, scanning these English incoherences, these contradictions between what they say here and what they do and say elsewhere, he begins to doubt if they zealously wish it, — and at last to believe that they sincerely do *not* wish it; that "they mean to amuse me" (as he said to Hyndford) — till my French chance too is over. "To amuse me: but, *par Dieu — !*" His Notes to Podewils, of which Ranke, who has seen them, gives us snatches, are vivid in that sense: "I should be ashamed if the cunningest Italian could dupe me; but that a lout of a Hanoverian should do it!" — and Podewils has great difficulty to keep him patient yet a little; Valori being so busy on the other side, and the time so pressing. Here are some dates and some comments, which the reader should take with him; — here is a very strange issue to the Joint-Resolution of a strong nature now on hand!

A few days after that First Audience, Ginkel the Dutch Excellency, with the due Papers in his pocket, did arrive. Excellency Hyndford, who is not without rough insight into what lies under his nose, discovers clearly that the grand Dutch-

English Resolution, or Joïnt-Exhortation to evacuate Silesia, will do nothing but mischief; and (at his own risk, persuading Ginkel also to delay) sends a Courier to England before presenting it. And from England, in about a fortnight, gets for answer, "Do harm, think you? Hm, ha! — Present it, all the same; and modify by assurances afterwards," — as if these would much avail! This is not the only instance in which St. James's rejects good advice from its Hyndford; the pity would be greater, were not the Business what it is! Podewils has the greatest difficulty to keep Friedrich quiet till Hyndford's courier get back. And on his getting back with such answer, "Present it all the same," Friedrich will not wait for that ceremony, or delay a moment longer. Friedrich has had his Valori at work, all this while; Valori and Podewils, and endless correspondence and consultation going on; and things hypothetically almost quite ready; so that —

June 5th, 1741, Friedrich, spurring Podewils to the utmost speed, and "ordering secrecy on pain of death," signs his Treaty with France! A kind of provisional off-and-on Treaty, I take it to be; which was never published, and is thought to have had many *ifs* in it: signs this Treaty; — and next day (June 6th, such is the impetuosity of haste) instructs his Räsfeld at the Hague, "You will beforehand inform the High Mightinesses, in regard to that Advice of April 24th, which they determined on giving me, through the Excellency Herr von Ginkel along with Excellency Hyndford, That such Advice can, by me, only be considered as a blind complaisance to the Court of Vienna's improper urgencies, improper in such a matter. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warring for them here," wasting more resource and risk upon them, "the higher they will rise!"[1] And this is what comes of that terribly courageous Dutch-English "Joint-Resolution of a strong nature;" it has literally cut before the point: the Exhortation is not yet presented, but the Treaty with France is signed in virtue of it! —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 963.

Undoubtedly this of June 5th is the most important Treaty in the Austrian-Succession War, and the cardinal element of Friedrich's procedure in that Adventure. And it has never been published; nor, till Herr Professor Ranke got access to the Prussian Archives, has even the date of signing it been rightly known; but is given two or three ways in different express Collections of Treaties.[1] Herr Ranke knows this Treaty, and the correspondences, especially Friedrich's correspondence with Podewils preparatory to it; and speaks, as his wont is, several exact things about it; thanks to him, in the circumstances. I wish it could be made, even with his help, fully intelligible to the reader! For, were the Treaty never so express, surely the mode of keeping it, on both parts, was very strange; and that latter concerns us somewhat.

A very fast-and-loose Treaty, to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years; without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the postscript to a lady's letter, there come "secret articles" bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season 1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur-Baiern *versus* Austria; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break in upon him); and finally, most important of all, That France "guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty." In return for which his Prussian Majesty — will do what? It is really difficult to say what: Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is; and Friedrich's wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti-Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. "Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight my best to such end:" really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes; though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more,—and will frankly go into it, *if* you do as you have said; and unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty: "unless you stir up Sweden, Messieurs; unless you produce that Rhine Army; unless —" such is steadily Friedrich's attitude; long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser: "Fortune of War will decide it," answers he, in regard to that and to many other things; and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose; ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with anybody that can.[1]

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[1] Schöll, ii. 297 (copying "Flassan, *Hist. de la Diplom. Franç.* v. 142"), gives "5th July" as the date; Adelung (ii. 357, 390, 441) guesses that it was "in August;" Valori (i. 108), who was himself in it, gives the correct date, — but then his Editor (thought inquiring readers) was such a sloven and ignoramus. See Steuzel, iv. 143; Ranke, ii. 274.

For indeed the French also are very contingent; Fleury hanging one way, Belleisle pushing another; and know not how far they will go on the grand German Adventure, nor conclusively whether at all. Here is an Anecdote by Friedrich himself. Valori was, one night, with him; and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat-pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic-looking Note; which Friedrich, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon, till Valori had bowed himself out. The Note was from Amelot, French Minister of the Foreign Department: "Don't give his Prussian Majesty Glatz, if it can possibly be helped." Very well, thought Friedrich; and did not forget the fine little Note on burning it.[2] There went, in French couriers' bags, a great many such, to Austria some of them, of far more questionable tenor, within the next twelve months.

Two things we have to remark: *First*, That Friedrich, with an eye to real business on his part in the Bavarian Adventure, in which Kur-Pfalz is sure to accompany, volunteered (like a real man of business, and much to Belleisle's surprise) to renounce the Berg-Jülich controversy, and let Kur-Pfalz have his way, that there might be no quarrelling among allies.

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[1] Ranke, ii. 271, 275, 280.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 90.

This too is contingent; but was gladly accepted by Belleisle. *Second*, That Belleisle had instructed Valori, Not to insist on active help from Friedrich in the German Adventure, but merely to stipulate for his Neutrality throughout, in case they could get no more. How joyfully would Friedrich have accepted this, — had Valori volunteered with it, which he did not![1] But, after all, in result it was the same; and had to be, — *plus* only a great deal of clamor by and by, from the French and the Gazetteers, about the Article in question.

Was there ever so contingent a Treaty before? It is signed, Breslau, 5th June, 1741, and both parties have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for months to come; nay, in some sort, all along; feeling how contingent it was! Friedrich did not definitely tie himself till 4th November next, five months after: when he signed the French-Bavarian Treaty, renounced Berg-Jülich controversies, and fairly went into the French-Bavarian, smaller French Adventure; into the greater, or wide-winged Belleisle one, he never went nor intended to go, — perhaps even the contrary, if needful. Readers may try to remember these elucidative items, riddled from the immensities of Dryasdust: I have no more to give, nor can afford to return upon it. May not we well say, as above, "A Treaty thought to have many *ifs* in it!" — And now, 8th June, comes solemnly the Joint-Resolution itself; like mustard (under a flourish of trumpets) three days after dinner: —

"*Camp of Grotkau, 8th June.* Hyndford and Ginkel [the same respectable old Ginkel whom we used to know in Friedrich Wilhelm's time], having, according to renewed order, got out from Breslau with that formidable Dutch-English 'Advice' or Joint-Exhortation in their pocket, did this day in the Camp at Grotkau present the same. A very mild-spoken Piece, though it had required such courage; and which is not now worth speaking of, things having gone as we see. Friedrich received it with a gracious mien: 'Infinitely sensible to the trouble his Britannic Majesty and their High Mightinesses took with his affairs; Document should receive his best consideration,' — which indeed it has already done, and its Answer withal: A *French* Treaty signed three days ago, in virtue of it! 'Might I request a short Private Audience of your Majesty?' solicits Hyndford, intending to modify by new assurances, as bidden. — 'Surely,' answers Friedrich.

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[1] Ranke, ii. 280.

"The two Excellencies dine with the King, who is in high spirits. After dinner, Hyndford gets his Private Audience; does his best in the way of 'new assurances;' which produce what effect we can fancy. Among other things, he appeals to the King's 'magnanimity, how grand and generous it will be to accept moderate terms from Austria, to —' *King* (interrupting): 'My Lord, don't talk to me of magnanimity; a Prince [acting not for himself but for his Nation] ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against Peace: but I expect to have Four Duchies given me.'"[1]

Hyndford and Ginkel slept that night in Grotkau Town: "at 4 next morning the King sent us word, That if we had a mind to see the Army on march," just moving off, Strehlen way, "we might come out by the North Gate. We accordingly saw the whole Army leave Camp; and march in four columns towards Friedewald, where Marshal Neipperg is encamped." Not a bit of it, your Excellency! Neipperg is safe at Neisse; amid inaccessible embankments and artificial mud: and these are mere Hussar-Pandour rabble out here; whom a push or two sends home again, — would it could keep them there! But they are of sylvan (or *salvage*) nature, affecting the shade; and burst out, for theft and arson, sometimes at great distances, no calculating where. "The King's Army lay all that night upon their arms, and encamped next morning, the 10th. I believe nothing happened that day, for we were obliged to stay at Grotkau, for want of post-horses, a good part of it."

Hyndford hears (in secret Opposition Circles, and lays the flattering unction to his soul and your Lordship's): "The King of Prussia's Army, as I am informed, unless he will take counsel, another campaign will go near to ruin. Everything is in the greatest disorder; utmost dejection amongst the Officers from highest to lowest;" — fact being that the King has important improvements and new drillings in view (to go on at Strehlen), Cavalry improvements, Artillery improvements, unknown to Hyndford and the Opposition; and will not be ruined next campaign. "I hope the news we have here, of the taking of Carthagena, is true," concludes he. Alas, your Excellency!

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[1] State-Paper Office (Hyndford, Breslau, 12th June, 1741).

By a different hand, from the southward Hungarian regions, far over the Hills, take this other entry; almost of enthusiastic style: —

"*Presburg, 25th June.* Maria Theresa, in high spirits about her English Subsidy and the bright aspects, left Vienna about a week ago for Presburg [a drive of fifty miles down the fine Donau country]; and is celebrating her Coronation there, as Queen of Hungary, in a very sublime manner. Sunday, 25th June, 1741, that is the day of putting on your Crown, — Iron Crown of St. Stephen, as readers know. The Chivalry of Hungary, from Palfy and Esterhazy downward, and all the world are there; shining in loyalty and barbaric gold and pearl. A truly beautiful Young Woman, beautiful to soul and eye, devout too and noble, though ill-informed in Political or other Science, is in the middle of it, and makes the scene still more noticeable to us. See, as the finish of the ceremonies, she has mounted a high swift horse, sword girt to her side, — a great rider always, this young Queen; — and gallops, Hungary following like a comet-tail, to the Königsberg [*King's-Hill* so called; no great things of a Hill, O reader; made by barrow, you can see], to the top of the Königsberg; there draws sword; and cuts, grandly flourishing, to the Four Quarters of the Heavens: 'Let any mortal, from whatever quarter coming, meddle with Hungary if he dare!'[1] Chivalrous Hungary bursts into passionate acclaim; old Palfy, I could fancy, into tears; and all the world murmurs to itself, with moist-gleaming eyes, '*Rex noster!*' This is, in fact, the beautifulest King or Queen that now is, this radiant young woman; beautiful things have been, and are to be, reported of her; and she has a terrible voyage just ahead, — little dreaming of it at this grand moment. I wish his Britannic Majesty, or Robinson who has followed out hither, could persuade her to some compliance on the Silesian matter: what a thing were that, for herself, and for all mankind, just now! But she will not hear of that; and is very obstinate, and her stupid Hofraths equally and much more blamably so. Deaf to hard Facts knocking at their door; ignorant what Noah's-Deluges have broken out upon them, and are rushing on inevitable."

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[1] Adelung, ii. 293, 294.

By a notable coincidence, precisely while those sword-flourishings go on at Presburg, Maréchal Excellency Belleisle is making his Public Entry into Frankfurt-on-Mayn:[1] Frankfurt too is in cheery emotion; streets populous with Sunday gazers, and critics of the sublime in spectacle! This is not Belleisle's first entrance; he himself has been here some time, settling his Household, and a good many things: but to-day he solemnly leads in his Countess and Appendages (over from Metz, where Madame and he officially reside in common times, "Governor of Metz" one of his many offices); — leads in Madame, in suitably resplendent manner; to kindle household fire, as it were; and indicate that here is his place, till he have got a Kaiser to his mind. Twin Phenomena, these two; going on 500 miles apart; unconscious of one another, or of what kinship they happen to have! —

Excellency Robinson busy in the Vienna Hofrath Circles, to produce a Compliance.

Britannic George, both for Pragmatic's sake and for dear Hanover's, desires much there were a bargain made with Friedrich: How is the Pragmatic to be saved at all, if Friedrich join France in its Belleisle machinations, thinks George? And already here is that Camp of Göttin, glittering in view like a drawn sword pointed at one's throat or at one's Hanover. Nay, in a month or two hence, as the Belleisle schemes got above ground in the shape of facts, this desire became passionate, and a bargain with Prussia seemed the one thing needful. For, alas, the reader will see there comes, about that time, a second sword (the Maillebois Army, namely), pointed at one's throat from the French side of things: so that a Paladin of the Pragmatic, and Hanoverian King of England, knows not which way to turn! George's sincerity of wish is perhaps underrated by Friedrich; who indeed knows well enough on which side George's wishes would fall, if they had liberty (which they have not), but much overrates "the astucity" of poor George and his English; ascribing, as is often done, to fine-spun attorneyism what is mere cunctation, ignorance, negligence, and other forms of a stupidity perhaps the most honest in the world! By degrees Friedrich understood better; but he never much liked the English ways of doing business. George's desire is abundantly sincere, not wholly resting on sublime grounds; and grows more and more intense every day; but could not be gratified for a good while yet.

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[1] 25th June, 1741 (Adelung, ii. 399)

Co-operating with Hyndford, from the Vienna side, is Excellency Robinson; who has a still harder job of it there. Pity poor Robinson, O English reader, if you can for indignation at the business he is in. Saving the Liberties of Europe! thinks Robinson confidently: Founding the English National Debt, answers Fact; and doing Bottom the Weaver, with long ears, in the miserablest Pickleherring Tragedy that ever was!—This is the same Robinson who immortalized himself, nine or ten years ago, by the First Treaty of Vienna; thrice-salutary Treaty, which *disjoined* Austria from Bourbon-Spanish Alliances, and brought her into the arms of the grateful Sea-Powers again. Imminent Downfall of the Universe was thus, glory to Robinson, arrested for that time. And now we have the same Robinson instructed to sharpen all his faculties to the cutting pitch, and do the impossible for this new and reverse face of matters. What a change from 1731 to 1741! Bugbear of dreadful Austrian-Spanish Alliance dissolves now into sunlit clouds, encircling a beautiful Austrian Andromeda, about to be devoured for us; and the Downfall of the Universe is again imminent, from Spain and others joining *against* Austria. Oh, ye wigs, and eximious wig-blocks, called right-honorable! If a man, sovereign or other, were to stay well at home, and mind his own visible affairs, trusting a good deal that the Universe would shift for itself, might it not be better for him? Robinson, who writes rather a heavy style, but is full of inextinguishable heavy zeal withal, will have a great deal to do in these coming years. Ancestor of certain valuable Earls that now are; author of immeasurable quantities of the Diplomatic cobwebs that then were.

To a modern English reader it is very strange, that Austrian scene of things in which poor Robinson is puffing and laboring. The ineffable pride, the obstinacy, impotency, ponderous pedantry and helplessness of that dull old Court and its Hofraths, is nearly inconceivable to modern readers. Stupid dilapidation is in all departments, and has long been; all things lazily crumbling downwards, sometimes stumbling down with great plunges. Cash is done; the world rising, all round, with plunderous intentions; and hungry Ruin, you would say, coming visibly on with seven-league boots: here is little room for carrying your head high among mankind. High nevertheless they do carry it, with a grandly mournful though stolid insolent air, as if born superior to this Earth and its wisdoms and successes and multiplication-tables and iron ramrods, — really with "a certain greatness," says somebody, "greatness as of great blockheadism" in themselves and their neighbors; — and, like some absurd old Hindoo Idol (crockery Idol of Somnauth, for instance, with the belly of him smashed by battle-axes, and the cart-load of gold coin all run out), persuade mankind that they are a god, though in dilapidated condition. That is our first impression of the thing.

But again, better seen into, there is not wanting a certain worthily steadfast, conservative and broad-based high air (reminding you of "Kill our own mutton, Sir!" and the ancient English Tory species), solid and loyal, though stolid Ancient Austrian Tories, that definition will suffice for us; — and Toryism too, the reader may rely on it, is much patronized by the Upper Powers, and goes a long way in this world. Nay, without a good solid substratum of that, what thing, with never so many ballot-boxes, stump-orators, and liberties of the subject, is capable of going at all, except swiftly to perdition? These Austrians have taken a great deal of ruining, first and last! Their relation to the then Sea-Powers, especially to

England embarked on the Cause of Liberty, fills one with amazement, by no means of an idolatrous nature; and is difficult to understand at all, or to be patient with at all.

Of disposition to comply with Prussia, Robinson finds, in spite of Mollwitz and the sad experiences, no trace at Vienna. The humor at Vienna is obstinately defiant; simply to regard Friedrich as a housebreaker or thief in the night; whom they will soon deal with, were they once on foot and implements in their hand: "Swift, ye Sea-Powers; where are the implements, the cash, that means implements?" The Young Hungarian Majesty herself is magnificently of that opinion, which is sanctioned by her Bartensteins and wisest Hofraths, with hardly a dissentient (old Sinzendorf almost alone in his contrary notion, and he soon dies). Robinson urges the dangers from France. No Hofrath here will allow himself to believe them; to believe them would be too horrible. "Depend upon it, France's intentions are not that way. And at the worst, if France do rise against us, it is but bargaining with France; better so than bargaining with Prussia, surely. France will be contentable with something in the Netherlands; what else can she want of us? Parings from that outskirt, what are these compared with Silesia, a horrid gash into the vital parts? And what is yielding to the King of France, compared with yielding to your Prussian King!"—

It is true they have no money, these blind dull people; but are not the Sea-Powers, England especially, there, created by Nature to supply money? What else is their purpose in Creation? By Nature's law, as the Sun mounts in the Ecliptic and then falls, these Sea-Powers, in the Cause of Liberty, will furnish us money. No surrender; talk not to me of Silesia or surrender; I will die defending my inheritances: what are the Sea-Powers about, that they do not furnish more money in a prompt manner? These are the things poor Robinson has to listen to: Robinson and England, it is self-evident at Vienna, have one duty, that of furnishing money. And in a prompt manner, if you please, Sir; why not prompt and abundant?

An English soul has small exhilaration, looking into those old expenditures, and bullyings for want of promptitude! But if English souls will solemnly, under high Heaven, constitute a Duke of Newcastle and a George II. their Captains of the march Heavenward, and say, without blushing for it, nay rejoicing at it, in the face of the sun, "You are the most godlike Two we could lay hold of for that object," — what have English souls to expect? My consolation is, and, alas, it is a poor one, the money would have been mostly wasted any way. Buy men and gunpowder with your money, to be shot away in foreign parts, without renown or use: is that so much worse than buying ridiculous upholsteries, idle luxuries, frivolities, and in the end unbeautiful pot-bellies corporeal and spiritual with it, here at home? I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars; — and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not* so (and *seems* to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgivable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done! —

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady; had they left the world, and grown to mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too, and radiant with good-nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire: there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner; as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her: "The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be; but not dishonor: — Listen not to that thief in the night!" Maria Theresa has not studied, at all, the History of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her Father and Grandfather peaceably held them; it was not she that sent out Seckendorf to ride 25,000 miles, or broke the heart of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Household. Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind! But how could she see to do it, — especially with little George at her back, and abundance of money? This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one.

Her Husband, the Grand Duke, an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort, goes with her. Him we shall see try various things; and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. "Our Armies had most part of their meal circuitously from him," says Friedrich, of times long subsequent. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife's lead, never she his: Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man, what other can he do? — Of compliance with Friedrich in this Court, there is practically no hope till after a great deal of beating have enlightened it. Out of deference to George and his ardors, they pretend some intention that way; and are "willing to bargain, your Excellency;" — no doubt of it, provided only the price were next to nothing!

And so, while the watchful edacious Hyndford is doing his best at Strehlen, poor Robinson, blown into triple activity, corresponds in a boundless zealous manner from Vienna; and at last takes to flying personally between Strehlen and Vienna; praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little, and then the inexorable young King to be satisfied with imaginary compliance; and has a breathless time of it indeed. His Despatches, passionately long-winded, are exceedingly stiff reading to the like of us. O reader, what things have to be read and carefully forgotten; what mountains of dust and ashes are to be dug through, and tumbled down to Orcus, to disengage the smallest fraction of truly memorable! Well if, in ten cubic miles of dust and ashes, you discover the tongue of a shoe-buckle that has once belonged to a man in the least heroic; and wipe your brow, invoking the supernal and the infernal gods. My heart's desire is to compress these Strehlen Diplomatic horse-dealings into the smallest conceivable bulk. And yet how much that is not metal, that is merely cinders, has got through: impossible to prevent, — may the infernal gods deal with it, and reduce Dryasdust to limits, one day! Here, however, are important Public News transpiring through the old Gazetteers : —

"*München, July* 1*st* [or in effect a few days later, when the Letters *dated* July 1st had gone through their circuitous formalities],[1] Karl Albert Kur-Baiern publicly declares himself Candidate for the Kaisership; as, privately, he had long been rumored and believed to be. Kur-Baiern, they say, has of militias and regulars together about 30,000 men on foot, all posted in good places along the Austrian Frontier; and it is commonly thought, though little credible at Vienna, that he intends invading Austria as well as contesting the Election. To which the Vienna Hofrath answers in the style of 'Pshaw!'

"*Versailles,* 11*th July.* Extraordinary Council of State; Belleisle being there, home from Frankfurt, to take final orders, and get official fiat put upon his schemes. 'All the Princes of the Blood and all the Maréchals of France attend;' question is, How the War is to be, nay, Whether War is to be at all, — so contingent is the French-Prussian Bargain, signed five weeks ago. Old Fleury, to give freedom of consultation and vote, quits the room. Some are of opinion, one Prince of the Blood emphatically so, That Pragmatic Sanction should be kept, at least War *against* it be avoided. But the contrary opinion triumphs, King himself being strongly with it; Belleisle to be supreme in field and cabinet; shall execute, like a kind of Dictator or Vice-Majesty, by his own magnificent talent, those magnificent devisings of his, glorious to France and to the King.[2] These many months, the French have been arming with their whole might. The Vienna people hear now,

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[1] Adelung, ii. 421.

[2] Ib. 417, 418; see also Raumer, p. 104 (if you can for his date, which is given in *Old Style* as if it were in New; a very eclipsing method!).

That an 'Army of 40,000 is rumored to be coming,' or even two Armies, 40,000 each; but will not imagine that this is certain, or that it can be seriously meant against their high House, precious to gods and men. Belleisle having perfected the multiplex Army details, rushes back to Frankfurt and his endless Diplomatic businesses (July 25th): Armies to be on actual march by the 10th of August coming. 'During this Versailles visit, he had such a crowd of Officers and great people paying court to him as was like the King's Levee itself.'[1]

"*Passau, 31st July.* Passau is the Frontier Austrian City on the Donau (meeting of the Inn and Donau Valleys); a place of considerable strength, and a key or great position for military purposes. Austrian, or Quasi-Austrian; for, like Salzburg, it has a Bishop claiming some imaginary sovereignties, but always holds with Austria. July 31st, early in the morning, a Bavarian Exciseman ('Salt-Inspector') applied at the gate of Passau for admission; gate was opened; — along with the Exciseman 'certain peasants' (disguised Bavarian soldiers) pushed in; held the gate choked, till General Minuzzi, Karl Albert's General, with horse, foot, cannon, who had been lurking close by, likewise pushed in; and at once seized the Town. Town speedily secured, Minuzzi informs the Bishop, who lives in his Schloss of Oberhaus (strongish place on a Hill-top, other side the Donau), That he likewise, under pain of bombardment, must admit garrison. The poor Bishop hesitates; but, finding bombardment actually ready for him, yields in about two hours. Karl Albert publishes his Manifesto, 'in forty-five pages folio'[2] (to the effect, 'All Austria mine; or as good as all, — if I liked!'); and fortifies himself in Passau. 'Insidious, nefarious!' shrieks Austria, in Counter-Manifesto; calculates privately it will soon settle Karl Albert, — 'Unless, O Heavens, France with Prussia did mean to back him!' — and begins to have misgivings, in spite of itself."

Misgivings, which soon became fatal certainties. Robinson records, doubtless on sure basis, though not dating it, a curious piece of stage-effect in the form of reality; "On hearing, beyond possibility of doubt, that Prussia, France, and Bavaria had combined, the whole Aulic Council," Vienna Hofrath in a body, "fell back into their chairs [and metaphorically into Robinson's arms] like dead men!"[1] Sat staring there; — the wind struck out of them, but not all the folly by a great deal. Now, however, is Robinson's time to ply them.

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[1] Barbier, ii. 305.

[2] Adelung, ii. 426.

Excellency Robinson has Audience of Friedrich (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August, 1741).

By unheard-of entreaties and conjurations, aided by these strokes of fate, Robinson has at length extorted from his Queen of Hungary, and her wise Hofraths, something resembling a phantasm of compliance; with which he hurries to Breslau and Hyndford; hoping against hope that Friedrich will accept it as a reality. Gets to Breslau on the 3d of August; thence to Strehlen, consulting much with Hyndford upon this phantasm of a compliance. Hyndford looks but heavily upon it; — from us, in this place, far be it to look at all: — alas, this is the famed Scene they Two had at Strehlen with Friedrich, on Monday, August 7th; reported by the faithful pen of Robinson, and vividly significant of Friedrich, were it but compressed to the due pitch. We will give it in the form of Dialogue: the thing of itself falls naturally into the Dramatic, when the flabby parts are cut away; — and was perhaps worthier of a Shakspeare than of a Robinson, all facts of it considered, in the light they have since got.

Scene is Friedrich's Tent, Prussian Camp in the neighborhood of the little Town of Strehlen: time 11 o'clock A.M. Personages of it, Two British subjects in the high Diplomatic line: ponderous Scotch Lord of an edacious gloomy countenance; florid Yorkshire Gentleman with important Proposals in his pocket. Costume, frizzled peruke powdered; frills, wrist-frills and other; shoe-buckles, flapped waistcoat, court-coat of antique cut and much trimming: all this shall be conceived by the reader. Tight young Gentleman in Prussian

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[1] Raumer, p. 104.

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military uniform, blue coat, buff breeches, boots; with alert flashing eyes, and careless elegant bearing, salutes courteously, raising his plumed hat. Podewils in common dress, who has entered escorting the other Two, sits rather to rearward, taking refuge beside the writing apparatus. — First passages of the Dialogue I omit: mere pickeerings and beatings about the bush, before we come to close quarters. For Robinson, the florid Yorkshire Gentleman, is charged to offer, — what thinks the reader? — two million guilders, about £200,000, if that will satisfy this young military King with the alert eyes!

Robinson. . . . "'Two hundred thousand pounds sterling, if your Majesty will be pleased to retire out of Silesia, and renounce this enterprise!'

King. "'Retire out of Silesia? And for money? Do you take me for a beggar! Retire out of Silesia, which has cost me so much treasure and blood in the conquest of it? No, Monsieur, no; that is not to be thought of! If you have no better proposals to make, it is not worth while talking.' These words were accompanied with threatening gestures and marks of great anger;" considerably staggering to the Two Diplomatic British gentlemen, and of evil omen to Robinson's phantasm of a compliance. Robinson apologetically hums and hahs, flounders through the bad bit of road as he can; flounderingly indicates that he has more to offer.

King. "'Let us see then (*voyons*), what is there more?'

Robinson (with preliminary flourishings and flounderings, yet confidently, as now tabling his best card). . . . "'Permitted to offer your Majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland; lies contiguous to your Majesty's Possessions in the Rhine Country; important completion of these: I am permitted to say, the whole of Austrian Guelderland!' — Important indeed: a dirty stripe of moorland (if you look in Büsching), about equivalent to half a dozen parishes in Connemara.

King. "'What do you mean? [turning to Podewils] — *Qu'est-ce que nous manque de toute la Gueldre* (How much of Guelderland is theirs, and not ours already)?'

Podewils. "'Almost nothing (*Presque rien*).'

King (to Robinson). "'*Voici encore de gueuseries* (more rags and rubbish yet)! *Quoi,* such a paltry scraping (*bicoque*) as that, for all my just claims in Silesia? Monsieur —!' His Majesty's indignation increased here, all the more as I kept a profound silence during his hot expressions, and did not speak at all except to beg his Majesty's reflection upon what I had said. — 'Reflection?'" asks the King, with eyes dangerous to behold; — "My Lord," continues Robinson, heavily narrative, "his contempt of what I had said was so great," kicking his boot through Guelderland and the guilders as the most contemptible of objects, "and was expressed in such violent terms, that now, if ever (as your Lordship perceives), it was time to make the last effort;" play our trump-card down at once; "a moment longer was not to be lost, to hinder the King from dismissing us;" which sad destiny is still too probable, after the trump-card. Trump-card is this:

Robinson. . . . "'The whole Duchy of Limburg, your Majesty! It is a Duchy which —' I extolled the Duchy to the utmost, described it in the most favorable terms; and added, that 'the Elector Palatine [old Kur-Pfalz, on one occasion] had been willing to give the whole Duchy of Berg for it.'

Podewils. "'Pardon, Monsieur: that is not so; the contrary of so; Kur-Pfalz was not ready to give Berg for it!' — [We are not deep in German History, we British Diplomatic gentlemen, who are squandering, now and of old, so much money on it! The Aulic Council, "falls into our arms like dead men;" but it is certain the Elector Palatine was not ready to give Berg in that kind of exchange.]

King. "'It is inconceivable to me how Austria should dare to think of such a thing. Limburg? Are there not solemn Engagements upon Austria, sanctioned and again sanctioned by all the world, which render every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?'

Robinson. "'Engagements good as against the French, your Majesty. Otherwise the Barrier Treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for our behoof and Holland's.'

King. "'That is your present interpretation. But the French pretend it was an arrangement more in their favor than against them.'

Robinson. "'Your Majesty, by a little Engineer Art, could render Limburg impregnable to the French or others.'

King. "'Have not the least desire to aggrandize myself in those parts, or spend money fortifying there. Useless to me. Am not I fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough, for one who intends to live well with his neighbors. Neither the Dutch nor the French have offended me; nor will I them by acquisitions in the Netherlands. Besides, who would guarantee them?'

Robinson. "'The Proposal is to give guarantees at once.'

King. "'Guarantees! Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; has not England? Why don't you all fly to the Queen's succor?'" — Robinson, inclined to pout, if he durst, intimates that perhaps there will be succorers one day yet.

King. "'And pray, Monsieur, who are they?'

Robinson. "'Hm, hm, your Majesty. . . . Russia, for example, which Power with reference to Turkey —'

King. "'Good, Sir, good (*beau, Monsieur, beau*), the Russians! It is not proper to explain myself; but I have means for the Russians' [a Swedish War just coming upon Russia, to keep its hand in use; so diligent have the French been in that quarter!].

Robinson (with some emphasis, as a Britannic gentleman). "'Russia is not the only Power that has engagements with Austria, and that must keep them too! So that, however averse to a breach —'

King ("laying his finger on his nose," mark him; — aloud, and with such eyes). "'No threats, Sir, if you please! No threats' ["in a loud voice," finger to nose, and with such eyes looking in upon me].

Hyndford (heavily coming to the rescue). "'Am sure his Excellency is far from such meaning, Sire. His Excellency will advance nothing so very contrary to his Instructions.' — Podewils too put in something proper" in the appeasing way.

Robinson. "'Sire, I am not talking of what this Power or that means to do; but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to threaten, Sire! It is my zeal for the Public that brought me hither; and —'

King. "'The Public will be much obliged to you, Monsieur! But hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. From the King of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the King of England, — he is my relation [dear Uncle, in the Pawnbroker sense], he is my all: if he don't attack me, I won't him. And if he do, the Prince of Anhalt [Old Dessauer out at Göttin yonder] will take care of him.'

Robinson. "'The common news now is [rumor in Diplomatic circles, rather below the truth this time], your Majesty, after the 12th of August, will join the French. [King looks fixedly at him in silence.] Sire, I venture to hope not! Austria prefers your friendship; but if your Majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France, — and endeavor to outbid your Majesty.' [King quite silent.]

"King was quite silent upon this head," says Robinson, reporting: silence, guesses Robinson, founded most probably upon his "consciousness of guilt" — what I, florid Yorkshire Gentleman, call *guilt*, as being against the Cause of Liberty and us! "From time to time he threw out remarks on the advantageousness of his situation: —

King. . . . "'At the head of such an Army, which the Enemy has already made experience of; and which is ready for the Enemy again, if he have appetite! With the Country which alone I am concerned with, conquered and secured behind me; a Country that alone lies convenient to me; which is all I want, which I now have; which I will and must keep! Shall I be bought out of this country? Never! I will sooner perish in it, with all my troops. With what face shall I meet my Ancestors, if I abandon my right, which they have transmitted to me? My first enterprise; and to be given up lightly?'" — With more of the like sort; which Friedrich, in writing of it long after, seems rather ashamed of; and would fain consider to have been mock fustian, provoked by the real fustian of Sir Thomas Robinson, "who negotiated in a wordy high-droning way, as if he were speaking in Parliament," says Friedrich (a Friedrich not taken with that style of eloquence, and hoping he rather quizzed it than was serious with it,[1] — though Robinson and Hyndford found in him no want of vehement seriousness, but rather the reverse!) — He concludes: "'Have I need of Peace? Let those who need it give me what I want; or let them fight me again, and be beaten again. Have not they given whole Kingdoms to Spain? [Naples, at one swoop, to the Termagant; as broken glass, in that Polish-Election freak!] And to me they cannot spare a few trifling Principalities? If the Queen does not now grant me all I require, I shall in four weeks demand Four Principalities more! [Nay, I now do it, being in sibylline tune.] I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included; — and with that Answer you can return to Vienna.'

Robinson. "'With that Answer: is your Majesty serious?'

King. "'With that.'" A most vehement young King; no negotiating with him, Sir Thomas! It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's Books: the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise. In four weeks' time he will demand Four Principalities more; nay, already demands them, the whole of Lower Silesia and Breslau. A precious negotiation I have made of it! Sir Thomas, wide-eyed, asks a second time: —

Robinson. "'Is that your Majesty's deliberate answer?'

King. "'Yes, I say! That is my Answer; and I will never give another.'

Hyndford and *Robinson* (much flurried, to Podewils). "'Your Excellency, please to comprehend, the Proposals from Vienna were —'

King. "'Messieurs, Messieurs, it is of no use even to think of it.' And taking off his hat," slightly raising his hat, as salutation and finale, "he retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of the tent," says the reporter: *Exit* King!

Robinson (totally flurried, to Podewils). "'Your Excellency, France will abandon Prussia, will sacrifice Prussia to self-interest.'

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 84.

Podewils. "'No, no! France will not deceive us; we have not deceived France.'" (*Scene closes; curtain falls.*)[1]

The unsuccessfulest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday, 7th August, 1741:—Friedrich has vanished into the interior of his tent; and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here truly is a young Royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the Earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil: and here, notably, in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure, with something of sanity in it: like a star, like a gleam of steel,—shearing asunder your big balloons, and letting out their diplomatic hydrogen;—salutes with his hat, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, it is of no use!" and vanishes into the interior of his tent. It is to Excellency Robinson, among all the sons of Adam then extant, that we owe this interesting Passage of History,—authentic glimpse, face to face, of the young Friedrich in those extraordinary circumstances: every feature substantially as above, and recognizable for true. Many Despatches his Excellency wrote in this world,—sixty or eighty volumes of them still left,—but among them is this One: the angriest of mankind cannot say that his Excellency lived and embassied quite in vain!

The Two Britannic Gentlemen, both on that distressing Monday and the day following, had the honor to dine with the King: who seemed in exuberant spirits; cutting and bantering to right and left; upon the Court of Vienna, among other topics, in a way which I Robinson "will not repeat to your Lordship." Bade me, for example, "As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg; and you can say, Excellency Robinson, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling, one of these days!" — Podewils, who was civil, pressed us much to stay over Wednesday, the 9th. "On Thursday is to be a Grand Review, one of the finest military sights; to which the Excellencies from Breslau, one and all, are coming out." But we, having our Despatches and Expresses on hand, pleaded business, and declined, in spite of Podewils's urgencies. And set off for Breslau, Wednesday, morning, — meeting various Excellencies, by degrees all the Excellencies, on the road for that Review we had heard of.

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[1] State-Paper Office (Robinson to Harrington, Breslau, 9th August, 1741); Raumer, pp. 106–110. Compare *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 84; and Valori, i. 119, 122.

Readers must accept this Robinsoniad as the last of Friedrich's Diplomatic performances at Strehlen, which in effect it nearly was; and from these instances imagine his way in such things. Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti; both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for, if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humor, even levity, in the Writer; which is worth noting, in this wild clash of things now tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre: but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward; and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humor under them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about "fame (*gloire*)" has died out. Not the least mention now of *gloire*; — perception now, most probably, that there are other things than "*gloire*" to be had by taking arms; and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first! This small inference we do negatively draw, from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months: and except this, and the levity of humor noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it; the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

And veiled, too, in such a way that you do not notice any veil, — the young King being, as we often intimate, a master in this art. Which useful circumstance has done him much ill with readers and mankind. For if you intend to interest readers, — that is to say, idle neighbors, and fellow-creatures in need of gossip, — there is nothing like unveiling yourself: witness Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and many other poor waste creatures, going off in self-conflagration, for amusement of the parish, in that manner. But may not a man have something other on hand with his Existence than that of "setting fire to it [such the process terribly *is*], to show the people a fine play of colors, and get himself applauded, and pathetically blubbered over?" Alas, my friends! —

It is certain there was seldom such a life-element as this of Friedrich's in Summer, 1741. Here is the enormous jumbling of a World broken loose; boiling as in very chaos; asking of him, him more than any other, "How? What?" Enough to put *gloire* out of his head; and awaken thoughts, — terrors, if you were of apprehensive turn! Surely no young man of twenty-nine more needed all the human qualities than Friedrich now. The threatenings, the seductions, big Belleisle hallucinations, — the perils to you infinite, if you *miss* the road. Friedrich did not miss it, as is well known; he managed to pick it out from that enormous jumble of the elements, and victoriously arrived by it, he alone of them all. Which is evidence of silent or latent faculty in him, still more wonderful than the loud-resounding ones of which the world has heard. Probably there was not, in his history, any chapter more significant of human faculty than this, which is not on record at all.

CHAPTER III.

GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT.

A DAY or two before that famous Audience of Hyndford and Robinson's, Neipperg had quitted his impregnable Camp at Neisse, and taken the field again; in the hope of perhaps helping Robinson's Negotiation by an inverse method. Should Robinson's offers not prove attractive enough, as is to be feared, a push from behind may have good effects. Neipperg intends to have a stroke on Breslau; to twitch Breslau out of Friedrich's hands, by a private manœuvre on new resources that have offered themselves.[1]

In Breslau, which is by great majority Protestant in creed and warmly Prussian in temper, there has been no oppression or unfair usage heard of to any class of persons; and certainly in the matter of Protestant and Catholic, there has been perfect equality observed. True, the change from favor and ascendency to mere equality, is not in itself welcome to human creatures: — one conceives, for various reasons of lower and higher nature, a minority of discontented individuals in Breslau, zealous for their creed and old perquisites sacred and profane; who long in secret, sometimes vocally to one another, for the good old times, — when souls were *not* liable to perish wholesale, and people guilty only of loyalty and orthodoxy to be turned out of their offices on suspicion. Friedrich says, it was mainly certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality who went into this adventure; and from whispering to one another, got into speaking, into meeting in one another's houses for the purpose of concerting and contriving.[2] Zealous Old Ladies of Quality, — these we consider were the Talking-Apparatus or Secret-Parliament of the thing: but it is certain one or two Official Gentlemen (Syndic Guzmar for instance, and others *not* yet become Ex-Official) had active hand in it, and furnished the practical ideas.

Continual Correspondence there was with Vienna, by those Old Ladies; Guzmar and the others shy of putting pen to paper, and only doing it where indispensable. Zealous Addresses go to her Hungarian Majesty, "Oh, may the Blessed Virgin assist your Majesty!" — accompanied, it is said, with Subscriptions of money (poor old souls); and what is much more dangerous and feasible, there goes prompt notice to Neipperg of everything the Prussian Army undertakes, and the Postscript always, "Come and deliver us, your Excellency." Of these latter Documents, I have heard of some with Syndic Guzmar's and other Official hands to them. Generally such things can, through accidental Pandour channels, were there no other, easily reach Neipperg; though they do not always. Enough, could Neipperg appear at the Gates of Breslau, in some concerted night-hour, or push out suitable Detachment on forced-march that way, — it is evident to him he would be let in; might smother the few Prussians that are in the Dom Island, and get possession of the Enemy's principal Magazine and the Metropolis of the Province. Might not the Enemy grow more tractable to Robinson's seductions in such case?

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 982, and ii. 227.

[2] *Œuvres*, ii. 82, 83.

Neipperg marches from Neisse (1st–6th August) with his whole Army; first some thirty miles westward up the right or southern bank of the Neisse; then crosses the Neisse, and circles round to northward, giving Friedrich wide room:[1] that night of Robinson's Audience, when Friedrich was so merry at dinner, Neipperg was engaged in crossing the River; the second night after, Neipperg lay encamped and intrenched at Baumgarten (old scene of Friedrich's Pandour Adventure), while Hyndford and Robinson had got back to Breslau. In another day or so, he may hope to be within forced-march of Breslau, to detach Feldmarschall Browne or some sharp head; and to do a highly considerable thing?

Unluckily for Neipperg's Adventure, the Prussians had wind of it, some time ago. They have got "a false Sister smuggled into that Old-Ladies' Committee," who has duly reported progress; nay they have intercepted something in Syndic Guzmar's own hand: and everything is known to Friedrich. The Protestant population, and generally the practical quiet part of the Breslauers, are harassed with suspicion of some such thing, but can gain no certainty, nor understand what to do. Protestants especially, who have been so zealous, "who were seen dropping down on the streets to pray, while the muffled thunder came from Mollwitz that day,"[2] — fancy how it would now be, were the tables suddenly turned, and indignant Orthodoxy made supreme again, with memory fresh! But, in fact, there is no danger whatever to them. Schwerin has orders about Breslau; Schwerin and the Young Dessauer are maturely considering how to manage.

[1] Orlich, i. 130, 133.

[2] Ranke, ii. 289.

Readers recollect how Podewils pressed the Two Britannic Excellencies to stay in Strehlen a day or two longer: "Grand Review, with festivities, just on hand; whole of the Foreign Ministers in Breslau invited out to see it,"—though Hyndford and Robinson would not consent; but left on the 9th, meeting the others at different points of the road. Next day, Thursday, 10th August, was in fact a great day at Strehlen; grand muster, manœuvring of cavalry above all, whom Friedrich is delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. "Neipperg's Croat-people, and out-pickets on the distant Hill-sides, witnessed these manœuvres,"[1] I know not with what criticism. Furthermore, about noon-time, there was heard (mark it, reader) a distant cannon-shot, one and no more, from the Northern side; which gave his Majesty a lively pleasure, though he treated it as nothing. All the Foreign Ministers were on the ground; doubtless with praises, so far as receivable; and in the afternoon came festivities not a few. A great day in Strehlen:—but in Breslau a much greater; which explained, to our Two Excellencies, why Podewils had been so pressing!

August 10th, at six in the morning, Schwerin, and under him the Young Dessauer,—who had arrived in the South-western suburbs of Breslau overnight, with 8,000 foot and horse, and had posted themselves in a vigilant Anti-Neipperg manner there, and laid all their plans,—appear at the Nicolai Gate; and demand, in the common way, transit for their regiments and baggages: "bound Northward," as appears; "to Leubus," where something of Pandour sort has fallen out. So many troops or companies at a time, that is the rule; one quotity of companies you admit; then close and bolt, till it have marched across and out at the opposite Gate; after which, open again for a second lot. But in this case,—owing to accident (very unusual) of a baggage-wagon breaking down, and people hurrying to help it forward,—the whole regiment gets in, escorted as usual by the Town-guard. Whole regiment; and marches, not straight through; but at a certain corner, strikes off leftward to the Market-place; where, singular to say, it seems inclined to pause and rearrange itself a little. Nay, more singular still, other regiments (owing to like accidents), from other Gates, join it; — and — in fact — "Herr Major of the Town-guard, in the King's name, you are required to ground arms!" What can the Town Major do; Prussian grenadiers, cannoneers, gravely environing him? He sticks his sword into the scabbard, an Ex-Town Major; and Breslau City is become Friedrich's, softly like a movement during drill.[1]

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[1] Ranke, ii. 288.

Not the least mistake occurred. Cannon with case-shot planted themselves in all the thoroughfares, Horse-patrols went circulating everywhere; Town-arsenal, gates, walls, are laid hold of; Town-guards all disarmed, rather "with laughter on their part" than otherwise: "Majesty perhaps will give us muskets of his own; — well!" The operation altogether did not last above an hour-and-half, and nobody's skin got scratched. Towards 9 A.M. Schwerin summoned the Town Dignitaries to their Rathhaus to swear fealty; who at once complied; and on his stepping out with proposal, to the general population, of "a cheer for King Friedrich, Duke of Lower Silesia," the poor people rent the skies with their "Friedrich and Silesia forever!" which they repeated, I think, seven times. Upon which Schwerin fired off his signal-cannon, pointing to the South; where other posts and cannons took up the sound, and pushed it forward, till, as we noticed, it got to Friedrich in few minutes, on the review-ground at Strehlen; right welcome to him, among the manœuvrings there. Protestant Breslau or cordwainer Döblin cannot lament such a result; still less dare the devout Old Ladies of Quality openly lament, who are trembling to the heart, poor old creatures; though no evil came of it to them; penitent, let off for the fright; checking even their aspirations henceforth.

Syndic Guzmar and the peccant Officials being summoned out to Strehlen, it had been asked of them, "Do you know this Letter?" Upon which they fell on their knees, "*Ach Ihro*

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 982, ii. 227, 268; Adelung, ii. 439; Stenzel, iv. 152.

Majestät!" unable to deny their handwriting; yet anxious to avoid death on the scaffold, as Friedrich said was usual under such behavior; and were sent home, after a few hours of arrest.[1] Schwerin (as King's substitute till the King himself one day arrive) continued to take the Homaging, and to make the many new arrangements needful. All which went off in a soft and pleasantly harmonious manner; — only the Jesuits scrupling a little to swear as yet; and getting gently sent their ways, with revenues stopt in consequence. Otherwise the swearing, which lasted for several days, was to appearance a joyful process, and on the part of the general population an enthusiastic one, "*Es lebe König Friedrich!*" rising to the welkin with insatiable emphasis, seven times over, on the least signal given. Neipperg's Adventure, and Orthodox Female Parliament, have issued in this sadly reverse manner.

Robinson and Hyndford have to witness these phenomena; Robinson to shoot off for Presburg again, with the worst news in the world. Queen and Hofraths have been waiting in agony of suspense, "Will Friedrich bargain on those gentle terms, and help us with 100,000 men?" Far from it, my friends; how far! "My most important intelligence," writes the Russian Envoy there, some days ago,[2] is, that a Bavarian War has broken out, that Kur-Baiern is in Passau. God grant that Monsieur Robinson may succeed in his negotiation! All here are in the completest irresolution, and total inactivity, till Monsieur Robinson return, or at least send news of himself."

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[1] Orlich, i. 134; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 228.

[2] "5 August, 1741," not said to whom (in Ranke, ii. 324 n.).

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE.

This Breslau Adventure, which had yielded Friedrich so important an acquisition, was furthermore the cause of ending these Strehlen inactivities, and of recommencing field operations. August 11th, Neipperg, provoked by the grievous news just come from Breslau, pushes suddenly forward on Schweidnitz, by way of consolation; Schweidnitz, not so strong as it might be made, where the Prussians have a principal Magazine: "One might at least seize that?" thinks Neipperg, in his vexed humor. But here too Friedrich was beforehand with him; broke out, rapidly enough, to Reichenbach, westward, which bars the Neipperg road to Schweidnitz: upon which, — or even before which (on rumor of it coming, which was not *yet* true), — Neipperg, half done with his first day's march, called halt; prudently turned back, and hastened, Baumgarten way, to his strong Camp at Frankenstein again. His hope in the Schweidnitz direction had lasted only a few hours; a hope springing on the mere spur of pique, soon recognizable by him as futile; and now anxieties for self-preservation had succeeded it on Neipperg's part. For now Friedrich actually advances on him, in a menacing manner, hardly hoping Neipperg will fight; but determined to have done with the Neisse business, in spite of strong camps and cunctations, if it be possible.[1]

It was August 16th, when Friedrich stirred out of Strehlen; August 21st, when he encamped at Reichenbach. Till September 7th, he kept manœuvring upon Neipperg, who countermanœuvred with vigilance, good judgment, and would not come to action: September 7th, Friedrich, weary of these hagglings, dashed off for Neisse itself, hoped to be across Neisse River, and be between Neisse Town and Neipperg, before Neipperg could get up. There would then be no method of preventing the Siege of Neisse, except by a Battle: so Friedrich had hoped; but Neipperg again proved vigilant.

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[1] Orlich, i. 137, 138.

Accordingly, September 11th, Friedrich's Vanguard was actually across the Neisse; had crossed at a place called Woitz, and had there got Two Pontoon Bridges ready, when Friedrich, in the evening, came up with the main Army, intending to cross; — and was astonished to find Neipperg taking up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible; and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study; no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream, Neisse-wards, but on the left or north bank of the River; passed Neisse Town (the River between him and it); and encamped at Gross Neundorf, several miles from Neipperg and the River. Neipperg, at an equal step, has been wending towards his old Camp, which lies behind Neisse, between Neisse and the Hills: there, a river in front, dams and muddy inundations all round him, begirt with plentiful Pandours, Neipperg waits what Friedrich will attempt from Gross Neundorf.

From Gross Neundorf, Friedrich persists twelve days (13th–25th September), studying, endeavoring; mere impossibility ahead. And by this time (what is much worth noting), Hyndford, silently quitting Breslau, has got back to these scenes of war, occasionally visible in Friedrich's Camp again; — on important mysterious business; which will have results. Valori also is here in Camp; these two Excellencies jealously eying one another; both of them with teeth rather on edge, — Europe having suddenly got into such a plunge (as if the highest mountains were falling into the deepest seas) since Friedrich began this Neipperg problem of his; — in which, after twelve days, he sees mere impossibility ahead.

On the twelfth day, Friedrich privately collects himself for a new method: marches, soon after midnight,[1] fifteen miles down the River (which goes northward in this part, as the reader may remember); crosses, with all his appurtenances, unmolested; and takes camp a few miles inland, or on the right bank, and facing towards Neisse again. He intends to be in upon Neipperg from the rear quarter; and cut him off from Mähren and his daily convoys of food. "Daily food cut off, — the thickest-skinned rhinoceros, the wildest lion, cannot stand that: here, for Neipperg, is one point on which all his embankments and mud-dams will not suffice him!" thinks Friedrich. Certain preliminary operations, and military indispensabilities, there first are for Friedrich, — Town of Oppeln to be got, which commands the Oder, our rearward highway; Castle of Friedland, and the country between Oder and Neisse Rivers: — while these preliminary things are being done (September 28th–October 3d), Friedrich in person gradually pushes forward towards Neipperg, reconnoitring, bickering with Croats: October 3d, preliminaries done, Neipperg's rear had better look to itself.

Neipperg, well enough seeing what was meant, has by this time come out of his mud-dams and impregnabilities; and advanced a few miles towards Friedrich. Neipperg lies now encamped in the Hamlet of Griesau, a little way behind Steinau, — poor Steinau, which the reader saw on fire one night, when Friedrich and we were in those parts, in Spring last. Friedrich's Camp is about five miles from Neipperg's on the other side of Steinau. A tolerable champaign country; I should think, mostly in stubble at this season. Nearly midway between these two Camps is a pretty Schloss called Klein-Schnellendorf, occupied by Neipperg's Croats just now, of which Prince Lobkowitz (he, if I remember, but it matters nothing), an Austrian General of mark, far away at present, is proprietor.

Friedrich's Oppeln preparations are about complete; and he intends to advance straightway. "Hold, for Heaven's sake, your Majesty!" exclaims Hyndford; getting hold of him one day (waylaying him, in fact; for it is difficult, owing to Valori); "Wait, wait; I have just been to the — to the Camp of Neipperg," silently gesticulates Hyndford: "Within a week all shall be right, and not a drop of blood shed!" Friedrich answers, by silence chiefly, to the effect, "Tush, tush;" but not quite negatively, and does in effect wait. We had better give the snatch of Dialogue in primitive authentic form; date is, Camp of Neundorf, September 22d: —

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[1] 26th September, 2 A.M.: Orlich, i. 144.

Friedrich (pausing impatiently, on the way towards his tent). "'*Milord, de quoi s'agit-il à présent* (What is it now, then)?'

Hyndford. "'Should much desire to have some assurance from your Majesty with regard to that neutrality of Hanover you were pleased to promise.' All else is coming right; hastening towards beautiful settlement, were that settled.

Friedrich. "'Have not I great reason to be dissatisfied with your Court? Britannic Majesty, as King of England and as Elector of Hanover, is wonderful! Milord, when you say a thing is white, Schweichelt, the Hanoverian Excellency, calls it black, and *vice versâ.* But I will do your King no harm; none, I say! Follow me to dinner; dinner is cold by this time; and we have made more than one person think of us. Swift! [and *exit*].'"[1]

This is a strange motion on the part of Hyndford; but Friedrich, severely silent to it, understands it very well; as readers soon will, when they hear farther. But marvellous things have happened on the sudden! In these three weeks, since the Camp of Strehlen broke up, there have been such Events; strategic, diplomatic: a very avalanche of ruin, hurling Austria down to the Nadir; — of which it is now fit that the reader have some faint conception, an adequate not being possible for him or me: —

"*August* 15*th*, 1741. Robinson reappears in Presburg; and precious surely are the news he brings to an Aulic Council fallen back in its chairs, and staring with the wind struck out of it. Their expected Seizure of Breslau gone heels over head, in that way; Friedrich imperiously resolute, gleaming like the flash of steel amid these murky imbecilities, and without the

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[1] Hyndford's Despatch, Neisse, 4th October, 1741.

Cession of Silesia no Peace to be made with him! And all this is as nothing, to news which arrives just on the back of Robinson, from another quarter.

"*August 15th–21st.* French Army of 40,000 men, special Army of Belleisle, sedulously equipt and completed, visibly crosses the Rhine at Fort Louis (an Island Fortress in the Rhine, thirty miles below Strasburg; *stones* of it are from the old Schloss of Hagenau); — steps over deliberately there; and on the sixth day is all on German ground. These troops, to be commanded by Belleisle, so soon as he can join them, are to be the Elector of Bavaria's troops, Kur-Baiern Generalissimo over Belleisle and them;[1] and they are on rapid march to join that ambitious Kurfürst, in his Passau Expedition; and probably submerge Vienna itself.

"And what is this we hear farther, O Robinson, O Excellencies Hyndford, Schweichelt and Company: That another French Army, of the same strength, under Maillebois, has in the self-same days gone across the Lower Rhine (at Kaiserswörth, an hour's ride below Düsseldorf)! At Kaiserswörth; ostensibly for comforting and strengthening Kur-Köln (the lanky Ecclesiastical Gentleman, Kur-Baiern's Brother), their excellent ally, should anybody meddle with him. Ostensibly for this; but in reality to keep the Sea-Powers, and especially George of England quiet. It marches towards Osnabrück, this Maillebois Army; quarters itself up and down, looking over into Hanover, — able to eat Hanover, especially if joined by the Prussians and Old Leopold, at any moment.

"These things happen in this month of August, close upon the rear of that steel-shiny scene in the Tent at Strehlen, where Friedrich lifted his hat, saying, ''T is of no use, Messieurs!' — which was followed by the seizure of Breslau the wrong way. Never came such a cataract of evil news on an Aulic Council before. The poor proud people, all these months they have been sitting torpid, helpless, loftily stupid, like dumb idols; 'in flat despair,' as Robinson says once, 'only without the strength to be desperate.'

"Sure enough the Sea-Powers are checkmated now. Let them make the least attempt in favor of the Queen, if they dare. Holland can be overrun, from Osnabrück quarter, at a day's warning. Little George has his Hanoverians, his subsidized Hessians, Danes, in Hanover, his English on Lexden Heath: let him come one step over the marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a surprising stroke of theatrical-practical Art; brought about, to old Fleury's sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Châteauroux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless, for some time; and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World-Tornado, has broken out. It is not recorded of little George that he fell back in his chair, or stared wider than usual with those fish-eyes: but he discerned well, glorious little man, that here is left no shadow of a chance by fighting; that he will have to sit stock-still, under awful penalties; and that if Maria Theresa will escape destruction, she must make her peace with Friedrich at any price."

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[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 264.

This fine event, 80,000 French actually across the Rhine, happened in the very days while Friedrich and Neipperg had got into wrestle again, — Neipperg just off from that rash march for Schweidnitz, and whirling back on rumor (15th August), while the first instalment of the French were getting over. Friedrich must admit that the French fulfil their promises so far. A week ago or more, they made the Swedes declare War against Russia, as covenanted. War is actually declared, at Stockholm, August 4th, the Faction of Hats prevailing over that of Nightcaps, after terrible debates and efforts about the mere declaring of it, as if that alone were the thing needed. We mentioned this War already, and would not willingly again. One of the most contemptible Wars ever declared or carried on; but useful to Friedrich, as keeping Russia off his hands, at a critical time, and conclusively forbidding help to Austria from that quarter.

Maréchal de Belleisle, wrapt in Diplomatic and Electioneering business, cannot personally take command for the present; but has excellent lieutenants, — one of whom is Comte de Saxe, Moritz our old friend, afterwards Maréchal de Saxe. Among the finest French Armies, this of Belleisle's is thought to be, that ever took the field: so many of our Nobility in it, and what best Officers, Ségurs, Saxes, future Maréchals, we have. Army full of spirit and splendor; come to cut Germany in four, and put France at last in its place in the Universe. Here is courage, here is patriotism, of a sort. And if this is not the good sort, the divinely pious, the humanly noble,—Fashionable Society feels it to be so, and can hit no nearer. New-fashioned "Army of the Oriflamme," one might call this of Belleisle's; kind of Sham-Sacred French Army (quite in earnest, as it thinks);—led on, not by St. Denis and the Virgin, but by Sun-god Belleisle and the Châteauroux, under these sad new conditions! Which did not prosper as expected.

"Let the Holy German Reich take no offence," said this Army, eager to conciliate: "we come as friends merely; our intentions charitable, and that only. Bavarian Treaty of Nymphenburg (18th May last) binds us especially, this time; Treaty of Westphalia binds us sacredly at all times. Peaceable to you, nay brotherly, if only you will be peaceable!" Which the poor Reich, all but Austria and the Sea-Powers, strove what it could to believe.

On reaching the German shore out of Elsass, "every Officer put the Bavarian Colors, cockade of blue-and-white, on his hat;"[1] a mere "Bavarian Army," don't you see? And the 40,000 wend steadily forward through Schwaben eastward, till they can join Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, who is Generalissimo, or has the name of such. They march in Seven Divisions. Donauwörth (a Town we used to know, in Marlborough's time and earlier) is to be their first resting-point; Ingolstadt their place-of-arms: will readers recollect those two essential circumstances? To Donauwörth is 250 miles; to Passau will be 180 more: five or six long weeks of marching. But after Donauwörth they are to go, the Infantry of them are, in boats; Horse, under Saxe, marching parallel. Forward, ever forward, to Passau (properly to Schärding, twelve miles up the Inn Valley, where his Bavarian Highness is in Camp); and thence, under his Bavarian Highness, and in concert with him, to pour forth, deluge-like, upon Linz, probably upon Vienna itself, down the Donau Valley, — why not to Vienna itself, and ruin Austria at one swoop?[1]

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[1] Adelung, ii. 431.

The second or Maillebois French Army spreads itself, by degrees, considerably over Westphalia; — straitened for forage, and otherwise not the best of neighbors. But, in theory, in speech, this too was abundantly conciliatory, — to the Dutch at least. "Nothing earthly in view, nothing, ye magnanimous Dutch, except to lodge here in the most peaceable manner, paying our way, and keep down disturbances that might arise in these parts. That might arise; not from you, ye magnanimous High Mightinesses, how far from it! Nor will we meddle with one broken brick of your respectable Barrier, or Barrier Treaty, which is sacred to us, or do you the shadow of an injury. No; a thousand times, upon our honor, No!" For brevity's sake, I lend them that locution, "No, a thousand times," — and in actual arithmetic, I should think there are at least four or five hundred times of it, — in those extinct Diplomatic Eloquences of Excellency Fénelon and the other French; — vaguely counting, in one's oppressed imagination, during the Two Years that ensue. For the Dutch lazily believed, or strove to believe, this No of Fénelon's; and took an obstinate laggard sitting posture, in regard to Pragmatic Sanction; whereby the task of "hoisting" them (as above hinted), which fell upon a certain King, became so famous in Diplomatic History.

Imagination may faintly picture what a blow this advent of Maillebois was to his Britannic Majesty, over in Herrenhausen yonder! He has had of Danes six thousand, of Hessians six, of Hanoverians sixteen, — in all some 30,000 men, on foot here since Spring last, camping about (in two formidable

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[1] Espagnac, *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe* (German Translation, Leipzig, 1774), i. 83: — an excellent military compend. *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux* (Maillebois, Broglio, Belleisle: Amsterdam, 1773), ii. 53–56: — in nine handy little volumes (or if we include the *Noailles* and the *Coigny* set, making "*Cinq Maréchaux*," nineteen volumes in all, and a twentieth for *Index*); consisting altogether of Official Letters (brief, rapid, meant for business, *not* for printing in the Newspapers); which are elucidative *beyond* bargain, and would even be amusing to read, — were the topic itself worth one's time.

29th Aug. 1741.

Camps at this moment); not to mention the 6,000 of English on Lexden Heath, eager to be shipped across, would Parliament permit; and now — let him stir in any direction if he dare. Camp of Göttin like a drawn sword at one's throat (at one's Hanover) from the east; and lo, here a twin fellow to it gleaming from the south side! Maillebois can walk into the throat of Hanover at a day's warning. And such was actually the course proposed by Maillebois's Government, more than once, in these weeks, had not Friedrich dissuaded and forbidden. It is a strangling crisis. What is his Britannic Majesty to do? Send orders, "Double *your* diligence, Excellency Robinson!" that is one clear point; the others are fearfully insoluble, yet pressing for solution: in a six weeks hence (September 27th), we shall see what they issue in! —

As for Robinson, he is duly with the Queen at Presburg; duly conjuring incessantly, "Make your peace with Friedrich!" And her Majesty will not, on the terms. Poor Robinson, urged two ways at once, is flurried doubly and trebly; tossed about as Diplomatist never was. King of Prussia flashes lightning-looks upon him, clapping finger to nose; Maria Theresa, knowing he will demand cession of Silesia, shudders at sight of him; and the Aulic Council fall into his arms like dead men, murmuring, "Money; where is your money?"

"*August* 29*th*. While Friedrich was pushing into Neipperg, in the Baumgarten Country, and could get no battle out of him, Excellency Robinson reappears at Breslau; Maria Theresa, after deadly efforts on his part, has mended her offers, in these terrible circumstances; and Robinson is here again. 'Half of Silesia, or almost half, provided his Majesty will turn round, and help against the French:' these, secretly, are Robinson's rich offers. The Queen, on consenting to these new offers, had 'wrung her hands,' like one in despair, and said passionately, 'Unless accepted within a fortnight, I will not be bound by them!' 'Admit his Excellency to the honor of an interview,' solicits Hyndford; 'his offers are much mended.' Notable to witness, Friedrich will not see Robinson at all this time, nor even permit Podewils to see him; signifies plainly that he wants to hear no more of his offers, and that, in fact, the sooner he can take himself away from Breslau, it will be the better. To that effect, Robinson, rushing back in mortified astonished manner, reports progress at Presburg; to that and no better. 'High Madam,' urges Robinson, still indefatigable, 'the King of Prussia's help would be life, his hostility is death at this crisis. Peace must be with him, at any price!' 'Price?' answers her Majesty once: 'If Austria must fall, it is indifferent to me whether it be by Kur-Baiern or Kur-Brandenburg!'[1] Nevertheless, in about a week she again yields to intense conjuring, and the ever-tightening pressure of events; — King George, except it be for counselling, is become stock-still, with Maillebois's sword at his throat; and is, without metaphor, sinking towards absolute neutrality: 'Cannot help you, Madam, any farther; must not try it, or I perish, my Hanover and I!' — So that Maria Theresa again mends her offers: 'Give him all Lower Silesia, and he to join with me!' and Robinson post-haste despatches a courier to Breslau with them. Notable again: King Friedrich will not hear of them; answers by a 'No, I tell you! Time was, time is not. I have now joined with France; and to join against it in this manner? Talk to me no more!' "[2] . . .

Here is a catastrophe for the Two Britannic Excellencies, and the Cause of Freedom! Robinson, in dudgeon and amazement, has hurried back to Presburg, has ceased sending even couriers; and, in a three weeks hence (9th October, a day otherwise notable), wishes "to come home," the game being up.[3] Such is Robinson's gloomy view: finished, he, and the game lost, — unless perhaps Hyndford could still do something? Of which what hope is there! Hyndford, who has a rough sagacity in him, and manifests often a strong sense of the practical and the practicable, strikes into — Readers, from the following Fragments of Correspondence, now first made public, will gather for themselves what new course, veiled in triple mystery, Hyndford had struck into. Four bits of Notes, well worth reading, under their respective dates: —

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 156.

[2] Friedrich to Hyndford: "*Au Camp* [*de Neuendorf*] 14me *septembre*," 1741. "*Milord, j'ai reçu les nouvelles propositions d'alliance que l'infatigable Robinson vous envoie. Je les trouve aussi chimériques que les précédentes.*" — "*Ces gens sont-ils fols, Milord, de s'imaginer que je commisse la trahison de tourner en leur faveur mes armes, et de*" — ? "*Je vous prie de ne me plus fatiguer avec de pareilles propositions, et de me croire assez honnête homme pour ne point violer mes engagements.* — FÉDÉRIC." (British Museum: Hyndford Papers, fol. 133.)

[3] His Letter, "9th October, 1741" (in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, iii. Appendix, p lii: edit. London, 1839).

1°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington* (Two Notes).

"*Breslau, 2d September,* 1741 [on the heel of Robinson's second miscarriage]. . . . My Lord, all these contretemps are very unlucky at present, when time is so precious; for France is pressing the King of Prussia in the strongest manner to declare himself; but whatever eventual preliminaries may be probably agreed between them, I still doubt if they have any Treaty signed" — have had one, any time these three months (since 5th June last); signed sufficiently; but of a most fast-and-loose nature; neither party intending to be rigorous in keeping it. "I wish to God the Court of Vienna may be brought to think before it is too late."[1]

2°. "*Breslau, 6th September.* . . . I am not without hopes of succeeding in a project which has occurred to me on this occasion, and which seems to be pretty well relished by some people [properly by one individual, Goltz, the King's Adjutant and factotum], who are in great confidence about the King of Prussia's person; and I think it is the only thing that now remains to be tried; and as it is the least of two evils, I hope I shall have the King my Master's approbation in attempting it; and if the Court of Vienna will open their eyes, they must see it is the only thing left to save them from utter destruction;" — and, finally, here it is: —

"Since Mr. Robinson left this place, — ["Sooner *you* go, the better, Sir!"], — I have been sounding the people afore mentioned," the individual afore hinted at, "Whether the King of Prussia would hearken to a Neutrality with respect to the Queen of Hungary, and at the same time fulfil his engagements to his Majesty with respect to the defence of his Majesty's German Dominions, *if* she would give him the Lower Silesia with Breslau? At first they rejected it; saying it was a thing they dared not propose. However, I have reason to believe, by a Letter I saw this day, that it has been proposed to the King, and that he is not absolutely averse to it. I shall know more in a few days; but if it can be done at all, it must be done in the very greatest secrecy, for neither the King nor his Ministers wish to appear in it; and I question if his Minister Podewils will be informed of it."[1]

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[1] *Hyndford Papers* (Brit. Mus. Additional MSS. 11,366), ii. fol. 91.

3°. *Excellency Robinson* (in a flutter of excitement, temporary hope and excitement, about Goltz) *to Hyndford, at Breslau.*

"*Presburg, 8th September* (N.S.), 1741. My Lord, I could desire your Lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all your Lordship's Instructions, and the sense of the King, of the Parliament, and of the whole British Nation. It is upon this great moment that depends the fate, not of the House of Austria, not of the Empire, but of the House of Brunswick, of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I verily believe the King of Prussia does not himself know the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act, there is not one, not that of the wildest resentment, that can blind him to this degree, of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon others. With his concurrence, the French will, in less than six weeks, be masters of the German Empire. The weak Elector of Bavaria is but their instrument: Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be taken in that short time. Will even the King of Prussia himself be reserved to the last?

"Upon this single transaction [of your Lordship's affair with the mysterious individual] depend the *cita mors*, or the *victoria læta* of all Europe. Nothing will equal the glory of your Lordship, in the latter case, but that to be acquired by the King of Prussia in his immediate imitation of the great Sobieski" — reputed "savior of Vienna," O your Excellency! . . . "Prince Lichtenstein will, if found in time upon his estates in Bohemia, be, I believe, the person to repair to the King of Prussia, the moment your Lordship shall have signed the Preliminaries. Once again, give me leave, my Lord, to express my most ardent wishes, my" — T. Robinson.[1]

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[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 97, 98.

4°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington.*

"*Breslau, 9th September*, . . . Received a message to meet him," — *him*, for we now speak in the singular number, though still without naming Goltz, — "one of the persons I mentioned in my former Despatch: in a very unsuspected place; for we have agreed to avoid all appearance of familiarity. He told me he had received a Letter this morning from the Camp," — Prussian Majesty's Camp, or Bivouac (in the Münsterberg Hill-Country), on that march towards Woitz, for crossing the Neisse upon Neipperg, which proved impracticable, — "and that he could with pleasure tell me that the King agreed to this last trial, although he would not, nor could appear in it. . . . Then this person read to me a Paper, but I could not see whether it was the King's hand or not; for when I desired to take a copy, he said he could not show me the original; but dictated as follows: —

"'Toute la Basse Silésie, la rivière de Neisse pour limite, la ville de Neisse à nous, aussi bien que Glatz; de l'autre côté de l'Oder l'ancien limite entre les Duchés de Brieg et d'Oppeln. Namslau à nous. Les affaires de religion *in statu quo*. Point de dépendance de la Bohème; cession éternelle. En échange nous n'irons pas plus loin. Nous assiégerons Neisse *pro formâ:* le commandant se rendra et sortira. Nous prendrons les quartiers tranquillement, et ils pourront mener leur Armée où ils voudront. Que tout cela soit fini en douze jours.'" That is to say: —

"'The whole of Lower Silesia, Neisse Town included; Neisse River for boundary: — Glatz withal. Beyond the Oder, for the Duchies of Brieg and Oppeln the ancient limits. Namslau ours. Affairs of Religion to continue *in statu quo.* No dependence [feudal tie or other, as there used to be] on Bohemia; cession of Silesia to be absolute and forever. — We, in return, will proceed no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form; the Commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter-quarters; and the Austrian Army may go whither it will. Bargain to be concluded within twelve days.' "[1] — Can his Excellency Hyndford get Vienna, get Feldmarschall Neipperg with power from Vienna, to accept: Yes or No? Excellency Hyndford thinks, Yes; will try his very utmost! —

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[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 102.

"He (Goltz) then tore the Paper in very small pieces; and he repeated again, that if the affair should be discovered, both the King and he were determined to deny it. . . . 'But how about engagements with regard to my Master's German Dominions; not a word about that?' He answered, 'You have not the least to fear from France;' protested the King of Prussia's great regard for his Majesty of England, &c. I told him these fine words did not satisfy me; and that if this affair should succeed, I expected there should be some stipulation."[2] Yes; and came, about a fortnight hence, "waylaying his Majesty" to get one, — as readers saw above.

Prussian Dryasdust (poor soul, to whom one is often cruel!) shall glad himself with the following Two bits of Autography from Goltz, who had instantly quitted Breslau again; — and, to us, they will serve as date for the actual arrival of Excellency Hyndford in those fighting regions, and commencement of his mysterious glidings about between Camp and Camp.

Goltz to the Excellency Hyndford, at Breslau (most Private).

"Au Camp de Neuendorf, 16^{me} septembre, à 9 heures du soir.

(1.) "Milord, — Vous savez que je suis porté pour la bonne cause. Sur ce pied je prends la liberté de vous conseiller en ami et serviteur, de venir ici incessamment, et de presser votre voyage de sorte que vous puissiez paraître publiquement lundi [18th] vers midi. Vous trouverez 6 (*sic*) chevaux de postes à

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[1] Coxe (iii. 272) gives this Translation, not saying whence he had it.

[2] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 115.

Olau et à Grottkau tout prêts. Hâtez-vous, Milord, tout ce que vous pourrez au monde. J'ai l'honneur de" Meaning, in brief English: —

"Be at Neundorf here, publicly, on Monday next, 18th, towards noon." Things being ripe. "Haste, Milord, haste!"

"Ce 18^{me} à 3 heures après-midi.

(2). "Je suis au désespoir, Milord, de votre maladie. Voici le courrier que vous attendiez. Venez le plutôt que vous pourrez au monde; si non, dites au Général Marwitz de quoi il s'agit, afin qu'il puisse me le faire savoir. . . . Le courrier serait arrivé quatre heures plutôt, si nous ne l'avions renvoyé au Comte Neuberg (*sic*) à cause de votre maladie. — GOLTZ."[1] — That is to say: —

"Distressed inexpressibly by your Lordship's biliary condition. One cannot travel under colic; — and things were so ripe! Courier would have reached you four hours sooner, but we had to send him over to Neipperg first. Come, oh come!" — Which Hyndford, now himself again, at once does.

This is the Mystery, which, on September 22d, had arrived at that stage, indicated above: "Tush! Follow me: Dinner is already falling cold, and there are eyes upon us!" And in about another fortnight — But we shall have to take the luggage with us, too, what minimum of it is indispensable!

CHAPTER V.

KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF: FRIEDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION.

WHILE these combined Mysteries and War-movements go on, in Neisse and its Environs, the World-Phenomena continue, — in Upper Austria and elsewhere. Of which take these select summits, or points chiefly luminous in the dusk of the forgotten Past: —

Linz, September 14th. Karl Albert, being joined some days ago at Schärding by the first three French Divisions, 15,000 men in all (the other four Divisions of them are still in the Donauwörth-Ingolstadt quarter, making their manifold arrangements), has pushed forward, sixty miles (land-marches, south side of the Donau, which makes a bend here), and this day, September 14th, appears at Linz. Pleasant City of Linz; where, as readers may remember, Mr. John Kepler, long ago, busy discovering the System of the World (grandest Conquest ever made, or to be made, by the Sons of Adam), had his poor *Camera Obscura* set out, to get himself a livelihood in the interim: here now is Karl Albert's flag on the winds, and, as it were, the Oriflamme with it, on a singularly different Adventure. "Open Gates!" demands Karl Albert with authority: "Admit me to my Capital of Upper Austria!" Which cannot be denied him, there being nothing but Town-guards in the place.

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[1] *Hyndford Papers,* fol. 150–152.

Karl Albert continued there some weeks, in a serenely victorious posture; doing acts of authority; getting homaged by the *Stände;* pushing out his forces farther and farther down the Donau, post after post, — victorious Oriflamme-Bavarian Army may be 40,000 strong or so, in those parts. Friedrich urged him much to push on without pause, and take opportunity by the forelock; sent Schmettau (elder of the two Schmettaus, who is much employed on such business) to urge him; wrote an express Paper of Considerations pressingly urgent: but he would not, and continued pausing.

Vienna, all in terror, is fortifying itself; citizens toiling at the earthworks, resolute for making some defence; Constituted Authorities, National Archives even, Court in a body, and all manner of Noble and Official people, flying else-whither to covert: chiefly to Presburg, where her Majesty already is. The Archives were carried to Grätz; the two Dowager Empresses (for there are two, Maria Theresa's Mother, and Maria Theresa's Aunt, Kaiser Joseph's Widow) fled different ways, — I forget which. An agitated, paralyzed population. Except the diligent wheelbarrows on the ramparts, no vehicle is rolling in Vienna but furniture-wagons loading for flight. General Khevenhüller with 6,000, who presides with fine scientific skill, and an iron calmness and clearness, over these fortifyings, is the only force left.[1] Neipperg's, our only Army in the world, is hundreds of miles away, countermarching and manœuvring about Woitz, and Neisse Town and River, — pretty sure to be beaten in the end, — and it is high time there were a Silesian bargain had, if Hyndford can get us any.

Dresden, September 19th (Excellency Hyndford just recovering from his colic, in Breslau), Kur-Sachsen, after many waverings, signs Treaty of Copartnery with France and Bavaria, seduced by "that Moravia," and the ticklings of Belleisle acting on a weak mind.[2] His troops are 20,000, or rather more; said to be of good quality, and well equipped. In February last we saw him engaged in Russian, Anti-Prussian Partition schemes. In April, as these suddenly (on sight of the Camp of Göttin) extinguished themselves, he agreed to go, in the pacific way, with her Hungarian Majesty for friend (Treaty with her, signed 11th April); but never went (Treaty never ratified); kept his 20,000 lying about in Camp, in an enigmatic manner, — first about Torgau, latterly in the Lausitz, much nearer to the *Erzgebirge* (Metal-Mountains), Frontier of Bohemia; — and now signs as above; intent to march as soon as possible. Is to have Four Circles of Bohemia, imaginary Kingships of Moravia, and other prizes. Belleisle has tickled that big trout: Belleisle could now have the Election as he wishes it, would the Electors but be speedy; but they will not, and he is obliged to push continually.

"Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ," *in the Poetic, and then also in the Prose Form.*

Presburg, September 21st. This is the date (or chief date, for, alas, there turn out to be two!) of the world-famous "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*;" of which there are now needed Two Narratives; the generally received (in part mythical) going first, in the following strain: —

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[1] Anonymous, *Histoire de la Dernière Guerre de Bohème* (à Francfort, 1745–1747, 4 tomes), i. 190. A lively succinct little Book, vague not false; still readable, though not now, as then, with complete intelligence, to the unprepared reader. Said, in Dictionaries, to be by Mauvillon *Père*, though it resembles nothing else of his that is known to me.

[2] Adelung, ii. 469, 304, 503.

"The Queen has been in Presburg mainly, where the Hungarian Diet is sitting, ever since her Coronation-ceremony. On the 11th September [or 11th and 21st together], the afflicted Lady makes an appearance there, which, for theatrical reality, has become very celebrated. Alas, it is but three months since she galloped to the top of the Königsberg, and cut defiantly with bright sabre towards the Four Points of the Universe; and already it has come to this. Hungarian Magnates in high session, the high Queen enters, beautiful and sad, — and among her Ministers is noticeable a Nurse with the young Archduke, some six months old, a fine thriving child, perhaps too wise for his age, who became Kaiser Joseph II. in after time.

"The Hungarian Session is not on record for me, Hall of meeting, Magyar Parliamentary eloquence unknown; nor is any point conspicuously visible, exact and certain, except these [alas, not even these]: That it was the 11th of September; that her Majesty coming forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there, in a clear and melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, beautiful as the Moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spake, as the Hungarian Archives still have it, a short Latin Harangue; in substance as follows: . . . 'Hostile invasion of Austria; imminent peril, to this Kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our crown. Forsaken by all, — *ab omnibus derelicti* [Britannic Majesty himself standing stock-still, — blamably, one thinks, the two swords being only at *his* throat, and a good way off!] — I have no resource but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your renowned Body, and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me!' Whereat the assembled Hungarian Synod, their wild Magyar hearts touched to the core, start up in impetuous acclaim, flourish aloft their drawn swords, and shout unanimously in passionate tenor-voice, '*Moriamur* (Let us die) for our Rex Maria Theresa!'[1] Which were not vain words. For a general 'Insurrection' was thereupon decreed; what the Magyars call their 'Insurrection,' which is by no means of rebellious nature; and many noblemen, old Count Palfy himself a chief among them, though past threescore and ten, took the field at their own cost; and the noise of the Hungarian Insurrection spread like a voice of hope over all Pragmatic countries." —

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[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben* (which speaks hypothetically), iv. 44; Coxe, iii. 270 (who is positive, "after examining the Documents").

A very beautiful heroic scene; which has gone about the world, circulating triumphantly through all hearts for above a Century past; and has only of late acknowledged itself mythical, — not true, except as toned down to the following stingy prose pitch: —

Presburg, September 21*st.* Maria Theresa, since that fine Coronation-scene, June 25th, has had a mixed time of it with her Hungarian Diet; soft passages alternating with hard: a chivalrous people, most consciously chivalrous; but a constitutional withal, very stiff upon their Charter (*Pacta Conventa,* or whatever the name is); who wrangle much upon privileges, upon taxes, and are difficult to keep long in tune. Ten days ago (September 11th), her Majesty tried them on a new tack; summoned them to her Palace; threw herself upon their nobleness, "No allies but you in the world" (and other fine things, authentically, as above, legible in the Archives to this day): — so spake the beautiful young Queen, her eyes filling with tears as she went on, and yet a noble fire gleaming through them. Which melted the Hungarian heart a good deal; and produced fine cheering, some persons even shedding tears, and voices of "Life and Fortune to your Majesty!" being heard in it. In which humor the Diet returned to its Session-House, and voted the "Insurrection," — or general Arming of Hungary, County by County, each according to its own contingent; — with all speed, in pursuance of her Majesty's implied desire. This was voted in rapid manner; but again, in the detail of executing, it was liable to haggles. From this day, however, matters did decidedly improve; *Pacta Conventa,* or any remainder of them, are got adjusted, — the good Queen yielding on many points. So that, September 20th, Grand-Duke Franz is elected Co-regent, — let him start from Vienna instantly, for Instalment; — and it is hoped the Insurrection will go well, and not prove haggly, or hang fire in the details.

At any rate, next day, September 21st, Duke Franz, who arrived last night, — and Baby with him, or in the train of him (to the joy of Mamma!) — is in the Palace Audience-Hall, "at 8 A.M.;" ready for the Diet, and what Homagings and mutual Oath, as new Co-regent, are necessary. Grand-Duke Franz, Mamma by his side, with the suitable functionaries; and to rearward Nurse and Baby, not so conspicuous till needed. Diet enters with the stroke of 8; solemnity proceeds. At the height of the solemnity, when Duke Franz, who is really risen now to something of a heroic mood, in these emergencies and perils, has just taken his Oath, and will have to speak a fit word or two, — the Nurse, doubtless on hint given, steps forward; holds up Baby (a fine noticing fellow, I have no doubt, — "weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born"); as if Baby too, fine mutual product of the Two Co-regents, were mutually swearing and appealing. Enough to touch any heart. "Life and blood (*vitam et sanguinem*) for our Queen and Kingdom!" exclaims the Grand-Duke, among other things. "Yes, *vitam et sanguinem!*" re-echoes the Diet, "our life and our blood!" many-voiced, again and again; — and returns to its own Place of Session, once more in a fine strain of loyal emotion.

And there, O reader, is the naked truth, neither more nor less. It was some Vienna Pamphleteer of theatrical imaginative turn, finding the thing apt, a year or two afterwards, — who by kneading different dates and objects into one, boldly annihilating time and space, and adding a little paint, — gave it that seductive mythical form. From whom Voltaire adopted it, with improvements, especially in the little Harangue; and from Voltaire gratefully the rest of mankind.[1] Cut down to the practical, it stands as above: — by no means a bad thing still. That of "bringing in Baby" was a pretty touch in the domestic-royal way; — and surely very natural; and has no "art" in it, or none to blame and not love rather, on the part of the bright young Mother, now girdled in such tragic outlooks, and so glad to have Baby back at least, and Papa with him! It is certain the "Insurrection" was voted with enthusiasm; and even became rapidly a fact. And there was, in few months hence, an immense mounted force of Hungarians raised, which galloped and plundered (having almost no pay), and occasionally fenced and fought, very diligently during all these Wars. Hussars, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Uscocks, never heard of in war before: who were found very terrible to look upon once, in the imagination or with the naked eye; but whose fighting talent, against regular troops, was next to worthless; and who gradually became hateful rather than terrible in the military world.

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[1] Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XV.*, c. 6 (*Œuvres*, xxviii. 78); Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 270; and innumerable others (who give this Myth); *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 44 n. (who cites the Vienna Pamphleteers, without much believing them); Mailäth (a Hungarian), *Geschichte des Œsterreichischen Kaiser-Staats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 11-13 (who explodes the fable).

Hanover, September 27th. Britannic Majesty, reduced to that frightful pinch, has at last given way. Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover; engagement again to stick one's puissant Pragmatic sword into its scabbard, to be perfectly quiescent and contemplative in these French-Bavarian Anti-Austrian undertakings, and digest one's indignation as one can. For our Paladin of the Pragmatic what a posture! This is the first of Three Attempts by our puissant little Paladin to draw sword; — not till the third could he get his sword out, or do the least fighting (even foolish fighting) with all the 40,000 he had kept on pay and subsidy for years back. The Neutrality was for Hanover only, and had no specific limit as to time. Opportunities did rise; but something always rose along with them, — mainly the impossibility of hoisting those lazy Dutch, — and checked one's noble rage. His Majesty has covenanted to vote for Karl Albert as Kaiser; even he, and will make the thing unanimous! A thoroughly checkmated Majesty. Passing home to England, this time in a gloomy condition of mind, shortly after these humiliations, he was just issuing from Osnabrück by the Eastern Gate, when Maillebois's people entered by the Western, — the ugly shoes of them insulting his kibes in this manner. And a furious Anti-Walpole Parliament, most perturbed of National Palavers, is waiting him at St. James's. Heavy-laden little Hercules that he is!

Karl Albert lay at Linz for a month longer (till October 24th, six weeks in all); pausing in uncertainties, in a pleasant dream of victory and sovereignty; not pouncing on Vienna, as Friedrich urged on the French and him, to cut the matter by the root. He does push forward certain troops, Comte de Saxe with Three Horse Regiments as vanguard, ever nearer to Vienna; at last to within forty miles of it; nay, light-horse parties came within twenty-five miles. And there was skirmishing with Mentzel, a sanguinary fellow, of whom we shall hear more; who had got "1,000 Tolpatches" under him, and stood ruggedly at bay.

Karl Albert has been sending out sovereign messages from Linz: Letters to Vienna; — one letter addressed "To the Archduchess Maria Theresa;" which came back unopened, "No such person known here." October 2d, he is getting homaged at Linz, by the *Stände* of the Province, — on summons sent some time before, — many of whom attend, with a willing enough appearance; Kur-Baiern rather a favorite in Upper Austria, say some. Much fine processioning, melodious haranguing, there now is for Karl Albert, and a pleasant dream of Sovereignty at Linz: but if he do not pounce upon Vienna till Khevenhüller get it fortified? Khevenhüller is drawing home Italian Garrisons, gradually gathering something like an Army round him. In Khevenhüller's imperturbable military head, one of the clearest and hardest, there is some hope. Above all, if Neipperg's Army were to disengage itself, and be let loose into those parts?

Excellency Hyndford brings about a Meeting at Klein-Schnellendorf (*9th October*, 1741).

It was the second day after that Homaging at Linz, when Hyndford (Sept. 22d) with mysterious negotiations, now nearly ripe, for disengaging Neipperg, waylaid his Prussian Majesty; and was answered, as we saw, with "Tush, tush! Dinner is already cold!"

It must be owned, these Friedrich-Hyndford Negotiations, following on an express French-Prussian Treaty of June 5th, which have to proceed in such threefold mystery now and afterwards, are of questionable distressing nature: nor can the fact that they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side, and indeed on the Austrian and on all sides, be a complete consolation, — far otherwise, to the ingenuous reader. Smelfungus indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonor, "a playing with loaded dice;" which in good part it surely was. Nor can even Friedrich, who has many pleas for himself, obtain spoken acquittal; unspoken, accompanied with regrets and pity, is all even Friedrich can aspire to. My own impression is, Smelfungus, if candid, would on clearer information and consideration have revoked much of what he says here in censure of Friedrich. At all events, if asked: Where then is the specifical not "superstitious" *want* of "veracity" you ever found in Friedrich? and How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an Element and such a Time? — he would be puzzled to answer. I give his Fragment as I find it, with these deductions: —

"What negotiating we have had, and shall have," exclaims Smelfungus, my sad foregoer, — "fit rather to be omitted from a serious History, which intends to be read by human creatures! Bargaining, Promising, Non-performing. False in general as dicers' oaths; false on this side and on that, from beginning to end. Intercepted Letters from Fleury; Letter dropping from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, upon which Friedrich claps his foot: alas, alas, we are in the middle of a whole world of that. Friedrich knows that the French are false to him; he by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and that also they know. What is the use to human creatures of recording all that melancholy stuff? If sovereign persons want their diplomacies *not* to be swept into the ash-pit, there are two conditions, especially one which is peremptory: *First*, that they should not be lies; — *Second*, that they should be of some importance, some wisdom; which with known lies is not a possible condition. To unravel cobwebs, and register laboriously and date and sort in the sorrow of your soul the oaths of crowned dicers, — what use is it to gods or men? Having well dressed and sliced your cucumber, the next clear human duty is: Throw it out of window. In that foul Lapland-witch world, of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wigged mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbors, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business: but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged; — and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering mellay, and go home safe with it if he can."

Very well, my friend! Let us keep to windward of the Diplomatic wizard's-caldron; let Hyndford, Valori and Company preside over it, throwing in their eye of newt and limb of toad, as occasion may be. Enough, if the reader can be brought to conceive it; and how the young King, — who perhaps alone had real business in this foul element, and did not volunteer into it like the others, though it now unexpectedly envelops him like a world-whirlwind (frightful enough, if one spoke of that to anybody), is struggling with his whole soul to get well out of it. As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike, — always something definite, fixed and lucid in it.

He is dexterously holding aloof from Hyndford at present, clinging to French Valori as his chosen companion: we may fancy what a time he has of it, like a polygamist amid jealous wives. It will quicken Hyndford, he perceives, in these ulterior stages, to leave him well alone. Hyndford accordingly, as we have noticed, could not see the King at all; had to try every plan, to watch, waylay the King for a bit of interview, when indispensable. However, Hyndford, with his Neipperg in sight of the peril, manages better than Robinson with his Aulic Council at a distance: besides he is a long-headed dogged kind of man, with a surly edacious strength, not inexpert in negotiation, nor easily turned aside from any purpose he may have.

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Hamlet called Klein-Schnellendorf, *Little* Schnellendorf, to distinguish it from another Schnellendorf called *Great*, which is a mile or two northwestward, out of the straight line. Not far from the first of these poor Hamlets lies a Schloss or noble Mansion, likewise called Klein-Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are, and a party of Croats over them for some days back: a pleasant airy Mansion among pleasant gardens, well shut out from the intrusion of the world. Upon this Castle of Klein-Schnellendorf judicious Hyndford has cast his eye: — and Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly at the due moment converts it into a fact. Arrests namely, on a given morning (the last act of his Croats there, who withdrew directly with their batch of prisoners), every living soul within or about the Mansion; — "suspected of treason;" only for one day; — and in this way, has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of Sleeping Beauty's Castle; a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. Such a thing was indispensable. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori watching every step, has, by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice-delicate Adventure, he will not sign anything; will give and take word of honor, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein-Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper.[1]

Monday, 9th October, 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus (a Swiss-Austrian General, whose Son served under Friedrich afterwards), these wait for Friedrich, on the one hand:— "to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners," it is said;— in these precincts of Klein-Schnellendorf; which are silent, vacant, yet comfortably furnished, like Sleeping Beauty's Castle. And Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz;—visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. "Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori; I fear I sha'n't be home to dinner!" he had said when going off; hoodwinking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein-Schnellendorf, the very groom is left behind; and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there; salutations soon done; business set about, perfected:—and Hyndford with pen and ink in his hand, he, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed on, on mutual word of honor, most brief but most clear on this occasion, writes a State Paper, which became rather famous afterwards. This is the Paper in condensed state; though clear, it is very dull!

Klein-Schnellendorf, 9th October, 1741. Britannic Excellency Hyndford testifies, That, here and now, his Majesty of Prussia, and Neipperg on behalf of her Hungarian Majesty do, solemnly though only verbally, agree to the following Four Things:—

"*First,* That General Neipperg, on the 16th of the month [this day week] shall have liberty to retire through the Mountains, towards Moravia; unmolested, or with nothing but sham-attacks in the rear of him. *Second,* That, in consequence, his Prussian Majesty, on making sham-siege of Neisse, shall have the place surrendered to him on the fifteenth day. *Third,* That there shall be, nay in a sense, there hereby is, a Peace made; his Majesty retaining Neisse and Silesia

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[1] Orlich, i. 146; *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 1009.

[according to the limits known to us: — nothing said of Glatz]; and that a complete Treaty to that effect shall be perfected, signed and ratified, before the Year is out. *Fourth*, That these sham-hostilities, but only sham, shall continue; and that his Majesty, wintering in Bohemia, and carrying on sham-hostilities [to the satisfaction of the French], shall pay his own expenses, and do no mischief."[1]

To these Four Things they pledge their word of honor; and Hyndford signs and delivers each a Copy. Unwritten a Fifth Thing is settled, That the present transaction in all parts of it shall be secret as death, — his Majesty expressly insisting that, if the least inkling of it ooze out, he shall have right to deny it, and refuse in any way to be bound by it. Which likewise is assented to.

Here is a pretty piece of work done for ourself and our allies, while Valori is quietly dining with the Prince of Dessau! The King stayed about two hours; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. "A very high-spirited young King," thinks Neipperg, reporting of it; "will not stand contradiction; but a great deal can be made of him, if you go into his ideas, and humor him in a delicate dexterous way. He did not the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony; but would really, so far as I Neipperg could judge, prefer friendship with Austria, on the given terms; and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, and no favor for the French and their plans."[2]

"Business being done [this is Hyndford's report], the King, who had been politeness itself, took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be of the party, 'I wish you too, my Lord, to hear every word: — his Britannic Majesty knows or should know my intentions never were to do him hurt, but only to take care of myself; and pray inform him [what is the fact] that I have ordered my Army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break up that Camp at Göttin.' Friedrich's talk to Neipperg is, How he may assault the French with advantage: 'Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in

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[1] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1009; in &c.

[2] Orlich, i. 149 (in condensed state).

Böhmen; go right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If the Queen prosper, I shall — perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by and by? If her Majesty fail; well, every one must look to himself.' " These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down.[1]

Once more, a curious glimpse (perhaps imprudently allowed us, in the circumstances) into the real inner man of Friedrich. He had, at this time, now that the Belleisle Adventure is left in such a state, no essential reason to wish the French ruined, — nor probably did he; but only stated both chances, as in the way of unguarded soliloquy; and was willing to leave Neipperg a sweet morsel to chew. Secret mode of corresponding with the Court of Austria is agreed upon; not direct, but through certain Commandants, till the Peace-Treaty be perfected, — at latest "by December 24th," we hope. And so, "*Bon voyage*, and well across the Mountains, *M. le Maréchal;* till we meet again! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me, — for Valori's behoof, — complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other Letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round; to Presburg, to England, to Dresden: — if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. 'Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner,' and Valori beside me!" — "Certainly, your Majesty," answers Hyndford; and does it, does all this; which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul!

Friedrich takes Neisse by Sham Siege (Capture not Sham); gets Homaged in Breslau; and returns to Berlin.

Thus, if the Austrians hold to their bargain, has Friedrich, in a most compendious manner, got done with a Business which threatened to be infinite: by this short cut he, for his part, is quite out of the waste-howling jungle of Enchanted Forest, and his foot again on the firm free Earth. If only the Austrians hold to their bargain! But probably he doubts if they will. Well, even in that case, he has got Neisse; stands prepared for meeting them again; and, in the mean while, has freedom to deny that there ever was such a bargain.

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[1] Hyndford's Despatch, Breslau, 14th October, 1741.

Of the Political morality of this game of fast-and-loose, what have we to say, — except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances: — and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works; — and, alas, it will be long before he get out of it again, *his* life waning towards night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life; little contemplated by him, when he went lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honor bright, what he called "*gloire*," as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago! —

Neipperg, according to covenant, broke up punctually that day week, October 16th; and went over the Mountains, through Jägerndorf, Troppau, towards Mähren; Prussians hanging on his rear, and skirmishing about, but only for imaginary or ostensible purposes. After a three-weeks march, he gets to a place called Frating,[1] easternmost border of Mähren, on the slopes of the Mannhartsberg Hill-Country, which is within wind of Vienna itself; where, as we can fancy, his presence is welcome as morning-light in the present dark circumstances.

Friedrich, on the morrow after Neipperg went, invested Neisse (October 17th); set about the Siege of Neisse with all gravity, as if it had been the most earnest operation; which nobody of mankind, except three or four, doubted but it was. Before opening of the trenches, Leopold young Dessauer took the road for Glatz Country, and the adjoining Circles of Bohemia; there to canton himself, peaceably according to

[1] Espagnac, i. 104.

contract; and especially to have an eye upon Glatz, should the Klein-Schnellendorf engagement go awry in any point. The King in his Dialogue with Neipperg had said several things about Glatz, and what a sacrifice he made there for the sake of speedy peace, the French having guaranteed him Glatz, though he now forbore it. Leopold, who has with him some 15,000 horse and foot, cantons himself judiciously in those ultramontane parts, — "all the artillery in the Glatz Country;" [1] — and we shall hear of him again, by and by, in regard to other business that rises there.

Neisse is a formidable Fortress, much strengthened since last year; but here is a Besieger with much better chance! He marked out parallels, sent summonses, reconnoitred, manœuvred, — in a way more or less surprising to the eye of Valori, who is military, and knows about sieges. Rather singular, remarks Valori; good engineers much wanted here! But the bombardment did finally begin: night of October 26th-27th, the Prussians opened fire; and, at a terrible rate, cannonaded and bombarded without intermission. In point of fire and noise it is tremendous; Valori trusts it may be effective, in spite of faults; goes to Breslau in hope: "Yes, go to Breslau, *mon cher Valori;* wait for me there. Neipperg be chased, say you? Shall not he, — if we had got this place!" And so the fire continues night and day.[2]

Fantastic Bielfeld, in his semi-fabulous style, has a *Letter* on this bombardment, attractive to Lovers of the Picturesque, — (written long afterwards, and dated &c. *wrong*). As Bielfeld is a rapid clever creature of the coxcomb sort, and doubtless did see Neisse Siege, and entertained seemingly a blazing incorrect recollection of it, his Pseudo-Neisse Letter may be worth giving, to represent approximately what kind of scene it was there at Neisse in the October nights: —

"Maréchal Schwerin was lodged in a Village about three-quarters of a mile from Head-Quarters. One day he did me the honor to invite me to dinner; and even offered me a horse to ride thither with him. I found excellent company; a superb repast, and wine of the gods. Host and guests were in high spirits; and the pleasures of the table were kept up so late, that it was midnight when we rose. I was obliged to return to Head-Quarters, having still to wait upon the King, as usual. The Maréchal was kind enough to lend me another horse; but the groom mischievously gave me the charger which the Maréchal rode at the Battle of Mollwitz; a very powerful animal, and which, from that day, had grown very skittish.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* ii. 431; Orlich, i. 174.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 1006.

"I was made aware of this circumstance, before we were fairly out of the Village; and the night being of the darkest, I twenty times ran the risk of breaking my neck. We had to pass over a hill, to get to Head-Quarters. When I reached the top, a shudder came over me, and my hair stood on end. I had nobody with me but a strange groom. The country all around was infested with troops and marauders; I was mounted on an unmanageable horse. Under my feet, so to say, I saw the bombardment of the Town of Neisse. I heard the roar of cannon and doleful shrieks. Above our batteries the whole atmosphere was inflamed; and to complete the calamity, I missed the way, and got lost in the darkness. Finally, in descending the hill, my horse, frightened, made a terrible swerve or side-jump. I did not know the cause; but after having, with difficulty, got him into the road again, I found myself opposite to a deserter who had been hanged that day! I was horribly disgusted by the sight; the gallows being very low, and the head of the malefactor almost parallel with mine. I spurred on, and galloped away from such unpleasant night-company. At last I arrived at Head-Quarters, all in a perspiration. I sent my horse back; and went in to the King, who asked me at once, why I was so heated. I made his Majesty a faithful report of all my disasters. He laughed much; and advised me seriously not again to go out by night, and alone, beyond the circuit of Head-Quarters."[1]

After four days and nights of this sublime Playhouse thunder (with real bullets in it, which killed some men, and burnt considerable property), the Neisse Commandant (not Roth this time, Roth is now in Brünn), — his "fortnight of siege," October 17th to October 31st, being accomplished or nearly so, —

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[1] Bielfeld, ii. 31, 32.

beat chamade; and was, after grave enough treatying, allowed to march away. Marched, accordingly, on the correct Klein-Schnellendorf terms; most of his poor garrison deserting, and taking Prussian service. Ever since which moment, Neisse, captured in this curious manner, has been Friedrich's and his Prussia's.

November 1st, the Prussian soldiers entered the place; and Friedrich, after diligent inspection and what orders were necessary, left for Brieg on the following day; — where general illuminating and demonstrating awaited him, amid more serious business. After strict examinations, and approval of Walrave and his works at Brieg, he again takes the road; enters Breslau, in considerable state (November 4th); where many Persons of Quality are waiting, and the general Homaging is straightway to be, — or indeed should have been some days ago, but has fallen behind by delays in the Neisse affair.

The Breslau *Huldigung*, — Friedrich sworn to and homaged with the due solemnities as "Sovereign Duke of Lower Silesia," — was an event to throw into fine temporary frenzy the descriptive Gazetteers, and Breslau City, overflowing with Quality people come to act and to see on the occasion. Event which can be left to the reader's fancy, at this date. There were Corporations out in quantity, "all in cloaks," and with sublime Addresses, partly in poetry, happily rather brief. There were beautiful Prussian Life-guards ("First Battalion," admirable to the softer sex, not to speak of the harder); much military resonance and splendor. Friedrich drove about in carriages-and-six, "nay carriage-and-eight, horses cream-color:" a very high King indeed; and a very busy one, for those four days (November 4th–8th, 1741), but full of grace and condescension. The *Huldigung* itself took effect on the 7th; in the fine old Rathhaus, which Tourists still know, — the surrounding Apple-women sweeping themselves clear away for one day. Ancient Ducal throne and proper apparatus there was; state-sword unluckily wanting: Schwerin, who was to act Grand-Marshal, could find no state-sword, till Friedrich drew his own and gave it him.[1]

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1022, 1025; ii. 349.

Podewils the Minister said something, not too much; to which one Prittwitz, head of a Silesian Family of which we shall know individuals, made pithy and pretty response, before swearing. "There were above Four Hundred of Quality present, all in gala." The customary Free-Gift of the *Stände* Friedrich magnanimously refused: "Impossible to be a burden to our Silesia in such harassed war-circumstances, instead of benefactor and protector, as we intended and intend!" The Ceremony, swearing and all, was over in two hours; hundreds of silver medals, not to speak of the gold ones, flying about; and Breslau giving itself up joyfully to dinner and festivities. And, after dinner, that evening, to Illumination; followed by balls and jubilations for days after, in a highly harmonious key. Of the lamps-festoons, astonishing transparencies, and glad symbolic devices, I could say a great deal; but will mention only two, both of comfortably edible or quasi-edible tendency: —

1°. That of David Schulze, Flesher by profession; who had a Transparency large as life, representing his own fat Person in the act of felling a fat Ox; to which was appended this epigraph: —

> "*Wer mir wird den König in Preussen verachten,*
> *Den will ich wie diesen Ochsen schlacten.*"
>
> "Who dares me the King of Prussia insult,
> Him I will serve like this fat head of nolt."
>
> Signed, "David Schulze, a Brandenburger." —

And then,

2°. How, in another quarter, there was set aloft *in re*, by some Pastry-cook of patriotic turn: "An actual Ox roasted whole; filled with pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares and geese; Prussian Eagle atop, made of roasted fowls, larks and the like," — unattainable, I doubt, except for money down.[1]

On the fifth morning, 9th November, — after much work done during this short visit, much ceremonial audiencing, latterly, and raising to the peerage, — Friedrich rolled on to Glogau. Took accurate survey of the engineering and other interests there, for a couple of days; thence to Berlin (noon of the 11th), joyfully received by Royal Family and all the world; — and, as we might fancy, asking himself: "Am I actually home, then; out of the enchanted jungles and their devilries; safe here, and listening, I alone in Peace, to the universal din of War?" Alas, no; that was a beautiful hypothesis; too beautiful to be long credible! Before reaching Berlin, — or even Breslau, as appears, — Friedrich, vigilantly scanning and discerning, had seen that fine hope as good as vanish; and was silently busy upon the opposite one.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 359.

In a fortnight hence, Hyndford, who had followed to Berlin, got transient sight of the King one morning, hastening through some apartment or other: "'My Lord,' said the King, 'the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Dowager Empress Amelia [Kaiser Joseph's widow, mother of Karl Albert's wife] has acquainted the Court of Bavaria with it; Wasner [Austrian Minister at Paris] has told Fleury; Sinzendorf [ditto at Petersburg] has told the Court of Russia; Robinson, through Mr. Villiers [your Saxon Minister], has told the Court of Dresden; and several members of your Government in England have talked publicly about it!' And, with a shrug of the shoulders, he left me," — standing somewhat agape there.[1]

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CHAPTER VI.

NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH.

The late general Homaging at Breslau, and solemn Taking Possession of the Country by King Friedrich, under such peaceable omens, had straightway, as we gather, brought about, over Silesia at large, or at least where pressingly needful, various little alterations, — rectifications, by the Prussian model and new rule now introduced. Of which, as it is better that the reader have some dim notion, if easily procurable, than none at all, I will offer him one example; — itself dim enough, but coming at first-hand, in the actual or concrete form, and beyond disputing in whatever light or twilight it may yield us.

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[1] Hyndford's Despatch, Berlin, 28th November, 1741; Ib. Breslau, 28th October (secret already known).

At Landshut, a pleasant little Mountain Town, in the Principality of Schweidnitz, high up, on the infant River Bober, near the Bohemian Frontier — (English readers may see *Quincy Adams's* description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you, if walking the streets in rain[1]): at Landshut, as in some other Towns, it had been found good to remodel the Town Magistracy a little; to make it partly Protestant, for one thing, instead of Catholic (and Austrian), which it had formerly been. Details about the "high controversies and discrepancies" which had risen there, we have absolutely none; nor have the special functions of the Magistracy, what powers they had, what work they did, in the least become distinct to us: we gather only that a certain nameless Bürgermeister (probably Austrian and Catholic) had, by "Most gracious Royal Special-Order," been at length relieved from his labors, and therewith "the much by him persecuted and afflicted Herr Theodorus Spener" been named Bürgermeister instead. Which respectable Herr Theodorus Spener, and along with him Herr Johann David Fischer as *Raths-Senior*, and Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, and also Herr Johann Jacob Umminger, as new Raths (how many of the old being left I cannot say), were accordingly, on the 4th of December, 1741, publicly installed, and with proper solemnity took their places; all Landshut looking on, with the conceivable interest and astonishment, almost as at a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, — change probably for the better.

Respectable Herr Theodorus Spener (we hope it is Spe*n*er, for they print him *Speer* in one of the two places, and we have to go by guess) is ready with an Installation Speech on the occasion; and his Speech was judged so excellent, that they have preserved it in print. Us it by no means strikes by its Demosthenic or other qualities: meanwhile we listen to it with the closest attention; hoping, in our great ignorance, to gather from it some glimmerings of instruction as to the affairs, humors, disposition and general outlook and condition of Landshut, and Silesia in that juncture; — and though a good deal disappointed, have made an Abstract of it in the English language, which perhaps the reader too, in his great ignorance, will accept, in defect of better. Scene is Landshut among the Giant Mountains on the Bohemian Border of Silesia: an old stone Town, where there is from of old a busy trade in thread and linen; Town consisting, as is common there, of various narrow winding streets comparable to spider-legs, and of a roomy central Market-place comparable to the body of the spider; wide irregular Market-place with the wooden spouts (dry for the moment) all projecting round it. Time, 4th December, 1741 (doubtless in the forenoon); unusual crowd of population simmering about the Market-place, and full audience of the better sort gravely attentive in the interior of the Rathhaus; Bürgermeister Spener *loquitur*[1] (liable to abridgment here and there, on warning given): —

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[1] John Quincy Adams (afterwards President of the United States), *Letters on Silesia* (London, 1804). "The wooden spouts are now gone" (*Tourist's Note, of* 1858).

"I enter, then, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, upon an Office, to which Divine Providence has appointed, and the gracious and potent hand of a great King has raised me. Great as is the dignity [giddy height of Mayoralty in Landshut], though undeserved, which the Ever-Merciful has thus conferred upon me, equally great and much greater is the burden connected therewith. I confess" — He confesses, in high-stalking earnest wooden language very foreign to us in every way: (1°.) That his shoulders are too weak; but that he trusts in God. For (2°.) it is God's doing; and He that has called Spener, will give Spener strength; the essential work being to do God's will, to promote His honor, and the common weal. (3°.) That he comes out of a smaller Office (Office not farther specified, probably *exterior* to the *Raths-College*, and subaltern to the late tyrannous Mayor and it), and has taken upon him the Mayoralty of this Town (an evident fact!); but that the labor and responsibility are dreadfully increased; and that the point is not increase of honor, of respectability or income, but of heavy duties. (A sonorous, pious-minded Spener; much more in earnest than readers now think!)

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416.

It is easy, intimates he, to govern a Town, if, as some have perhaps done, you follow simply your own will, regardless of the sighs and complaints your subjects utter for injustice undergone, — indifferent to the thought that the caprice of one Town Sovereign is to be glorified by so many thousand tears (dim glance into the past history of Landshut!). Such Town Sovereign persecutes innocence, stops his ears to its cry; flourishes his sharp scourge; — no one shall complain: for is it not justice? thinks such a Town Sovereign. The reason is, He does not know himself, poor man; has had his eye always on the duties of his subjects towards him, and rarely or never on his towards them. A Sovereign Mayor that governs by fear, — he must live in continual fear of every one, and of himself withal. A weak basis: and capable of total overturn in one day. On the contrary, the love of your burgher subjects: that, if you can kindle it, will go on like a house on fire (*Ausbruch eines Feures*), and streams of water won't put it out. . . . "And [let us now take Spener's very words] if a man keep the fear of God before his eyes, there will be no need for any other kind of fear.

"I will therefore, you especially High-honored Gentlemen, study to direct all my judicial endeavors to the honor of the great God, and to inviolable fidelity towards my most gracious King and Lord [Friedrich, by Decision of Providence — at Mollwitz and elsewhere].

"To the Citizens of this Town, from of old so dear to me, and now by Royal grace committed to my charge, and therefore doubly and trebly to be held dear, I mean to devote myself altogether. I will, on every occasion and occurrence, still more expressly than aforetime, stand by them; and when need is, not fail to bring their case before the just Throne of our Anointed [Friedrich, by Decision of Providence]. Justice and fairness I will endeavor, under whatever complexities, to make my loadstar. Yes, I shall and will, by means of this my Office, equip myself with weapons whereby I may be capable to damp such humors (*Intelligentien*), should such still be (but I believe there are now none such), as may repugn against the Royal interest, with possibility of being dangerous; and to put a bridle on mouths that are unruly. And, to say much in little compass, I will be faithful to God, to my King and to this Town.

"Having now the honor and happiness to be put into an Official friendship with those Gentlemen who, as Bürgermeisters, and as old and as new Members of Council, have for long years made themselves renowned among us, I will entertain, in respect of the former [the old] a firm confidence That the zeal they have so strongly manifested for behoof of the most serene Archducal House of Austria will henceforth burn in them for our most Beloved Land's-Prince whom God has now given us; that the fire of their lately plighted truth and devotion, towards his Royal Majesty, shall shine not in words only, but in works, and be extinguished only with their lives. [Can that be, O Spener or Speer? Are we alarm-clocks, that need only to be wound up, and told at what hour, and for whom?] God, who puts Kings in and casts them out, has given to us a no less potent Sovereign than supremely loving Land's-Father, who, by the renown of his more than royal virtues, had taken captive the hearts of his future subjects and children still sooner than even by his arms, familiar otherwise to victory, he did the Land. And who shall be puissant and mighty enough, now to lead men's minds in a contrary direction; to control the Most High Power, ruler over hearts and Lands, who had decreed it should be so; and again to change this change? [Hear Spener: he has taken great pains with his Discourse, and understands composition!]

"This change, High-honored Gentlemen [of the Catholic persuasion], is also for you a not unhappy one. For our now as pious as wise King will, especially in one most vital point, take pattern by the King of all Kings; and means to be lord of his subjects only, not of the consciences of his subjects. He requires nothing from you but what you are already bound by God, by conscience, and duty, to render: to wit, obedience and inviolable unbroken fidelity. And by that, and without more asked than that, you will render yourselves worthy of his protection, and become partakers of the Royal favor. Nay you will render yourselves all the worthier in that high quarter, and the more meritorious towards our civic commonweal, the more you, High-honored Gentlemen [of the Catholic persuasion], accept, with all frankness of colleague-love and amity, me and the Evangelical brother Raths now introduced by Royal grace and power; and make the new position generously tenable and available to us; — and thereby bind with us the more firmly the band of peace and colleague-unity, for helping up this dear, and for some years greatly fallen, Town along with us.

"We, for our poor part, will, one and all, strive only to surpass each other in obedience and faith to our Most Gracious King. We will, as Regents of the Citizenry committed to us, go before them with a good example; and prove to all and every one, That, little and in war untenable as our Landshut is, it shall, in extent and impregnability of faith towards its Most Dearest Land's-Prince, approve itself unconquerable. As well I as" — Professes now, in the most intricate phraseology, that he, and Fischer and Umminger (giving not only the titles, but a succinct history of all three, in a single sentence, before he comes to the verb!), bring a true heart, &c. &c. — Or would the reader perhaps like to see it *in naturâ*, as a specimen of German human-nature, and the art these Silesian spinners have in drawing out their yarns?

"As well I as [1°.] The Titular Herr Johann David Fischer, distinguished trader and merchant of this Town, who, by his tradings in and beyond our Silesian Countries, has made himself renowned, and by his merit and address in particular instances [delicate instances known to Landshut, not to us] has made himself beloved, who has now been installed as Raths-Senior; and also as [2°.] The Titular Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, well-respected Citizen, and Revenue-office Manager here, who for many years has with much fidelity and vigilance managed the Revenue-office, and who for his experience in the economic constitution of this Town has been all-graciously nominated Raths-Herr; — and not less [3°.] The Titular

Johann Jacob Umminger, whilom Advocate at Law in Breslau, who, for his good studies in Law, and manifested skill in the practice of Law, has been all-graciously nominated Supernumerary Councillor and Notary's-Adjunct among us: — As well I as these Three not only assure you, High-honored Gentlemen, of all imaginable estimation and return of love on our part; but do likewise assure all and sundry these respectable Herren Town-Jurats [specially present], representing here the universal well-beloved Citizenry of our Town, — that we bring a heart sincere, and intent only on aiming at the welfare of a Citizenry so loveworthy. We have the firm purpose, by God's grace, so to order our walk, and so to conduct our government that we may, one day, when summoned from our judgment-seats to answer before the Universal Judgment-seat of Christ, be able to say, with that pious King and Judge of Israel: 'Lord, thou knowest if we have walked uprightly before thee.' And we hope to understand that the rewards of justice, in that Life, will be much more than those of injustice in this.

"We believe that the Most High will, in so far, bless these our honest purposes and wholesome endeavors, as that the actual fruits thereof will in time coming, and when Peace now soon expected (which God grant) has returned to us, be manifest; and that if, in our Office, as is common, we should rather have thorns of persecution than roses of recompense to expect, yet to each of us there will at last accrue praise in the Earth and reward in Heaven. [Hear Spener!]

"Meanwhile we will unite all our wishes, That the Almighty may vouchsafe to his Royal Majesty, our now All-dearest Duke and Land's-Father, many long years of life and of happy reign; and maintain this All-highest Royal-Prussian and Elector-Brandenburgic House in supremest splendor and prosperity, undisturbed to the end of all Days; and along with it, our Town-Council, and whole Merchantry and Citizenry, safe under this Prussian Sceptre, in perpetual blessing, peace and unity [what a modest prayer!]: to all which may Heaven speak its powerful Amen!"[1] —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416–422.

Whereupon solemn waving of hats; indistinct sough of loyal murmur from the universal Landshut Population; after which, continued to the due extent, they return to their spindles and shuttles again.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT.

We shall not dwell upon the movements of the French into Germany for the purpose of overwhelming Austria, and setting up Four subordinate little Sovereignties to take their orders from Louis XV. The plan was of the mad sort, not recognized by Nature at all; the diplomacy was wide, expensive, grandiose, but vain and baseless; nor did the soldiering that followed take permanent hold of men's memory. Human nature cannot afford to follow out these loud inanities; and, at a certain distance of time, is bound to forget them, as ephemera of no account in the general sum. Difficult to say what profit human nature could get out of such transactions. There was no good soldiering on the part of the French, except by gleams here and there; bad soldiering for the most part, and the cause was radically bad. Let us be brief with it; try to snatch from it, huge rotten heap of old exuviæ and forgotten noises and deliriums, what fractions of perennial may turn up for us, carefully forgetting the rest.

Maillebois with his 40,000, we have seen how they got to Osnabrück, and effectually stilled the war-fervor of little George II.; sent him home, in fact, to England a checkmated man, he riding out of Osnabrück by one gate, the French at the same moment marching in by the other. There lies Maillebois ever since; and will lie, cantoned over Westphalia, "not nearer than three leagues to the boundary of Hanover," for a year and more. There let Maillebois lie, till we see him called away else-whither; upon which the gallant little George, checkmate being lifted, will get into notable military activity, and attempt to draw his sword again, — though without success, owing to the laggard Dutch. Which also, as British subjects, if not otherwise, the readers of this Book will wish to see something of. Maillebois did not quite keep his stipulated distance of "three leagues from the boundary" (being often short of victual), and was otherwise no good neighbor. Among his Field-Officers, there is visible (sometimes in trouble about quarters and the like) a Marquis du Châtelet, — who, I find, is Husband or Ex-Husband to the divine Emilie, if readers care to think of that![1] Other known face, or point of interest for or against, does not turn up in the Maillebois Operation in those parts.

As for the other still grander Army, Army of the Oriflamme as we have called it, — which would be Belleisle's, were not he so overwhelmed with embassying, and persuading the Powers of Germany, — this, since we last saw it, has struck into a new course, which it is essential to indicate. The major part of it (Four rear Divisions, if readers recollect) lay at Ingolstadt, its place of arms; while the Vanward Three Divisions, under Maurice Comte de Saxe, flowed onward, joining with Bavaria at Passau; down the Donau Country, to Linz and farther, terrifying Vienna itself; and driving all the Court to Presburg, with (fabulous) "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*," but with actual armament of Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins, Uscocks and the like unsightly beings of a predatory centaur nature. Which fine Hungarian Armament, and others still more ominous, have been diligently going on, while Karl Albert sat enjoying his Homagings at Linz, his Pisgah-views Vienna-ward; and asking himself, "Shall we venture forward, and capture Vienna, then?"

The question is intricate, and there are many secret biasings concerned in the solution of it. Friedrich, before Klein-Schnellendorf time, had written eagerly, had sent Schmettau with eager message, "Push forward; it is feasible, even easy: cut the matter by the root!" This, they say, was Karl Albert's own notion, had not the French overruled him; — not willing, some guess, he should get Austria, and become too independent of them all at once. Nay, it appears Karl Albert had inducements of his own towards Bohemia rather. The French have had Kur-Sachsen to manage withal; and there are interests in Bohemia of his and theirs, — clippings of Bohemia promised him as bribes, besides that "Kingdom of Moravia," to get his 21,000 set on march. "Clippings of Bohemia? Interests of Kur-Sachsen's in that Country?" asks Karl Albert with alarm: and thinks it will be safer, were he himself present there, while Saxony and France do the clippings in question! Sure enough, he did not push on. Belleisle, from the distance, strongly opined otherwise; Karl Albert himself had jealous fears about Böhmen. Friedrich's importunities and urgencies were useless: and the one chance there ever was for Karl Albert, for Belleisle and the Ruin of Austria, vanished without return.

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[1] *Campagnes* (i. 45, 193); and French Peerage-Books, § *Du Châtelet.*

Karl Albert has turned off, leftwards, towards his Bohemian Enterprises: French, Bavarians, Saxons, by their several routes, since the last days of October, are all on march that way. We will mark an exact date here and there, as fixed point for the reader's fancy. Poor Karl Albert, he had sat some six weeks at Linz, — about three weeks since that Homaging there (October 2d); — imaginary Sovereign of Upper Austria; looking over to Vienna and the Promised Land in general. And that fine Pisgah-view was all he ever had of it. Of Austrian or other Conquests earthly or heavenly, there came none to him in this Adventure; — mere *minus* quantities they all proved. For a few weeks more, there are, blended with awful portents, an imaginary gleam or two in other quarters; after which, nothing but black horror and disgrace, deepening downwards into utter darkness, for the poor man. Belleisle is an imaginary Sun-god; but the poor Icarus, tempted aloft in that manner into the earnest elements, and melting at once into quills and rags, is a tragic reality! — Let us to our dates: —

"*October 24th*, The Bavarian Troops, who had lain at Mautern on the Donau some time, forty miles from Vienna and the Promised Land, got under way again; — not *forward*, but sharp to left, or northward, towards the Bohemian parts. Thither all the Belleisle Armaments are now bound; and a general rallying of them is to be at Prag; for conquest of that Country, as more inviting than Austria at present. Comte de Saxe, who had lain at St. Pölten, a march to southward of Mautern, he with the Vanward of the great Belleisle Army, bestirred himself at the same time; and followed steadily (Karl Albert in person was with Saxe), at a handy distance by parallel roads. To Prag may be about 200 miles. Across the Mannhartsberg Country, clear out of Austria, into Böhmen, towards Prag. At Budweis, or between that and Tabor, Towns of our old friend Zisca's, of which we shall hear farther in these Wars; Towns important by their intricate environment of rock and bog, far up among the springs of the Moldau, — there can these Bavarians, and this French Vanward of Belleisle, halt a little, till the other parties, who are likewise on march, get within distance.

For in these same days, as hinted above, the Rearward of the Belleisle Army (Four Divisions, strength not accurately given) pushes forward from Donauwörth, well rested, through the Bavarian Passes, towards Bohemia and Prag: these have a longer march (say 250 miles), to northeast; and the leader of them is one Polastron, destined unhappily to meet us on a future occasion. With them go certain other Bavarians; accompanying or preceding, as in the Vanward case. And then the Saxons (21,000 strong, a fine little Army, all that Saxony has) are, at the same time, come across the Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*), in quest of those Bohemian clippings, of that Kingdom of Moravia: and march from the westward upon Prag, — Rutowsky leading them. Comte de Rutowsky, Comte de Saxe's Half-Brother, one of the Three Hundred and Fifty-four: — with whom is *Chevalier* de Saxe, a second younger ditto; and I think there is still a third, who shall go unnamed. In this grand Oriflamme Expedition, Four of the Royal-Saxon Bastards altogether." Who cost us more distinguishing than they are worth!

Chief General of these Saxons, says an Authentic Author, is Rutowsky; got from a Polish mother, I should guess: he commands in chief here; — once had a regiment under Friedrich Wilhelm, for a while; but has not much head for strategy, it may be feared. But mark that Fourth individual of the Three Hundred and Fifty-four, who has a great deal. Fourth individual, called Comte de Saxe, who is now in that French Vanward a good way to east, was (must I again remind you!) the produce of the fair Aurora von Königsmark, Sister of the Königsmark who vanished instantaneously from the light of day at Hanover long since, and has never reappeared more. It was in search of him that Aurora, who was indeed a shining creature (terribly insolvent all her life, whose charms even Charles XII. durst not front), came to Dresden; and, — in this Comte de Saxe, men see the result. Tall enough, restless enough; most eupeptic, brisk, with a great deal of wild faculty, — running to waste, nearly all. There, with his black arched eyebrows, black swift physically smiling eyes, stands Monseigneur le Comte, one of the strongest-bodied and most dissolute-minded men now living on our Planet. He is now turned of forty: no man has been in such adventures, has swum through such seas of transcendent eupepticity determined to have its fill. In this new Quasi-sacred French Enterprise, under the Banner of Belleisle and the Châteauroux, he has at last, after many trials, unconsciously found his culmination: and will do exploits of a wonderful nature, — very worthy of said Banner and its patrons.

"Here, then, are Three streams or Armaments pouring forward upon Prag; perhaps some 60,000 men in all: — a good deal uncertain what they are to do at Prag, except arrive simultaneously so far as possible. Belleisle, far off, has fallen sick in these critical days. Comte de Saxe cannot see his way in the matter at all: 'What are we to live upon,' asks Comte de Saxe, 'were there nothing more!' — For, simultaneously with these Three Armaments on march, there is an important Austrian one, likewise on the road for Prag: that of Grand-Duke Franz, who has left Presburg, with say 30,000 (including the Pandour element); and duly meets the Neipperg, or late Silesian Army; — well capable, now, to do a stroke upon the Three Armaments, if he be speedy? 'November 7th' it was when Grand-Duke Franz picked up Neipperg, 'at Frating' deep in Moravia (November 7th, the very day while Friedrich was getting homaged in Breslau), and turned him northwestward again. The Grand-Duke, in such strength, marches Prag-ward what he can; might be there before the French, were he swift; and is at any rate in disagreeable proximity to that Budweis-Tabor Country, appointed as one's halting-place."

And Belleisle, in these critical days, is — consider it! — "Poor Belleisle, he has all the Election Votes ready; he has done unspeakable labors in the diplomatic way; and leaves Europe in ebullition and conflagration behind him. He has all these Armies in motion, and has got rid of 'that Moravia,' — given it to Saxony, who adds the title 'King of Moravia' to his other dignities, and has set on march those 21,000 men. 'Would he were ready with them!' Belleisle had been saying, ever since the Treaty for them, — Treaty was, September 19th. Belleisle, to expedite him, came to Dresden [what day is not said, but deep in October]; intending next for the Prag Country, there to commence General, the diplomacies being satisfactorily done. Valori ran over from Berlin to wait upon him there. Alas, the Saxons are on march, or nearly so; but the great man himself, worn down with these Herculean labors, has fallen into rheumatic fever; is in bed, out at Hubertsburg (serene Country Palace of his Moravian Polish Majesty); and cannot get the least well, to march in person with the Three Armaments, with the flood of things he has set reeling and whirling at such rate.

"The sympathies of Valori go deep at this spectacle. The Alcides, who was carrying the axis of the world, fallen down in physical rheumatism! But what can sympathies avail? The great man sees the Saxons march without him. The great man, getting no alleviation from physicians, determines, in his patriotic heroism, to surrender glory itself; writes home to Court, 'That he is lamed, disabled utterly; that they must nominate another General.' And they nominate another; nominate Broglio, the fat choleric Marshal, of Italian breed and physiognomy, whom we saw at Strasburg last year, when Friedrich was there. Broglio will quit Strasburg too soon, and come. A man fierce in fighting, skilled too in tactics; totally incompetent in strategy, or the art of *leading* armies, and managing campaigns; — defective in intelligence indeed, not wise to discern; dim of vision, violent of temper; subject to sudden cranks, a headlong, very positive, loud, dull and angry kind of man; with whose tumultuous imbecilities the great Belleisle will be sore tried by and by. 'I reckon this,' Valori says, 'the root of all our woes;' this Letter which the great Belleisle wrote home to Court. Let men mark it, therefore, as a cardinal point, — and snatch out the date, when they have opportunity upon the Archives of France.[1]

"Monseigneur the Comte de Saxe, before quitting the Vienna Countries, had left some 10,000 French and Bavarians, posted chiefly in Linz, under a Comte de Ségur, to maintain those Donau Conquests, which have cost only the trouble of marching into them. Count Khevenhüller has ceased working at the ramparts of Vienna, nothing of siege to be apprehended now, civic terror joyfully vanishing again; and busies himself collecting an Army at Vienna, with intent of looking into those same French Ségurs, before long. It is probable the so-called Conquests on the Donau will not be very permanent.

"*November* 19*th*–21*st*, The Three Belleisle Armaments, Karl Albert's first, have, simultaneously enough for the case, arrived on three sides of Prag; and lie looking into it, — extremely uncertain what to do when there. To Comte de Saxe, to Schmettau, who is still here, the outlook of this grand Belleisle Army, standing shelterless, provisionless, grim winter at hand, long hundreds of miles from home or help, is in the highest degree questionable, though the others seem to make little of it: 'Fight the Grand-Duke when he comes,' say they; 'beat him, and —' 'Or suppose, he won't fight? Or suppose, we are beaten by him?' answer Saxe and Schmettau, like men of knowledge, in the same boat with men of none. 'We have no strong place, or footing in this Country: what are we to do? Take Prag!' advises Comte de Saxe, with earnestness, day after day.[1] 'Take Prag: but how?' answer they. 'By escalade, by surprise, and sword in hand,' answers he: 'Ogilvy their General has but 3,000, and is perhaps no wizard at his trade: we can do it, thus and thus, and then farther thus; and I perceive we are a lost Army if we don't!' So counsels Maurice Comte de Saxe, brilliant, fervent in his military views;—and, before it is quite too late, Schmettau and he persuade Karl Albert, persuade Rutowsky chief of the Saxons; and Count Polastron, Gaisson or whatever subaltern Counts there are, of French type, have to accede, and be saved in spite of themselves. And so,

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[1] See Valori, i. 131.

"*Saturday Night, 25th November*, 1741, brightest of moonshiny nights, our dispositions are all made: Several attacks, three if I remember; one of them false, under some Polastron, Gaisson, from the south side; a couple of them true, from the northwest and the southeast sides, under Maurice with his French, and Rutowsky with his Saxons, these two. And there is great marching 'on the side of the Karl-Thor (Charles-Gate),' where Rutowsky is; and by Count Maurice 'behind the Wischerad;'—and shortly after midnight the grand game begins. That French-Polastron attack, false, though with dreadful cannonade from the south, attracts poor Ogilvy with almost all his forces to that quarter; while the couple of Saxon Captains (Rutowsky not at once successful, Maurice with his French completely so) break in upon Ogilvy from rearward, on the right flank and on the left; and ruin the poor man. Military readers will find the whole detail of it well given in Espagnac. Looser account is to be had in the Book they call Mauvillon's."[2]

One thing I remember always: the bright moonlight; steeples of Prag towering serene in silvery silence, and on a sudden the wreaths of volcanic fire breaking out all round them. The opposition was but trifling, null in some places, poor Ogilvy being nothing of a wizard, and his garrison very small. It fell chiefly on Rutowsky; who met it with creditable vigor, till relieved by the others. Comte Maurice, too, did a shifty thing. Circling round by the outside of the Wischerad, by rural roads in the bright moonshine, he had got to the Wall at last, hollow slope and sheer wall; and was putting-to his scaling-ladders, — when, by ill luck, they proved too short! Ten feet or so; hopelessly too short. Casting his head round, Maurice notices the Gallows hard by: "There, see you, are a few short ladders: *mes enfans,* bring me these, and we will splice with rope!" Supplemented by the gallows, Maurice soon gets in, cuts down the one poor sentry; rushes to the Market-place, finds all his Brothers rushing, embraces them with "*Victoire!*" and "You see I am eldest; bound to be foremost of you!"

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[1] His Letters on it to Karl Albert and others (in Espagnac, i. 94–99).

[2] *Dernière Guerre de Bohème*, i. 252–264. Saxe's own Account (Letter to Chevalier de Folard) is in Espagnac, i. 89 et seqq.

"No point in all the War made a finer blaze in the French imagination, or figured better in the French gazettes, than this of the Scalade of Prag, 25th November, 1741. And surely it was important to get hold of Prag; nevertheless, intrinsically it is no great thing, but an opportune small thing, done by the Comte de Saxe, in spite of such contradiction as we saw."

It was while news of this exploit was posting towards Berlin, but not yet arrived there, that Friedrich, passing through the apartment, intimated to Hyndford, "Milord, all is divulged, our Klein-Schnellendorf mystery public as the house-tops;" and vanished with a shrug of the shoulders, — thinking doubtless to himself, "What is *our* next move to be, in consequence?" Treaty with Kur-Baiern (November 4th) he had already signed in consequence, expressly declaring for Kur-Baiern, and the French intentions towards him. This news from Prag — Prag handsomely captured, if Vienna had been foolishly neglected — put him upon a new Adventure, of which in following Chapters we shall hear more.

The French safe in Prag; Kaiserwahl just coming on.

Grand-Duke Franz, with that respectable amount of Army under him, ought surely to have advanced on Prag, and done some stroke of war for relief of it, while time yet was.

Grand-Duke Franz, his Brother Karl with him and his old Tutor Neipperg, both of whom are thought to have some skill in war, did advance accordingly. But then withal there was risk at Prag; and he always paused again, and waited to consider. From Frating, on the 16th,[1] he had got to Neuhaus, quite across Mähren into Bohemian ground, and there joined with Lobkowitz and what Bohemian force there was; by this time an Army which you would have called much stronger than the French. Forward, therefore! Yes; but with pauses, with considerations. Pause of two days at Neuhaus; thence to Tabor (famed Zisca's Tabor), a safe post, where again pause three days. From Tabor is broad highway to Prag, only sixty miles off now: — screwing their resolution to the sticking-point, Grand-Duke and Consorts advance at length with fixed determination, all Friday, all Saturday (November 24th, 25th), part of Sunday too, not thinking it shall be only *part;* and their light troops are almost within sight of Prag, when — they learn that Prag is scaladed the night before, and quite settled; that there is nothing except destruction to be looked for in Prag! Back again, therefore, to the Tabor-and-Budweis land. They strike into that boggy broken country about Budweis, some 120 miles south of Prag; and will there wait the signs of the times.

Grand-Duke Franz had seen war, under Seckendorf, under Wallis and otherwise, in the disastrous Turk Countries; but, though willing enough, was never much of a soldier: as to Neipperg, among his own men especially, the one cry is, He ought to go about his business out of Austrian Armies, as an imbecile and even a traitor. "Is it conceivable that Friedrich could have beaten us, in that manner, except by buying Neipperg in the first place? Neipperg and the generality of them, in that luckless Silesian Business? Glogau scaladed with the loss of half a dozen men; Brieg gone within a week; Neisse ditto: and Mollwitz, above all, where, in spite of Römer and such Horse-charging as was never seen, we had to melt, dissolve, and roll away in the glitter of the evening sun!" The common notion is, they are traitors, partial-traitors, one and all.[1] — Poor Neipperg he has seen hard service, had ugly work to do: it was he that gave away Belgrade to the Turks (so interpreting his orders), and the Grand Vizier, calling him Dog of a Giaour, spat in his face, not far from hanging him; and the Kaiser and Vienna people, on his coming home, threw him into prison, and were near cutting off his head. And again, after such sleety marchings through the Mountains, he has had to dissolve at Mollwitz; float away in military deluge in the manner we saw. And now, next winter, here is he lodged among the upland bogs at Budweis, escorted by mere curses. What a life is the soldier's, like other men's; what a master is the world! Aulic Cabinet is not all-wise; but may readily be wiser than the vulgar, and, with a Maria Theresa at his head, it is incapable of truculent impiety like that. Neipperg, guilty of not being a Eugene, is not hanged as a traitor; but placed quietly as Commandant in Luxemburg, spends there the afternoon of his life, in a more commodious manner. Friedrich had, of late, rather admired his movements on the Neisse River; and found him a stiff article to deal with.

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[1] Espagnac, i. 87.

The French, now with Prag for their place of arms, stretched themselves as far as Pisek, some seventy miles southwestward; occupied Pisek, Pilsen and other Towns and posts, on the southwest side, some seventy miles from Prag; looking towards the Bavarian Passes and homeward succors that might come: the Saxons, a while after, got as far as Teutschbrod, eighty miles on the southeastward or Moravian hand. Behind these outposts, Prag may be considered to hang on Silesia, and have Friedrich for security. This, in front or as forecourt of Friedrich's Silesia, this inconsiderable section, was all of Bohemian Country the French and Confederates ever held, and they did not hold this long. As for Karl Albert, he had his new pleasant Dream of Sovereignty at Prag; Titular of Upper Austria, and now of Böhmen as well; and enjoyed his Feast of the Barmecide, and glorious repose in the captured Metropolis, after difficulty overcome.

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, sæpiùs.

December 7th, he was homaged (a good few of the Nobility attending, for which they smarted afterwards), with much processioning, blaring and *te-deum*-ing: on the 19th he rolled off, home to München; there to await still higher Romish-Imperial glories, which it is hoped are now at hand.

A day or two after the Capture of Prag, Maréchal de Belleisle, partially cured of his rheumatisms, had hastened to appear in that City; and for above four weeks he continued there, settling, arranging, ordering all things, in the most consummate manner, with that fine military head of his. About Christmas time, arrived Maréchal de Broglio, his unfortunate successor or substitute; to whom he made everything over; and hastened off for Frankfurt, where the final crisis of *Kaiserwahl* is now at hand, and the topstone of his work is to be brought out with shouting. Maréchal de Broglio had an unquiet Winter of it in his new command; and did not extend his quarters, but the contrary.

Broglio has a Bivouac of Pisek; Khevenhüller looks in upon the Donau Conquests.

Grand-Duke Franz edged himself at last a little out of that Tabor-Budweis region, and began looking Prag-ward again; — hung about, for some time, with his Hungarian light-troops scouring the country; but still keeping Prag respectfully to right, at seventy miles distance. December 28th, to Broglio's alarm, he tried a night-attack on Pisek, the chief French outpost, which lies France-ward too, and might be vital. But he found the French (Broglio having got warning) unexpectedly ready for him at Pisek, — drawn up in the dark streets there, with torrents of musketry ready for his Pandours and him; — and entirely failed of Pisek. Upon which he turned eastward to the Budweis-Tabor fastnesses again; left Brother Karl as Commander in those parts (who soon leaves Lobkowitz as Substitute, Vienna in the idle winter-time being preferable); — left Brother Karl, and proceeded in person, south, towards the Donau Countries, to see how Khevenhüller might be prospering, who is in the field there, as we shall hear.

Of Pisek and the night-skirmish at Pisek, glorious to France, think all the Gazettes, I should have said nothing, were it not that Maréchal Broglio, finding what a narrow miss he had made, established a night-watch there, or bivouac, for six weeks to come; such as never was before or since: Cavalry and Infantry, in quantity, bivouacking there, in the environs of Pisek, on the grim Bohemian snow or snow-slush, in the depth of winter, nightly for six weeks, without whisper of an enemy at any time; whereby the Maréchal did save Pisek (if Pisek was ever again in danger), but froze horse and man to the edge of destruction or into it; so that the "Bivouac of Pisek" became proverbial in French Messrooms, for a generation coming.[1] And one hears in the mind a clangorous nasal eloquence from antique gesticulative mustachio-figures, witty and indignant, — who are now gone to silence again, and their fruitless bivouacs, and frosty and fiery toils, tumbling pell-mell after them. This of Pisek was but one of the many unwise hysterical things poor Broglio did, in that difficult position; which, indeed, was too difficult for any mortal, and for Broglio beyond the average.

One other thing we note: Graf von Khevenhüller, solid Austrian man, issued from Vienna, December 31st, last day of the Year, with an Army of only some 15,000, but with an excellent military head of his own, to look into those Conquests on the Donau. Which he finds, as he expected, to be mere conquests of stubble, capable of being swept home again at a very rapid rate. "Khevenhüller, here as always, was consummate in his choice of posts," says Lloyd;[2] — discovered where the *arteries* of the business lay, and how to handle the same. By choice of posts, by silent energy and military skill, Khevenhüller very rapidly sweeps Ségur back; and shuts him up in Linz. There Ségur, since the first days of January, is strenuously barricading himself; "wedging beams from house to house, across the streets;" — and hopes to get provision, the Donau and the Bavarian streams being still open behind him; and to hold out a little. It will be better if he do, — especially for poor Karl Albert and his poor Bavaria! Khevenhüller has also detached through the Tyrol a General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw,* much heard of henceforth in these Wars), who has 12,000 regulars; and much Hussar-folk under bloody Mentzel: — across the Tyrol, we say; to fall in upon Bavaria and München itself; which they are too like doing with effect. Ought not Karl Albert to be upon the road again? What a thing, were the Kaiser Elect taken prisoner by Pandours!

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 23, &c.

[2] General Lloyd, *History of Seven-Years War*, &c. (incidentally, somewhere).

In fine, within a short two weeks or so, Karl Albert quits München, as no safe place for him; comes across to Mannheim to his Cousin Philip, old Kur-Pfalz, whom we used to know, now extremely old, but who has marriages of Grand-daughters, and other gayeties, on hand; which a Cousin and prospective Kaiser — especially if in peril of his life — might as well come and witness. This is the excuse Karl Albert makes to an indulgent Public; and would fain make to himself, but cannot. Bärenklau and Khevenhüller are too indisputable. Nay this rumor of Friedrich's "Peace with Austria," divulged Bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf, if this also (horrible to think) were true — ! Which Friedrich assures him it is not. Karl Albert writes to Friedrich, and again writes; conjuring him, for the love of God, To make some thrust, then, some inroad or other, on those man-devouring Khevenhüllers; and take them from his, Karl Albert's, throat and his poor Country's. Which Friedrich, on his own score, is already purposing to do.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA, ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS.

The Austrian Court had not kept Friedrich's secret of Klein-Schnellendorf, hardly even for a day. It was whispered to the Dowager Empress, or Empresses; who whispered it, or wrote it, to some other high party; by whom again as usual: — in fact, the Austrian Court, having once got their Neipperg safe to hand, took no pains to keep the secret; but had probably an interest rather in letting it filter out, to set Friedrich and his Allies at variance. At all events, in the space of a few weeks, as we have seen, the rumor of a Treaty between Austria and Friedrich was everywhere rife; Friedrich, as he had engaged, everywhere denying it, and indeed clearly perceiving that there was like to be no ground for acknowledging it. The Austrian Court, instead of "completing the Treaty before Newyear's-day," had broken the previous bargain; evidently not meaning to complete; intent rather to wait upon their Hungarian Insurrection, and the luck of War.

There is now, therefore, a new turn in the game. And for this also Friedrich has been getting the fit card ready; and is not slow to play it. Some time ago, November 4th, — properly November 1st, hardly three weeks since that of Klein-Schnellendorf, — finding the secret already out ("whispered of at Breslau, 28th October," casually testifies Hyndford), he had tightened his bands with France; had, on November 4th, formally acceded to Karl Albert's Treaty with France.[1] Glatz to be his: he will not hear of wanting Glatz; nor of wanting elsewhere the proper Boundary for Schlesien, "Neisse River both banks" (which Neipperg had agreed to, in his late Sham-Bargain); — quite strict on these preliminaries.

And furthermore, Kur-Sachsen being now a Partner in that French-Bavarian Treaty, — and a highly active one (with 21,000 in the field for him), who is "King of Moravia" withal, and has some considerable northern Paring of Bohemia thrown in, by way of "Road to Moravia," — Friedrich made, at the same time, special Treaty with Kur-Sachsen, on the points specially mutual to them; on the Boundary point, first of all. Which latter treaty is dated also November 1st, and was "ratified November 8th."

Treaty otherwise not worth reading; except perhaps as it shows us Friedrich putting, in his brief direct way, Kur-Sachsen at once into Austria's place, in regard to Ober-Schlesien. "Boundary between your Polish Majesty and me to be the River Neisse *plus* a full German mile;" — which (to Belle-isle's surprise) the Polish Majesty is willing to accept; and consents, farther, Friedrich being of succinct turn, That Commissioners go directly and put down the boundary-stones, and so an end. "Let the Silesian matter stand where it stood," thinks Friedrich: "since Austria will not, will you? Put down the boundary-pillars, then!" — an interesting little glance into Friedrich's inner man. And a Prussian Boundary Commissioner, our friend Nüssler the man, did duly appear; — whom perhaps we shall meet, — though no Saxon one quite did.[1] It is this boundary clause, it is Friedrich's little decision, "Put down the pillars, then," that alone can now interest any mortal in this Saxon Bargain; the clause itself, and the bargain itself, having quite broken down on the Saxon side, and proved imaginary as a covenant made in dreams. Could not be helped, in the sequel! —

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[1] Accession agreed to, "Frankfurt, Nov. 1st," 1741; ratified "Nov. 4th."

Meanwhile, the preliminary diplomacies being done in this manner, Friedrich had ordered certain of his own Forces to get in motion a little; ordered Leopold, who has had endless nicety of management, since the French and Saxons came into those Bohemian Circles of his, to go upon Glatz; to lay fast hold of Glatz, for one thing. And farther eastward, Schwerin, by order, has lately gone across the Mountains; seized Troppau, Friedenthal; nay Olmütz itself, the Capital of Mähren, — in one day (December 27th), garrison of Olmütz being too weak to resist, and the works in disrepair. "In Heaven's name, what are your intentions, then?" asked the Austrians there. "Peaceable in the extreme," answered Schwerin, "if only yours are. And if they are *not* — !" There sits Schwerin ever since, busy strengthening himself, and maintains the best discipline; waiting farther orders.

"The Austrians will not complete their bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf?" thinks this young King; "Very well; we will not press them to completion. We will not ourselves complete, should they now press. We will try another method, and that without loss of time." — It was a pungent reflection with Friedrich that Karl Albert had not pushed forward on

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[1] Büsching, *Beiträge*, i. 339 (§ *Nüssler*).

Vienna, from Linz that time, but had blindly turned off to the left, and thrown away his one chance. "Cannot one still mend it; cannot one still do something of the like?" thinks Friedrich now: "Schwerin in Olmütz; Prussian Troops cantoned in the Highlands of Silesia, or over in Bohemia itself, near the scene of action; the Saxons eastward as far as Teutschbrod, still nearer; the French triumphant at Prag, and reinforcement on the road for them: a combined movement on Vienna, done instantly and with an impetus!" That is the thing Friedrich is now bent upon; nor will he, like Karl Albert, be apt to neglect the hour of tide, which is so inexorable in such operations.

At Berlin, accordingly, he has been hurrying on his work, inspection, preparation of many kinds, — Marriage of his Brother August Wilhelm, for one business;[1] — and (January 18th), after a stay of two months, is off fieldward again, on this new project. To Dresden, first of all; Saxony being an essential element; and Valori being appointed to meet him there on the French side. It is January 20th, 1742, when Friedrich arrives; due Opera festivities, "triple salute of all the guns," fail not at Dresden; but his object was not these at all. Polish Majesty is here, and certain of the warlike Bastard Brothers home from Winter-quarters, Comte de Saxe for one; Valori also, punctually as due; and little Graf von Brühl, highest-dressed of human creatures, who is factotum in this Court.

"Your Polish Majesty, by treaty and title you are King of Moravia withal: now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact! Forward with your Saxons:" urges Friedrich: "The Austrians and their Lobkowitz are weak in that Country: at Iglau, just over the Moravian border, they have formed a Magazine; seize that, snatch it from Lobkowitz: that gives us footing and basis there. Forward with your Saxons; Valori gives us so-many French; I myself will join with 20,000: swift, steady, all at once; we can seize Moravia, who knows if not Vienna itself, and for certain drive a stroke right home into the very bowels of the Enemy!" That is Friedrich's theme from the first hour of his arrival, and during all the four-and-twenty that he stayed.

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[1] 6th January, 1742 (in Bielfeld, ii. 55–69, exuberant account of the Ceremony, and of B.'s part in it).

In one hour, Polish Majesty, who is fonder of tobacco and pastimes than of business, declared himself convinced; — and declared also that the time of Opera was come; whither the two Majesties had to proceed together, and suspend business for a while. Polish Majesty himself was very easily satisfied; but with the others, as Valori reports it, the argument was various, long and difficult. "Winter time; so dangerous, so precarious," answer Brühl and Comte de Saxe: There is this danger, this uncertainty, and then that other; — which the King and Valori, with all their eloquence, confute. "Impossible, for want of victual," answers Maurice at last, driven into a corner: "Iglau, suppose we get it, will soon be eaten; then where is our provision?" — "Provision?" answers Valori: "There is M. de Séchelles, Head of our Commissariat in Prag; such a Commissary never was before." "And you consent, if I take that in hand?" urges Friedrich upon them. They are obliged to consent, on that proviso. Friedrich undertakes Séchelles: the Enterprise cannot now be refused.[1] "Alert, then; not a moment to be lost! Good-night; *au revoir*, my noble friends!" — and to-morrow many hours before daybreak, Friedrich is off for Prag, leaving Dresden to awaken when it can.

At Prag he renews acquaintance with his old maladroit Strasburg friend, Maréchal de Broglio, not with increase of admiration, as would seem; declines the demonstrations and civilities of Broglio, business being urgent: finds M. de Séchelles to be in truth the supreme of living Commissaries (ready, in words which Friedrich calls golden, "to make the impossible possible"): "Only march, then, noble Saxons: swift!" — and dashes off again, next morning, to northeastward, through Leopold's Bohemian cantonments, Glatz-ward by degrees, to be ready with his own share of the affair; no delay in him, for one. January 24th, after Königsgrätz and other Prussian posts, — January 24th, which is elsewhere so notable a day, — his route goes northeast, to Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains, hither side of the Silesian Highlands; wild route for winter season, if the young King feared any route. From Berlin, hither and farther, he may have gone well-nigh his seven hundred miles within the week; rushing on continually (starts, at say four in the winter morning); doing endless business, of the ordering sort, as he speeds along.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 170; Valori, i 139; &c. &c.

Glatz, a southwestern mountainous Appendage to Silesia, abutting on Moravia and Bohemia, is a small strong Country; upon which, ever since the first Friedrich times, we have seen him fixed; claiming it too, as expenses from the Austrians, since they will not bargain. For he rises Sibyl-like: a year ago, you might have had him with his 100,000 to boot, for the one Duchy of Glogau; and now —! At Glatz or in these adjacent Bohemian parts, the Young Dessauer has been on duty, busy enough, ever since the late Siege of Neisse: Glatz Town the Young Dessauer soon got, when ordered; Town, Population, Territory, all is his, — all but the high mountain Fortress (centre of the Town of Glatz), with its stiff-necked Austrian Garrison shut up there, which he is wearing out by hunger. We remember the little Note from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, "Don't give him Glatz, if you can possibly help it!" In his latest treaties with the French and their Allies, Friedrich has very expressly bargained for the Country (will even pay money for it);[1] and is determined to have it, when the Austrians next take to bargaining. Of Glatz Fortress, now getting hungered out by Leopold's Prussian Detachment, I will say farther, though Friedrich heeds these circumstances little at present, that it stands on a scarped rock, girt by the grim intricate Hills; and that in the Arsenal, in dusty fabulous condition, lies a certain Drum, which readers may have heard of. Drum is not a fable, but an antique reality fallen flaccid; made, by express bequest, as is mythically said, from the skin of Zisca, above 300 years ago: altogether mythic that latter clause. Drum, Fortress, Town, Villages and Territory, all shall be Friedrich's, had hunger done its work.[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 85.

Friedrich, while at Glatz this time, gave a new Dress to the Virgin, say all the Biographers; of which the story is this. Holy Virgin stood in the main Convent of Glatz, in rather a threadbare condition, when the Prussians first approached; the Jesuits, and ardently Orthodox of both sexes, flagitating Heaven and her with their prayers, that she would vouchsafe to keep the Prussians out. In which case pious Madame Something, wife of the Austrian Commandant, vowed her a new suit of clothes. Holy Virgin did not vouchsafe; on the contrary, here the Prussians are, and Starvation with them. "Courage, nevertheless, my new friends!" intimates Friedrich: "The Prussians are not bugaboos, as you imagined: Holy Virgin shall have a new coat, all the same!" and was at the expense of the bit of broadcloth with trimmings. He was in the way of making such investments, in his light sceptical humor; and found them answer to him. At Glatz, and through those Bohemian and Silesian Cantonments, he sets his people in motion for the Moravian Expedition; rapidly stirs up the due Prussian detachments from their Christmas rest among the Mountains; and has work enough in these regions, now here now there. Schwerin is already in Olmütz, for a month past; and towards him, or his neighborhood, the march is to be.

January 26th, Friedrich, now with considerable retinue about him, gets from Glatz to Landskron, some fifty miles Olmützward; such a march as General Stille never saw, — "through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful Chain of Mountains between Böhmen and Mähren: we did not arrive till very late; many of our carriages broken down, and others overturned more than once."[2] At Landskron next day, Friedrich, as appointed, met the Chevalier de Saxe (*Cheva-*

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[1] Town already, after short scuffle, 14th January, 1742; Fortress, by hunger (no firing nor being fired on, in the interim), 25th April following, — when the once 2,000 of garrison, worn to about 200, pale as shadows, marched away to Brünn; "only ten of them able for duty on arriving." (Orlich, i. 174.)

[2] Stille (Anonymous, Friedrich's Old-Tutor Stille), *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse* (English Translation, 12mo, London, 1763), p. 5. An intelligent, desirable little Volume, — many misprints in the English form of it.

lier, by no means Comte, but a younger Bastard, General of the Saxon Horse); and endeavored to concert everything: Prussian rendezvous to be at Wischau, on the 5th next; thence straightway to meet the Saxons at Trebitsch (convenient for that Iglau), — if only the Saxons will keep bargain.

January 28th, past midnight, after another sore march, Friedrich arrived at Olmütz; a pretty Town, — with an excellent old Bishop, "a Graf von Lichtenstein, a little gouty man about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candor;[1] in whose fine Palace, most courteously welcomed, the King lodged till near the day of rendezvousing. We will leave him there, and look westward a little; before going farther into the Moravian Expedition. Friedrich himself is evidently much bent on this Expedition; has set his heart on paying the Austrians for their trickery at Klein-Schnellendorf, in this handsome way, and still picking up the chance against them which Karl Albert squandered. If only the French and Saxons would go well abreast with Friedrich, and thrust home! But will they? Here is a surprising bit of news; not of good omen, when it reaches one at Olmütz!

"*Linz, 24th January*, 1742 [day otherwise remarkable]. After the much barricading, and considerable defiance and bravadoing, by Comte de Ségur and his 10,000, he has lost this City in a scandalous manner [not quite scandalous, but reckoned so by outside observers]; and Linz City is not now Ségur's, but Khevenhüller's. To Khevenhüller's first summons M. de Ségur had answered, 'I will hang on the highest gallows the next man that comes to propose such a thing!' — and within a week [Khevenhüller having seized the Donau River to rear of Linz, and blasted off the Bavarian party there], M. de Ségur did himself propose it ('Free withdrawal: Not serve against you for a year'); and is this day beginning to march out of Linz."[2] Here is an example of defending Key-Positions! If Ségur's be the pattern followed, those Conquests on the Donau are like to go a fine road! —

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[1] Stille, p. 8.

[2] *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, iii. 280, &c.; Adelung, iii. *a*, p. 12, and p. 15 (a Paris street-song on it).

There came to Friedrich, in all privacy, during his stay in Olmütz at this Bishop's, a Diplomatic emissary from Vienna, one Pfitzner; charged with apologies, with important offers probably; — important; but not important enough. Friedrich blames himself for being too abrupt on the man; might perhaps have learned something from him by softer treatment.[1] After three days, Pfitzner had to go his ways again, having accomplished nothing of change upon Friedrich.

CHAPTER IX.

WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAYETIES AT FRANKFURT.

On the day when Friedrich, overhung by the grim winter Mountains, was approaching Glatz, same day when Ségur was evacuating Linz on those sad terms, that is, on the 24th day of January, 1742, — two Gentlemen were galloping their best in the Frankfurt-Mannheim regions; bearing what they reckoned glad tidings towards Mannheim and Karl Albert; who is there "on a visit" (for good reasons), after his triumphs at Prag and elsewhere. The hindmost of the two Gentlemen is an Official of rank (little conscious that he is preceded by a rival in message-bearing); Official Gentleman, despatched by the Diet of Frankfurt to inform Karl Albert, That he now is actually Kaiser of the Holy Romish Empire; votes, by aid of Heaven and Belleisle, having all fallen in his favor. Gallop, therefore, my Official Gentleman: — alas, another Gentleman, Non-official, knowing how it would turn, already sat booted and saddled, a good space beyond the walls of Frankfurt, waiting till the cannon should fire; at the first burst of cannon, he (cunning dog) gives his horse the spur; and is miles ahead of the toiling Official Gentleman, all the way.[2]

In the dreary mass of long-winded ceremonial nothingnesses, and intricate Belleisle cobwebberies, we seize this one poor speck of human foolery in the native state, as almost the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 109.

[2] Adelung, iii. *a*, 52.

memorablest in that stupendous business. Stupendous indeed; with which all Germany has been in travail these sixteen months, on such terms! And in verity has got the thing called "German Kaiser" constituted, better or worse. Heavens, was a Nation ever so bespun by gossamer; enchanted into paralysis, by mountains of extinct tradition, and the want of power to annihilate rubbish! There are glittering threads of the finest Belleisle diplomacy, which seem to go beyond the Dog-star, and to be radiant, and irradiative, like paths of the gods: and they are, seem what they might, poor threads of idle gossamer, sunk already to dusty cobweb, unpleasant to poor human nature; poor human nature concerned only to get them well swept into the fire. The quantities of which sad litter, in this Universe, are very great!—

Karl Albert, now at the top-gallant of his hopes: homaged Archduke of Upper Austria, homaged King of Bohemia, declared Kaiser of the German Nation, — is the highest-titled mortal going: and, poor soul, it is tragical, once more, to think what the reality of it was for him. Ejection from house and home; into difficulty, poverty, despair; life in furnished lodgings, which he could not pay; — and at last heart-break, no refuge for him but in the grave. All which is mercifully hidden at present; so that he seems to himself a man at the top-gallant of his wishes; and lives pleasantly, among his friends, with a halo round his head to his own foolish sense and theirs.

"Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Baiern [lazy readers ought to be reminded], whose achievements will concern us to an unpleasant extent, for some years, is now a lean man of forty-five; lean, erect, and of middle stature; a Prince of distinguished look, they say; of elegant manners, and of fair extent of accomplishment, as Princes go. His experiences in this world, and sudden ups and downs, have been and will be many. Note a few particulars of them; the minimum of what are indispensable here.

"English readers know a Maximilian Kurfürst of Baiern, who took into French courses in the great Spanish-Succession War; the Anti-Marlborough Maximilian, who was quite ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim; put under Ban of the Empire, and reduced to depend on Louis XIV. for a living, — till times mended with him again; till, after the Peace of Utrecht, he got reinstated in his Territories; and lived a dozen years more, in some comparative comfort, though much sunk in debt. Well, our Karl Albert is the son of that Anti-Marlborough Kurfürst Maximilian; eldest surviving son; a daughter of the great Sobieski of Poland was his mother. Nay, he is great-grandson of another still more distinguished Maximilian, him of the Thirty-Years War, — (who took the Jesuits to his very heart, and let loose Até on his poor Country for the sake of them, in a determined manner; and was the First of all the Bavarian *Kurfürsts*, mere Dukes till then; having got for himself the poor Winter-King's Electorship, or split it into two as ultimately settled, out of that bad Business), — great-grandson, we say, of that forcible questionable First Kurfürst Max; and descends from Kaiser Ludwig, 'Ludwig the *Baier*,' if that is much advantage to him.

"In his young time he had a hard upcoming; seven years old at the Battle of Blenheim, and Papa living abroad under Louis XIV.'s shelter, the poor Boy was taken charge of by the victorious Austrian Kaisers, and brought up in remote Austrian Towns, as a young 'Graf von Wittelsbach' (nothing but his family name left him), mere Graf and private nobleman henceforth. However, fortune took the turn we know, and he became Prince again; nothing the worse for this Spartan part of his breeding. He made the Grand Tour, Italy, France, perhaps more than once; saw, felt, and tasted; served slightly, at a Siege of Belgrade (one of the many Sieges of Belgrade); — wedded, in 1722, a Daughter of the late Kaiser Joseph's, niece of the late Kaiser Karl's, cousin of Maria Theresa's; making the due 'renunciations,' as was thought; and has been Kurfürst himself for the last fourteen Years, ever since 1726, when his Father died. A thrifty Kurfürst, they say, or at least has occasionally tried to be so, conscious of the load of debts left on him; fond of pomps withal, extremely polite, given to Devotion and to *Billets-doux*; of gracious address, generous temper (if he had the means), and great skill in speaking languages. Likes hunting a little, — likes several things, we see! — has lived tolerably with his Wife and children; tolerably with his Neighbors (though sour upon the late Kaiser now and then); and is an ornament to München, and well liked by the population there. A lean, elegant, middle-sized gentleman; descended direct from Ludwig the ancient Kaiser; from Maximilian the First Kurfürst, who walked by the light of Father Lämmerlein (*Lambkin*) and Company, thinking *it* light from Heaven; and lastly is son of Maximilian the Third Kurfürst, whom learned English readers know as the Anti-Marlborough one, ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim.

"His most important transaction hitherto has been the marriage with Kaiser Joseph's Daughter; — of which, in Pöllnitz somewhere, there is sublime account; forgettable, all except the date (Vienna, 5th October, 1722), if by chance that should concern anybody. Karl Albert (*Kurprinz*, Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent, at that time) made free renunciation of all right to Austrian Inheritances, in such terms as pleased Karl VI., the then Kaiser; the due complete 'renunciations' of inheriting in Austria; and it was hoped he would at once sign the Pragmatic Sanction, when published; but he has steadily refused to do so; 'I renounced for my Wife,' says Kurfürst Karl, 'and will never claim an inch of Austrian land on her account; but my own right, derived from Kaiser Ferdinand of blessed memory, who was Father of my Great-grandmother, I did not, do not, never will renounce; and I appeal to *his* Pragmatic Sanction, the much older and alone valid one, according to which, it is not you, it is I that am the real and sole Heir of Austria.'

"This he says, and has steadily said or meant: 'It is I that am to be King of Bohemia; I that shall and will inherit all your Austrias, Upper, Under, your Swabian Brisgau or Hither Austria, and what of the Tyrol remained wanting to me. Your Archduchess will have Hungary, the Styrian-Carinthian Territories; Florence, I suppose, and the Italian ones. What is hers by right I will be one of those that defend for her; what is not hers, but mine, I will defend against her, to the best of my ability!' This was privately, what it is now publicly, his argument; from which he never would depart; refusing always to accept Kaiser Karl's new Pragmatic Sanction; getting Saxony (who likewise had a Ferdinand great-grandmother) to refuse, — till Polish Election compelled poor Saxony, for a time. Karl Albert had likewise secretly, in past years, got his abstruse old Cousin of the Pfalz (who mended the Heidelberg Tun) to back him in a Treaty; nay, still better, still more secretly, had got France itself to promise eventual backing: — and, on the whole, lived generally on rather bad terms with the late Kaiser Karl, his Wife's Uncle; any reconciliation they had proving always of temporary nature. In the Rhenish War (1734), Karl Albert, far from assisting the Kaiser, raised large forces of his own; kept drilling them, in four or three camps, in an alarming manner; and would not even send his Reich's Contingent (small body of 3,000 he is by law bound to send), till he perceived the War was just expiring. He was in angry controversy with the Kaiser, claiming debts, — debts contracted in the last generation, and debts going back to the Thirty-Years War, amounting to hundreds of millions, — when the poor Kaiser died; refusing payment to the last, nay claiming lands left *him*, he says, by Margaret Mouthpoke:[1] 'Cannot pay your Serene Highness (having no money); and would not, if I could!' Leaving Karl Albert to protest to the uttermost;" — which, as we ourselves saw in Vienna, he at once honorably did.

Karl Albert's subsequent history is known to readers; except the following small circumstance, which occurred in his late transit, flight, or whatever we may call it, to Mannheim, and is pleasantly made notable to us by Wilhelmina. "His Highness on the way from München," intimates our Princess, "passed through Baireuth in a very bad post-chaise." This, as we elsewhere pick out, was on January 16th; Karl Albert in post-haste for the marriage-ceremony, which takes place at Mannheim to-morrow.[2] "My Margraf, accidentally hearing, galloped after him, came up with him about fifteen miles away: they embraced, talked half an hour; very content, both."[1]

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[1] Michaelis, ii. 260; Buchholz, ii. 9; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 182; &c.

[2] Adelung, iii. *a*, 51.

And eight days afterwards, 24th January, 1742, busy Belleisle (how busy for this year past, since we saw him in the Œil-de-Bœuf!) gets him elected Kaiser; — and Ségur, in the self-same hours, is packing out of Linz; and one's Donau "Conquests," not to say one's München, one's Baiern itself, are in a fine way! The marriage-ceremony, witnessed on the 17th, was one of the sublimest for Kur-Pfalz and kindred; and it too had secretly a touch of tragedy in it for the Poor Karl Albert. A double marriage: Two young Princesses, Granddaughters, priceless Heiresses, to old Kur-Pfalz; married, one of them to Duke Clement of Baiern, Karl Albert's nephew, which is well enough: but married, the other and elder of them, to Theodor of Deux-Ponts, who will one day — could we pierce the merciful veil — be Kurfürst of Baiern, and succeed our own childless Son![2]

"Kaiser Karl VII.," such the style he took, is to be crowned February 12th; makes sublime Public Entry into Frankfurt, with that view, January 31st; — both ceremonies splendid to a wonder, in spite of finance considerations. Which circumstance should little concern us, were it not that Wilhelmina, hearing the great news (though in a dim ill-dated state), decided to be there and see; did go; — and has recorded her experiences there, in a shrill human manner. Wishful to see our fellow-creatures (especially if bound to look at them), even when they are fallen phantasmal, and to make persons of them again, we will give this Piece; sorry that it is the last we have of that fine hand. How welcome, in the murky puddle of Dryasdust, is any glimpse by a lively glib Wilhelmina, which we can discern to be human! Hear what Wilhelmina says (in a very condensed form): —

Wilhelmina at the Coronation.

Wilhelmina, in the end of January, 1742, — Karl Albert having shot past, one day lately, in a bad post-chaise, and kindled the thought in her, — resolved to go and see him crowned at Frankfurt, by way of pleasure-excursion. We will, struggling to be briefer, speak in her person; and indicate withal where the very words are hers, and where ours.

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[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 334.

[2] Michaelis, ii. 265.

The Marwitz, elder Marwitz, her poor father being wounded at Mollwitz,[1] had gone to Berlin to nurse him; but she returned just now, — not much to my joy; I being, with some cause, jealous of that foolish minx. The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg also came, sorrow on her; a foolish talking woman, always cutting jokes, making eyes, giggling and coquetting; "*has* some wit and manner, but wearies you at last: her charms, now on the decline, were never so considerable as rumor said; in the long-run she bores you with her French gayeties and sprightliness: her character for gallantry is too notorious. She quite corrupted Marwitz, in this and a subsequent visit; turned the poor girl's head into a French whirligig, and undermined any little moral principle she had. She was on the road to Berlin," — of which anon, for it is not quite nothing to us; — "but she was in no hurry, and would right willingly have gone with us." And it required all our female diplomacy to get her under way again, and fairly out of our course. January 28th, *she* off to Berlin; *we,* same day, to Frankfurt-on-Mayn.[2]

Coronation was to have been (or we Country-folk thought it was), January 31st: Let us be there *incognito,* the night before; see it, and return the day after. That was our plan. Bad roads, waters all out; we had to go night and day; — reached the gates of Frankfurt, 30th January late. Berghover, our Legationsrath there, says we are known everywhere; Coronation is not to be till February 12th! I was fatigued to death, a bad cold on me, too: we turned back to the last Village; stayed there overnight. Back again to Berghover, in secret (*à la sourdine*), next night; will see the Public Entry of Karl Albert, which is to be to-morrow (not quite, my Princess;

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[1] *Militair-Lexikon,* iii. 23; and *Preussische Adels-Lexikon,* iii. 365.

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 334; see pp. 335, 338, 347, &c. for the other salient points that follow

January 31st for certain,[1] did one the least care). "It was a very grand thing indeed (*des plus superbes*); but I will not stop describing it. Masked ball that night; where I had much amusement, tormenting the masks; not being known to anybody. We next day retired to a small private House, which Berghover had got for us, out of Town, for fear of being discovered; and lodged there, waiting February 12th, under difficulties."

The weather was bitterly cold; we had brought no clothes; my dames and I nothing earthly but a black *andrienne* each (whatever that may be), to spare bulk of luggage: strictest incognito was indispensable. The Marwitzes, for giggling, raillery, French airs, and absolute impertinence, were intolerable, in that solitary place. We return to Frankfurt again; have balls and theatres, at least: "of these latter I missed none. One evening, my head-dress got accidentally shoved awry, and exposed my face for a moment; Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, who was looking that way, recognized me; told the Prince of Orange of it; — they are in our box, next minute!"

Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, did readers ever hear of him before? Transiently perhaps, in Friedrich's *Letters to his Father;* but have forgotten him again; can know him only as the outline of a shadow. A fat solid military man of fifty; junior Brother of that solid *Wilhelm*, Vice-regent and virtual "Landgraf of Hessen"—(*vice* an elder and eldest Brother, *Friedrich*, the now Majesty of Sweden, who is actual Hereditary Landgraf, but being old, childless, idle, takes no hold of it, and quite leaves it to Wilhelm), — of whom English readers may have heard, and will hear. For it is Wilhelm that hires us those "subsidized 6,000," who go blaring about on English pay (Prince George merely Commandant of them); and Wilhelm, furthermore, has wedded his Heir-Apparent to an English Princess lately;[2] which also (as the poor young fellow became Papist by and by) costs certain English people, among others, a good deal of trouble. Uncle George, we say, is merely Commandant of those blaring 6,000; has had his own real soldierings before this; his own labors, contradictions, in his time; but has borne all patiently, and grown fat upon it, not quarrelling with his burdens or his nourishments. Perhaps we may transiently meet him again.

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[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 63; &c. &c.

[2] Princess Mary (age only about seventeen), 28th June, 1740; Prince's name was Friedrich (became Catholic, 1749; *wife* made family-manager in consequence, &c. &c.).

As to the Prince of Orange, him we have seen more than once in times past: a young fellow in comparison, sprightly, reckoned clever, but somewhat humpbacked; married an English Princess, years ago ("Papa, if he were as ugly as a baboon!") — which fine Princess, we find, has stopt short at Cassel, too fatigued on the present occasion. "His *esprit*," continues Wilhelmina, "and his conversation, delighted me. His Wife, he said, was at Cassel; he would persuade her to come and make my acquaintance;" — could not; too far, in this cold season. "These two Serene Highnesses would needs take me home in their carriage; they asked the Margraf to let them stay supper: from that hour they were never out of our house. Next morning, by means of them, the secret had got abroad. Kur-Köln [lanky hook-nosed gentleman, richest Pluralist in the Church] had set spies on us; next evening he came up to me, and said, 'Madam, I know your Highness; you must dance a measure with me!' That comes of one's head-gear getting awry! We had nothing for it but to give up the incognito, and take our fate!"

This dancing Elector of Köln, a man still only entering his forties, is the new Emperor's Brother:[1] do readers wonder to see him dance, being an Archbishop? The fact is certain, — let the Three Kings and the Eleven Thousand Virgins say to it what they will. "He talked a long time with me; presented to me the Princess Clemence his Niece [that is to say, Wife of his Nephew Clem*ent;* one of the Two whom his now Imperial Majesty saw married the other day],[2] and then the Princess" — in fact, presented all the three Sulzbach Princesses (for there is a youngest, still to wed), — "and then Prince Theodor [happy Husband of the eldest], and Prince Clement

[1] Clement August (Hübner, t. 134).

[2] Michaelis, ii. 256, 123; Hübner, tt. 141, 134.

[ditto of the younger];" and was very polite indeed. How keep our incognito, with all these people heaping civilities upon us? Let us send to Baireuth for clothes, equipages; and retire to our country concealment till they arrive.

"Just as we were about setting off thither, I waiting till the Margraf were ready, the Margraf entered, and a Lady with him; who, he informed me, was Madame de Belleisle, the French Ambassador's Wife:" — Wife of the great Belleisle, the soul of all these high congregatings, consultations, coronations, who is not Kaiser but maker of Kaisers: what is to be done! — "I had carefully avoided her; reckoning she would have pretensions I should not be in the humor to grant. I took my resolution at the moment [being a swift decisive creature]; and received her like any other Lady that might have come to me. Her visit was not long. The conversation turned altogether upon praises of the King [my Brother]. I found Madame de Belleisle very different from the notion I had formed of her. You could see she had moved in high company (*sentait son monde*); but her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid (*soubrette*), and her manners insignificant." Let Madame take that.

"Monseigneur himself," when our equipages had come, "waited on me several times," — Monseigneur the grand Maréchal de Belleisle, among the other Principalities and Lordships: but of this lean man in black (who has done such famous things, and will have to do the Retreat of Prag within year and day), there is not a word farther said. Old Seckendorf too is here; "Reich's-Governor of Philipsburg;" very ill with Austria, no wonder; and striving to be well with the new Kaiser. Doubtless old Seckendorf made his visit too (being of Baireuth kin withal), and snuffled his respects: much unworthy of mention; not lovely to Wilhelmina. Prince of Orange, hunchbacked, but sprightly and much the Prince, bore me faithful company all the Coronation time; nor was George of Hessen-Cassel wanting, good fat man.

Of the Coronation itself, though it was truly grand, and even of an Oriental splendor,[1] I will say nothing. The poor

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[1] *Anemonen*, ubi suprà.

Kaiser could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout and gravel, and could scarcely stand on his feet. Poor gentleman; and the French are driven dismally out of Linz; and the Austrians are spreading like a lava-flood or general conflagration over Baiern — Demon Mentzel, whom they call Colonel Mentzel, he (if we knew it) is in München itself, just as we are getting crowned here! And unless King Friedrich, who is falling into Mähren, in the flank of them, call back this Infernal Chase a little, what hope is there in those parts! — The poor Kaiser, oftenest in his bed, is courting all manner of German Princes, — consulting with Seckendorfs, with cunning old stagers. He has managed to lead my Margraf into a foolish bargain, about raising men for him. Which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my Margraf to back out of; and, in the end, he does so. Meanwhile, it detains us some time longer in Frankfurt, which is still full of Principalities, busy with visitings and ceremonials.

Among other things, by way of forwarding that Bargain I was so averse to, our Official People had settled that I could not well go without having seen the Empress, after her crowning. Foolish people; entangling me in new intricacies! For if she is a Kaiser's Daughter and Kaiser's Spouse, am not I somewhat too? "How a King's Daughter and an Empress are to meet, was probably never settled by example: what number of steps down stairs does she come? The arm-chair (*fauteuil*), is that to be denied me?" And numerous other questions. The official people, Baireuthers especially, are in despair; and, in fact, there were scenes. But I held firm; and the Berlin ambassadors tempering, a medium was struck: steps of stairs, to the due number, are conceded me; arm-chair no, but the Empress to "take a very small arm-chair," and I to have a big common chair (*grand dossier*). So we meet, and I have sight of this Princess, next day.

In her place, I confess I would have invented all manner of etiquettes, or any sort of contrivance, to save myself from showing face. "Heavens! The Empress is below middle size, and so corpulent (*puissante*), she looks like a ball; she is ugly to the utmost (*laide au possible*), and without air or grace:" Kaiser Joseph's youngest Daughter, — the gods, it seems, have not been kind to her in figure or feature! And her mind corresponds to her appearance: she is bigoted to excess; passes her nights and days in her oratory, with mere rosaries and gaunt superstitious platitudes of that nature; a dark fat dreary little Empress. "She was all in a tremble in receiving me; and had so discountenanced an air, she could n't speak a word. We took seats. After a little silence, I began the conversation, in French. She answered me in her Austrian jargon, That she did not well understand that language, and begged I would speak to her in German. Our conversation was not long. Her Austrian dialect and my Lower-Saxon are so different that, till you have practised, you are not mutually intelligible in them. Accordingly we were not. A by-stander would have split with laughing at the Babel we made of it; each catching only a word here and there, and guessing the rest. This Princess was so tied to her etiquette, she would have reckoned it a crime against the Reich to speak to me in a foreign language; for she knew French well enough.

"The Kaiser was to have been of this visit; but he had fallen so ill, he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor Prince, what a lot had he achieved for himself!" reflects Wilhelmina, as we often do. He was soft, humane, affable; had the gift of captivating hearts. Not without talent either; but then of an ambition far disproportionate to it. "Would have shone in the second rank, but in the first went sorrowfully eclipsed," as they say! He could not be a great man, nor had about him any one that could; and he needed now to be so. This is the service a Belleisle can do; inflating a poor man to Kaisership, beyond his natural size! Crowned Kaiser, and Mentzel just entering his München the while; a Kaiser bedrid, stranded; lying ill there of gout and gravel, with the Demon Mentzels eating him: — well may his poor little bullet of a Kaiserinn pray for him night and day, if that will avail! —

The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, returning from Berlin, favors us with another Visit.

I am sorry to say this is almost the last scene we shall get out of Wilhelmina. She returns to Baireuth; breaks there conclusively that unwise Frankfurt bargain; receives by and by (after several months, when much has come and gone in the world) the returning Duchess of Würtemberg, effulgent Dowager "spoken of only as a Lais:" and has other adventures, alluded to up and down, but not put in record by herself any farther. — Sorrowfully let us hear Wilhelmina yet a little, on this Lais Duchess, who will concern us somewhat. Dowager, much too effulgent, of the late Karl Alexander, a Reichs-Feldmarschall (or *fourth-part* of one, if readers could remember) and Duke of Würtemberg, — whom we once dined with at Prag, in old Friedrich-Wilhelm and Prince-Eugene times: —

"This Princess, very famous on the bad side, had been at Berlin to see her three Boys settled there, whose education she [and the *Stände* of Würtemberg, she being Regent] had committed to the King. These Princes had been with us on their road thither, just before their Mamma last time. The Eldest, age fourteen, had gone quite agog (*s'étoit amouraché*) about my little Girl, age only nine; and had greatly diverted us by his little gallantries [mark that, with an Alas!]. The Duchess, following somewhat at leisure, had missed the King that time; who was gone for Mähren, January 18th. . . . I found this Princess wearing pretty well. Her features are beautiful, but her complexion is faded and very yellow. Her voice is so high and screechy, it cuts your ears; she does not want for wit, and expresses herself well. Her manners are engaging for those whom she wishes to gain; and with men are very free. Her way of thinking and acting offers a strange contrast of pride and meanness. Her gallantries had brought her into such repute that I had no pleasure in her visits."[1] No pleasure; though she often came; and her Eldest Prince, and my little Girl — Well, who knows!

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[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 335.

Besides her three Boys (one of whom, as Reigning Duke, will become notorious enough to Wilhelmina and mankind), the Lais Duchess has left at Berlin — at least, I guess she has now left him, in exchange perhaps for some other — a certain very gallant, vagabond young Marquis d'Argens, "from Constantinople" last; originally from the Provence countries; extremely dissolute creature, still young (whom Papa has had to disinherit), but full of good-humor, of gesticulative loyal talk, and frothy speculation of an Anti-Jesuit turn (has written many frothy Books, too, in that strain, which are now forgotten): who became a very great favorite with Friedrich, and will be much mentioned in subsequent times.

"In the end of July," continues Wilhelmina, "we went to Stouccard [Stuttgard, capital of Würtemberg, O beautiful glib tongue!], whither the Duchess had invited us: but — " And there we are on blank paper; our dear Wilhelmina has ceased speaking to us: her *Memoirs* end; and oblivious silence wraps the remainder! —

Concerning this effulgent Dowager of Würtemberg, and her late ways at Berlin, here, from Bielfeld, is another snatch, which we will excerpt, under the usual conditions: —

"*Berlin, February,* 1742 [real date of all that is not fabulous in Bielfeld, who chaotically dates it "6th December" of that Year]. . . . A day or two after this [no matter *what*] I went to the German Play, the only spectacle which is yet fairly afoot in Berlin. In passing in, I noticed the Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, who had arrived, during my absence, with a numerous and brilliant suite, as well to salute the King and the Queens [King off, on his Moravian Business, before she came], and to unite herself more intimately with our Court, as to see the Three Princes her Children settled in their new place, where, by consent of the States of Würtemberg, they are to be educated henceforth.

"As I had not yet had myself presented to the Duchess, I did not presume to approach too near, and passed up into the Theatre. But she noticed me in the side-scenes; asked who I was [such a handsome fashionable fellow], and sent me order to come immediately and pay my respects. To be sure, I did so; was most graciously received; and, of course, called early next day at her Palace. Her Grand-Chamberlain had appointed me the hour of noon. He now introduced me accordingly: but what was my surprise to find the Princess in bed; in a negligée all new from the laundress, and the gallantest that art could imagine! On a table, ready to her hand, at the *dossier* or bed-head, stood a little Basin silver-gilt, filled with Holy Water: the rest was decorated with extremely precious Relics, with a Crucifix, and a Rosary of rock-crystal. Her dress, the cushions, quilt, all was of Marseilles stuff, in the finest series of colors, garnished with superb lace. Her cap was of Alençon lace, knotted with a ribbon of green and gold. Figure to yourself, in this gallant déshabille, a charming Princess, who has all the wit, perfection of manner — and is still only thirty-seven, with a beauty that was once so brilliant! Round the celestial bed were courtiers, doctors, almoners, mostly in devotional postures; the three young Princes; and a Dame d'Atours, who seemed to look slightly *ennuyée* or bored." I had the honor to kiss her Serene Highness's hand, and to talk a great many peppered insipidities suitable to the occasion.

Dinner followed, more properly supper, with lights kindled: "Only I cannot dress, you know," her Highness had said; "I never do, except for the Queen-Mother's parties;" — and rang for her maids. So that you are led out to the Anteroom, and go grinning about, till a new and still more charming déshabille be completed, and her Most Serene Highness can receive you again: "Now Messieurs! Pshaw, one is always stupid, no *esprit* at all except by candlelight!" — After which, such a dinner, unmatchable for elegance, for exquisite gastronomy, for Attic-Paphian brilliancy and charm! And indeed there followed hereupon, for weeks on weeks, a series of such unmatchable little dinners; chief parts, under that charming Presidency, being done by "Grand-Chamberlain Baron de" Something-or-other, "by your humble servant Bielfeld, M. Jordan, and a Marquis d'Argens, famous Provençal gentleman now in the suite of her Highness:"[1] — feasts of the Barmecide, I much doubt, poor Bielfeld being in this Chapter very fantastic, *misdate*ful to a mad extent; and otherwise, except as to general effect, worth little serious belief.

We shall meet this Paphian Dowager again (Crucifix and Myrtle joined): meet especially her D'Argens, and her Three little Princes more or less; — wherefore, mark slightly (besides the D'Argens as above): —

"1° The Eldest little Prince, Karl Eugen; made 'Reigning Duke' within three years hence [Mamma falling into trouble with the *Stände*]: a man still gloomily famous in Germany [Poet Schiller's Duke of Würtemberg], of inarticulate, extremely arbitrary turn, — married Wilhelmina's Daughter by and by [with horrible usage of her]; and otherwise gave Friedrich and the world cause to think of him.

"2°. The Second little Prince, Friedrich Eugen, Prussian General of some mark, who will incidentally turn up again. He was afterwards Successor to the Dukedom [Karl Eugen dying childless]; and married his Daughter to Paul of Russia, from whom descend the Autocrats there to this day.

"3°. Youngest little Prince, Ludwig Eugen, a respectable Prussian Officer, and later a French one: he is that 'Duc de Wirtemberg' who corresponds with Voltaire [inscrutable to readers, in most of the Editions]; and need not be mentioned farther."[2]

But enough of all this. It is time we were in Mähren, where the Expedition must be blazing well ahead, if things have gone as expected.

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[1] Bielfeld, ii. 74–78.

[2] See Michaelis, iii. 449; Preuss, i. 476; &c. &c.

CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION, WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY.

While these Coronation splendors had been going on, Friedrich, in the Moravian regions, was making experiences of a rather painful kind; his Expedition prospering there far otherwise than he had expected. This winter Expedition to Mähren was one of the first Friedrich had ever undertaken on the Joint-stock Principle; and it proved of a kind rather to disgust him with that method in affairs of war.

A deeply disappointing Expedition. The country hereabouts was in bad posture of defence; nothing between us and Vienna itself, in a manner. Rushing briskly forward, living on the country where needful, on that Iglau Magazine, on one's own Séchelles resources; rushing on, with the Saxons, with the French, emulous on the right hand and the left, a Captain like Friedrich might have gone far; Vienna itself — who knows! — not yet quite beyond the reach of him. Here was a way to check Khevenhüller in his Bavarian Operations, and whirl him back, double-quick, for another object nearer home! — But, alas, neither the Saxons nor the French would rush on, in the least emulous. The Saxons dragged heavily arear; the French Detachment (a poor 5,000 under Polastron, all that a captious Broglio could be persuaded to grant) would not rush at all, but paused on the very frontier of Moravia, Broglio so ordering, and there hung supine, or indeed went home.

Friedrich remonstrated, argued, turned back to encourage; but it was in vain. The Saxon Bastard Princes "lived for days in any Schloss they found comfortable;" complaining always that there was no victual for their Troops; that the

Prussians, always ahead, had eaten the country. No end to haggling; and, except on Friedrich's part, no hearty beginning to real business. "If you wish at all to be 'King of Moravia,' what is this!" thinks Friedrich justly. Broglio, too, was unmanageable, — piqued that Valori, not Broglio, had started the thing; — showed himself captious, dark, hysterically effervescent, now over-cautious, and again capable of rushing blindly headlong.

To Broglio the fact at Linz, which everybody saw to be momentous, was overwhelming. Magnanimous Ségur, and his Linz "all wedged with beams," what a road have they gone! Said so valiantly they would make defence; and did it, scarcely for four days: January 24th; before this Expedition could begin! True, M. le Maréchal, too true: — and is that a reason for hanging back in this Mähren business; or for pushing on in it, double-quick, with all one's strength? "But our Conquests on the Donau," thinks Broglio, "what will become of them, — and of us!" To Broglio, justly apprehensive about his own posture at Prag and on the Donau, there never was such a chance of at once raking back all Austrians homewards, post-haste out of those countries. But Broglio could by no means see it so, — headstrong, blusterous, over-cautious and hysterically headlong old gentleman; whose conduct at Prag here brought Strasburg vividly to Friedrich's memory. Upon which, as upon the ghost of Broglio's Breeches, Valori had to hear "incessant sarcasms" at this time.

In a word, from February 5th, when Friedrich, according to bargain, rendezvoused his Prussians at Wischau to begin this Expedition, till April 5th, when he re-rendezvoused them (at the same Wischau, as chanced) for the purpose of ending it and going home, — Friedrich, wrestling his utmost with Human Stupidity, "*mit der Dummheit* [as Schiller sonorously says], against which the very gods are unvictorious," had probably two of the most provoking months of his Life, or of this First Silesian War, which was fruitful in such to him. For the common cause he accomplished nearly nothing by this Moravian Expedition. But, to his own mind, it was rich in experiences, as to the Joint-Stock Principle, as to the Partners he now had.

And it doubtless quickened his steps towards getting personally out of this imbroglio of big French-German Wars, — home to Berlin, with Peace and Silesia in his pocket, — which had all along been the goal of his endeavors. As a feat of war it is by no means worth detailing, in this place, — though succinct Stille, and bulkier German Books give lucid account, should anybody chance to be curious.[1] Only under the other aspect, as Friedrich's experience of Partnership, and especially of his now Partners, are present readers concerned to have, in brief form, some intelligible notion of it.

Iglau is got, but not the Magazine at Iglau.

Friedrich was punctual at Wischau; Head-quarters there (midway between Olmütz and Brünn), Prussians all assembled, 5th February, 1742. Wischau is some eighty miles *east* or inward of Iglau; the French and Saxons are to meet us about Trebitsch, a couple of marches from that Teutschbrod of theirs, and well within one march of Iglau, on our route thither. The French and Saxons are at Trebitsch, accordingly; but their minds and wills seem to be far elsewhere. Rutowsky and the Chevalier de Saxe command the Saxons (20,000 strong on paper, 16,000 in reality); Comte de Polastron the French, who are 5,000, all Horse. Along with whom, professedly as French Volunteer, has come the Comte de Saxe, capricious Maurice (Maréchal de Saxe that will be), who has always viewed this Expedition with disfavor. Excellency Valori is with the French Detachment, or rather poor Valori is everywhere; running about, from quarter to quarter, sometimes to Prag itself; assiduous to heal rents everywhere; clapping cement into manifold cracks, from day to day. Through Valori we get some interesting glimpses into the secret humors and manœuvres of Comte Maurice. It is known otherwise Comte Maurice was no friend to Belleisle, but looked for his promotion from the opposite or Noailles party, in the French Court: at present, as Valori perceives, he has got the ear of

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[1] Stille, *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, i. 1–55; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 548–611; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 110–114; Orlich, ii.; &c. &c.

Broglio, and put much sad stuff into the loud foolish mind of him.

To these Saxon gentlemen, being Bastard-Royal and important to conciliate, Friedrich has in a high-flown way assigned the Schloss of Budischau for quarters, an excellent superbly magnificent mansion in the neighborhood of Trebitsch, "nothing like it to be seen except in theatres, on the Drop-scene of *The Enchanted Island;*"[1] where they make themselves so comfortable, says Friedrich, there is no getting them roused to do anything for three days to come. And yet the work is urgent, and plenty of it. "Iglau, first of all," urges Friedrich, "where the Austrians, 10,000 or so, under Prince Lobkowitz, have posted themselves [right flank of that long straggle of Winter Cantonments, which goes leftwards to Budweis and farther], and made Magazines: possession of Iglau is the foundation-stone of our affairs. And if we would have Iglau *with* the Magazines and not without, surely there is not a moment to be wasted!" In vain; the Saxon Bastard Princes feel themselves very comfortable. It was Sunday the 11th of February, when our junction with them was completed: and, instead of next morning early, it is Wednesday afternoon before Prince Dietrich of Anhalt-Dessau, with the Saxon and French party roused to join his Prussians and him, can at last take the road for Iglau. Prince Dietrich makes now the reverse of delay; marches all night, "bivouacs in woods near Iglau," warming himself at stick-fires till the day break; takes Iglau by merely marching into it and scattering 2,000 Pandours, so soon as day has broken; but finds the Magazines not there. Lobkowitz carted off what he could, then burnt "Seventeen Barns yesterday;" and is himself off towards Budweis Head-quarters and the Bohemian bogs again. This comes of lodging Saxon royal gentlemen too well.

The Saxons think Iglau enough; the French go home.

Nay, Iglau taken, the affair grows worse than ever. Our Saxons now declare that they understand their orders to be completed; that their Court did not mean them to march farther, but only to hold by Iglau, a solid footing in Moravia, which will suffice for the present. Fancy Friedrich; fancy Valori, and the cracks he will have to fill! Friedrich, in astonishment and indignation, sends a messenger to Dresden: "Would the Polish Majesty *be* 'King of Moravia,' then, or not be?" Remonstrances at Budischau rise higher and higher; Valori, to prevent total explosion, flies over once, in the dead of the night, to deal with Rutowsky and Brothers. Rutowsky himself seems partly persuadable, though dreadfully ill of rheumatism. They rouse Comte Maurice; and Valori, by this Comte's caprices, is driven out of patience. "He talked with a flippant sophistry, almost with an insolence" says Valori; "nay, at last, he made me a gesture in speaking," — what gesture, thumb to nose, or what, the shuddering imagination dare not guess! But Valori, nettled to the quick, "repeated it," and otherwise gave him as good as he brought. "He ended by a gesture which displeased me" — "and went to bed."[1] This is the night of February 18th; third night after Iglau was had, and the Magazines in it gone to ashes. Which the Saxons think is conquest enough.

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[1] Stille, *Campaigns*, p. 14.

Poor Polish Majesty, poor Karl Albert, above all, now "Kaiser Karl VII.," with nothing but those French for breath to his nostrils! With his fine French Army of the Oriflamme, Karl Albert should have pushed along last Autumn; and not merely "read the Paper" which Friedrich sent him to that effect, "and then laid it aside." They will never have another chance, his French and he, — unless we call this again a chance; which they are again squandering! Linz went by capitulation; January 24th, the very day of one's "Election" as they called it: and ever since that day of Linz, the series of disasters has continued rapid and uniform in those parts. Linz gone, the rest of the French posts did not even wait to capitulate; but crackled all off, they and our Conquests on the Donau, like a train of gunpowder, and left the ground bare. And General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*), with the hideous fellow called Mentzel, Colonel of Pandours, they have broken through into Bavaria itself, from the Tyrol; climbing by Berchtesgaden and the wild Salzburg Mountains, regardless of Winter, and of poor Bavarian militia-folk; — and have taken München, one's very Capital, one's very House and Home! — Poor Karl Albert, — and, what is again remarkable, it was the very day while he was getting "crowned" at Frankfurt, "with Oriental pomp," that Mentzel was about entering München with his Pandours.[1] And this poor Archduke of the Austrian, King of Bohemia, Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation, is becoming Titular merely, and owns next to nothing in these extensive Sovereignties. Judge if there is not call for despatch on all sides! — The Polish Majesty sent instant rather angry order to his Saxons, "Forward, with you; what else! We would be King in Mähren!"

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[1] Valori, i. 148, 149.

The Saxons then have to march forward; but we can fancy with what a will. Rutowsky flings up his command on this Order (let us hope, from rheumatism partly), and goes home; leaving the Chevalier de Saxe to preside in room of him. As for Polastron, he produces Order from Broglio, "Iglau got, return straightway;" must and will cross over into Bohemia again; and does. Nay, the Comte de Saxe had, privately in his pocket, a Commission to supersede Polastron, and take command himself, should Polastron make difficulties about turning back. Poor Polastron made no difficulties: Maurice and he vanish accordingly from this Adventure, and only the unwilling Saxons remain with Friedrich. Poor Polastron ("a poor weak creature," says Friedrich, "fitter for his breviary than anything else") fell sick, from the hardships of campaigning; and soon died, in those Bohemian parts. Maurice is heard of, some weeks hence, besieging Eger; — very handsomely capturing Eger:[2] — on which service Broglio had ordered him after his return. The former Commandant of the Siege, not very progressive, had just died; and Broglio, with reason (all the more for his late Moravian procedures) was passionate to have done there. One of the first auspicious exploits of Maurice, that of Eger; which paved the way to his French fortunes, and more or less sublime glories, in this War. Friedrich recognizes his ingenuities, impetuosities, and superior talent in war; wrote high-flown Letters of praises, now and then, in years coming; but, we may guess, would hardly wish to meet Maurice in the way of joint-stock business again.

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[1] Coronation was February 12th; Capitulation to Mentzel, "München, February 13th," is in *Guerre de Bohème,* ii. 56–59.

[2] 19th April, 1742 (*Guerre de Bohème,* ii. 78–85).

Friedrich submerges the Moravian Countries; but cannot Brünn, which is the indispensable point.

February 19th, these sad Iglau matters once settled, Friedrich, followed by the Saxons, plunges forward into Moravia; spreads himself over the country, levying heavy contributions, with strict discipline nevertheless; intent to get hold of Brünn and its Spielberg, if he could. Brünn is the strong place of Moravia; has a garrison of 6 or 7,000; still better, has the valiant Roth, whom we knew in Neisse once, for Commandant: Brünn will not be had gratis.

Schwerin, with a Detachment of 5,000 horse and foot, Posadowsky, Ziethen, Schmettau Junior commanding under him, has dashed along far in the van; towards Upper Austria, through the Town of Horn, towards Vienna itself; levying, he also, heavy contributions, — with a hand of iron, and not much of a glove on it, as we judge. There is a grim enough Proclamation (in the name of a "frightfully injured Kaiser," as well as Kaiser's Ally), still extant, bearing Schwerin's signature, and the date "*Stein*, 26th Feb. 1742."[1] Stein is on the Donau, a mile or two from Krems, and twice as far from Mautern, where the now Kaiser was in Autumn last. Forty and odd miles short of Vienna: this proved the Pisgah of Schwerin in that direction, as it had done of Karl Albert. Ziethen, with his Hussars coursed some 20 miles farther, on the Vienna Highway; and got the length of Stockerau; a small Town, notable slightly, ever since, as the Prussian *Non-plus-ultra* in that line.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 556.

Meanwhile, Prince Lobkowitz is rallying; has quitted Budweis and the Bohemian Bogs, for some check of these insolences. Lobkowitz, rallying to himself what Vienna force there is, comes, now in good strength, to Waidhofen (rearward of Horn, far rearward of Stein and Stockerau), so that Ziethen and Schwerin have to draw homeward again. Lobkowitz fortifies himself in Waidhofen; gathers Magazines there, as if towards weightier enterprises. For indeed much is rallying, in a dangerous manner; and Moravia is now far other than when Friedrich planned this Expedition. And at Vienna, 25th February last, there was held Secret Council, and (much to Robinson's regret) a quite high Resolution come to, — which Friedrich gets to know of, and does not forget again.

The Saxons have no Cannon for Brünn, cannot afford any; there is a high Resolution taken at Vienna (February 25th): *Friedrich quits the Moravian Enterprise.*

Friedrich keeps his Head-quarter, all this while, closer and closer upon Brünn. First, chiefly at a Town called Znaim, on the River Taya; many-branched river, draining all those Northwestern parts; which sends its widening waters down to Presburg, — latterly in junction with those of the Morawa from North, which washes Olmütz, drains the Northern and Eastern parts, and gives the Country its name of "Moravia." Brünn lies northeast of Friedrich, while in Znaim, some fifty miles; the Saxon head-quarter is at Kromau, midway towards that City. After Znaim, he shifts inward, to Selowitz, still in the same Taya Valley, but much nearer Brünn; and there continues.[1]

Striving hard for Brünn; striving hard, under difficulties, for so many things distant and near; we may fancy him busy enough; — and are surprised at the fractions of light Jordan Correspondence which he still finds time for. Pretty bits of Letters, in prose and doggerel, from and to those Moravian Villages; Jordan, "twice a week," bearing the main weight;

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[1] At Znaim, 19th February–9th March; at Selowitz, 13th March–5th April (Rödenbeck, i. 65).

Friedrich, oftener than one could hope, flinging some word of answer, — very intent on Berlin gossip, we can notice. "Vattel is still here, your Majesty,"[1] insinuates Jordan: — young Vattel, afterwards of the *Droit des Gens*, whom his Majesty might have kept, but did not. — What more of your D'Argens, then; anything *in* your D'Argens? Friedrich will ask. "For certain, D'Argens is full of *esprit*," answers Jordan, in a dexterous way; and How the Effulgent of Würtemberg "has quarrelled outright with her D'Argens, and will not eat off silver (*d'argent*), lest she have to *name* him by accident!" — with other gossip, in a fine brief airy form, at which Jordan excels. Cheering the rare leisure hour, in one's Tent at Selowitz, Pohrlitz, Irrlitz, far away! — There are also orders about *Cicero* and Books. Of Business for most part, or of private feelings, nothing: Berlin gossip, and Books for one's reading, are the staple. But to return.

Out from Head-quarters, diligent operations shoot forth, far enough, along those Taya-Morawa Valleys, where Hungarian "Insurgents" are beginning to be dangerous. South of Brünn, all round Brünn, are diligent operations, frequent skirmishings, constant strict levyings of contributions. The saving operation, Friedrich well sees, would be to get hold of Brünn: but, unluckily, How? Vigilant Roth scorns all summoning; sallies continually in a dangerous manner; and at length, when closer pressed, burns all the Villages round him: "we counted as many as sixteen villages laid in ashes," says Friedrich. Here is small comfort of outlook.

And then the Saxons, at Kromau or wherever they may be: no end of trouble and vexation with these Saxons. Their quarters are not fairly allotted, they say; we make exchange of quarters, without improvement noticeable. "One fine day, on some slight alarm, they came rushing over to us, all in panic; ruined, merely by Pandour noises, had not we marched them back, and reinstated them." Friedrich sends to Silesia for reinforcements of his own, which he can depend upon. Sends to Silesia, to Glatz and the Young Dessauer; — nay to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer, ultimately. Finding Roth would not yield, he has sent to Dresden for Siege-Artillery: Polish Majesty there, titular "King of Moravia," answers that he cannot meet the expense of carriage. "He had just purchased a green diamond which would have carried them thither and back again:" What can be done with such a man? — And by this time, early in March, Hungarian "*Moriamur pro Rege*" begins to show itself. Clouds of Hungarian Insurgents, of the Tolpatch, Pandour sort, mount over the Carpathians on us, all round the east, from south to north; and threaten to penetrate Silesia itself. So that we have to sweep laboriously the Morawa-Taya Valleys; and undertake first one and then another outroad, or sharp swift sally, against those troublesome barbarians.

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[1] *Œuvres*, xvii. 163, &c.

And more serious still, Prince Karl and the regular Army, quickened by such Khevenhüller-Bärenklau successes in the Donau Countries, are beginning to stir. Prince Karl, returning from Vienna and its consultations, took command, 4th March;[1] with whom has come old Graf von Königseck, an experienced head to advise with; Prince Karl is in motion, skirting us southward, about Waidhofen, where Lobkowitz lay waiting him with Magazines ready. Rumor says, the force in those parts is already 40,000, with more daily coming in. Friedrich has of his own, apart from the Saxons, some 24,000. Prince Karl, with so many heavy troops, and with unlimited supply of light, is very capable of doing mischief: he has orders (and Friedrich now knows of it) To go in upon us; — such their decision in Secret Council at Vienna, on the 25th of February last, That he must go and fight us: — "Better we met him with fewer thrums on our hands!" thinks Friedrich; and beckons the Old Dessauer out of Brandenburg withal. "Swift, your Serenity; hitherward with 20,000!" Which the Old Dessauer (having 30,000 to pick from, late Camp-of-Göttin people) at once sets about. Will be a security, in any event![2] To finish with Brünn, Friedrich has sent for Siege-Artillery of his own; he urges Chevalier de Saxe to close with him round Brünn, and batter it energetically into swift surrender.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 557.

[2] Orlich, i. 221: Date of the Order, "13th March, 1742."

Is it not the one thing needful? Chevalier de Saxe admits, half promises; does not perform. Being again urged, Why have not you performed? he answers, "Alas, your Majesty, here are Orders for me to join Marshal Broglio at Prag, and retire altogether out of this!"

"Altogether out of it," thinks Friedrich to himself: "may all the Powers be thanked! Then I too, without disgrace, can go altogether out of it; — and it shall be a sharp eye that sees me in joint-stock with you again, M. le Chevalier." Friedrich has written in his *History*, and Valori used to hear him often say in words, Never were tidings welcomer than these, that the Saxons were about to desert him in this manner. Go: and may all the Devils — But we will not fall into profane swearing. It is proper to get out of this Enterprise at one's best speed, and never get into the like of it again! Friedrich (on this strange Saxon revelation, 30th March) takes instant order for assembling at Wischau again, for departing towards Olmütz; thence homewards, with deliberate celerity, by the Landskron mountain-country, Tribau, Zwittau, Leutomischl, and the way he came. He has countermanded his Silesian reinforcements; these and the rest shall rendezvous at Chrudim in Bohemia; whitherwards the two Dessauers are bound: — in Brünn, with its wrecked environs, famed Spielberg looking down from its conical height, and sixteen villages in ashes, Roth shall do his own way henceforth.

The Saxons pushed straight homewards; did not "rejoin Broglio," rejoin anybody, — had, in fact, done with this First Silesian War, as it proved; and were ready for the *opposite* side, on a Second falling out! Their march, this time, was long and harassing, — sad bloody passage in it, from Pandours and hostile Village-people, almost at starting, "four Companies of our Rear-guard cut down to nine men; Village burnt, and Villagers exterminated (*sic*), by the rescuing party."[1] They arrived at Leitmeritz and their own Border, "hardly above 8,000 effective." Naturally, in a highly indignant humor; and much disposed to blame somebody. To the poor Polish *Non-*

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[1] Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 606; in &c. &c.

Moravian Majesty, enlightened by his Brühls and Staff-Officers, it became a fixed truth that the blame was all Friedrich's, — "starving us, marching us about!" — that Friedrich's conduct to us was abominable, and deserved fixed resentment. Which accordingly it got, from the simple Polish Majesty, otherwise a good-natured creature; — got, and kept. To Friedrich's very great astonishment, and to his considerable disadvantage, long after!

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was "*farouche*," fierce and dark; his laugh bitter, sardonic; harsh mockery, contempt and suppressed rage, looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things, by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp diligent inspection, of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances. Poor Valori has had dreadful work; running to and fro, with his equipages breaking, his servants falling all sick, his invaluable D'Arget (Valori's chief Secretary, whom mark) quite disabled; and Valori's troubles are not done. He has been to Prag lately; is returning futile, as usual. Driving through the Mountains to rejoin Friedrich, he meets the Prussians in retreat; learns that the Pandours, extremely voracious, are ahead; that he had better turn, and wait for his Majesty about Chrudim in the Elbe region, upon highways, and within reach of Prag.

Friedrich, on the 5th of April, is in full march out of the Moravian Countries, — which are now getting submerged in deluges of Pandours; towards the above-said Chrudim, whereabouts his Magazines lie, where privately he intends to wait for Prince Karl, and that Vienna Order of the 25th February, with hands clearer of thrums. The march goes in proper columns, dislocations; Prince Dietrich, on the right, with a separate Corps, bent else-whither than to Chrudim, keeps off the Pandours. A march laborious, mountainous, on roads of such quality; but except baggage-difficulties and the like, nothing material going wrong. "On the 13th [April], we marched to Zwittau, over the Mountain of Schönhengst. The passage over this Mountain is very steep; but not so impracticable as it had been represented; because the cannon and wagons can be drawn round the sides of it."[1] Yes; — and readers may (in fancy) look about them from the top; for we shall go this road again, sixteen years hence; hardly in happier circumstances!

Friedrich gets to Chrudim, April 17th; there meets the Young Dessauer with his forces: by and by the Old Dessauer, too, comes to an Interview there (of which shortly). The Old Dessauer — his 20,000 not with him, at the moment, but resting some way behind, till he return — is to go eastward with part of them; eastward, Troppau-Jablunka way, and drive those Pandour Insurgencies to their own side of the Mountains: a job Old Leopold likes better than that of the Göttin Camp of last year. Other part of the 20,000 is to reinforce Young Leopold and the King, and go into cantonments and "refreshment-quarters" here at Chrudim. Here, living on Bohemia, with Silesia at their back, shall the Troops repose a little; and be ready for Prince Karl, if he will come on. That is what Friedrich looks to, as the main Consolation left.

In Moravia, now overrun with Pandours, precursors of Prince Karl, he has left Prince Dietrich of Anhalt, able still to maintain himself, with Olmütz as Head-quarters, for a calculated term of days: Dietrich is, with all diligence, to collect Magazines for that Jablunka-Troppau Service, and march thither to his Father with the same (cutting his way through those Pandour swarms); and leaving Mähren as bare as possible, for Prince Karl's behoof. All which Prince Dietrich does, in a gallant, soldier-like, prudent and valiant manner, — with details of danger well fronted, of prompt dexterity, of difficulty overcome; which might be interesting to soldier students, if there were among us any such species; but cannot be dwelt upon here. It is a march of 60 or 70 miles (northeast, not northwest as Friedrich's had been), through continual Pandours, perils and difficulties: — met in the due way by

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[1] Stille, p. 86.

Prince Dietrich, whose toils and valors had been of distinguished quality in this Moravian Business. Take one example, not of very serious nature (in the present March to Troppau): —

"*Olischau, evening of April* 21*st.* Just as we were getting into Olischau [still only in the environs of Olmütz], the Vanguard of Prince Karl's Army appeared on the Heights. It did not attack; but retired, Olmütz way, for the night. Prince Dietrich, not doubting but it would return next day, made the necessary preparations overnight. Nothing of it returned next day; Prince Dietrich, therefore, in the night of April 22d, pushed forward his sick-wagons, meal-wagons, heavy baggage, peaceably to Sternberg; and, at dawn on the morrow, followed with his army, Cavalry ahead, Infantry to rear;" nothing whatever happening, — unless this be a kind of thing: — "Our Infantry had scarcely got the last bridge broken down after passing it, when the roofs of Olischau seemed as it were to blow up; the Inhabitants simultaneously seizing that moment, and firing, with violent diligence, a prodigious number of shot at us, — no one of which, owing to their hurry and the distance, took any effect;"[1] but only testified what their valedictory humor was.

Or again — (Place, this time, is *Ungarisch-Brod*, near Göding on the Moravian-Hungarian Frontier, date *March* 13*th;* one of those swift Outroads, against Insurgents or "Hungarian Militias" threatening to gather): — . . . "Göding on our Moravian side of the Border, and then Skalitz on their Hungarian, being thus finished, we make for Ungarisch-Brod," the next nucleus of Insurgency. And there is the following minute phenomenon, — fit for a picturesque human memory: "As this, from Skalitz to Ungarisch-Brod, is a long march, and the roads were almost impassable, Prince Dietrich with his Corps did not arrive till after dark. So that, having sufficiently blocked the place with parties of horse and foot, he had, in spite of thick-falling snow, to wait under the open sky for daylight. In which circumstances, all that were not on sentry lay down on their arms;" slept heartily, we hope; "and there was half an ell of snow on them, when day broke."[1] When day broke, and they shook themselves to their feet again, — to the astonishment of Ungarisch-Brod! . . .

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[1] Stille, p. 50.

There had been fine passages of arms, throughout, in this Business, round Brünn, in the March home, and elsewhere; and Friedrich is well contented with the conduct of his men and generals, — and dwells afterwards with evident satisfaction on some of the feats they did.[2] I am sorry to say, General Schwerin has taken pique at this preference of the Old Dessauer for the Troppau Anti-Pandour Operation; and is home in a huff: not to reappear in active life for some years to come. "The Little Marlborough," — so they call him (for he was at Blenheim, and has abrupt hot ways), — will not participate in Prince Karl's consolatory Visit, then! Better so, thinks Friedrich perhaps (remembering Mollwitz): "This is the freak of an imitation *Anglais!*" sneers he, in mentioning it to Jordan. — Friedrich's Synopsis of this Moravian Failure of an Expedition, in answer to Jordan's curiosity about it, — curiosity implied, not expressed by the modest Jordan, is characteristic: —

"Moravia, which is a very bad Country, could not be held, owing to want of victual; and the Town of Brünn could not be taken, because the Saxons had no cannon; and when you wish to enter a Town, you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the Country has been reduced to such a state, that the Enemy cannot subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson; I would not have you at a loss what to think of our Operations; or what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence!"[1]

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[1] *Bericht von der Unternehmung des &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. p. 508).

[2] For instance, *Truchsess von Waldburg's* fine bit of Spartanism (14th March, at Lesch, near Brünn, near *Austerlitz* withal), which was much celebrated; King himself, from Selowitz, heard the cannonading (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 518–520). Selchow's feat (ib. 521). Fouquet's (this is the *Captain* Fouquet, with "*my* two candles, Sir," of the old Cüstrin-Prison time; who is dear to Friedrich ever since, and to the end): "Account of Fouquet's Grenadier Battalion, to and at Fulnek, January–April, 1742 (is in *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 176–184); especially his March *from* Fulnek, homewards, part of Prince Dietrich's that way (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 510–515). With various others (in *Seyfarth* and *Feldzüge*): well worth reading till you understand them.

"Winter Campaigns," says Friedrich elsewhere, much in earnest, and looking back on this thing long afterwards, "Winter Campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. The best Army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more Winter Campaigns than any General of this Age; but there were reasons. Thus: —

"In 1740," Winter Campaign which we saw, "there were hardly above two Austrian regiments in Silesia, at Karl VI.'s death. Being determined to assert my right to that Duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the Banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau; what was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason, this, for campaigning in winter.

"If I did not succeed in the Winter Campaign of 1742," Campaign which we have just got out of, "which I made with a design to deliver the Elector of Bavaria's Country, then overrun by Austria, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors." Mark that deliberate opinion.

"In 1745–46," Winter Campaign which we expect to see, "the Austrians having got Silesia, it was necessary to drive them out. The Saxons and they had formed a design to enter my Hereditary Dominions, to destroy them with fire and sword. I was beforehand with them. I carried the War into the heart of Saxony."[2]

Digesting many bitter-enough thoughts, Friedrich has cantoned about Chrudim; expecting, in grim composed humor, the one Consolation there can now be. February 25th, as readers well know, the Majesty of Hungary and her Aulic Council had decided, "One stroke more, O Excellency Robinson; one Battle more for our Silesian jewel of the crown! If beaten, we will then give it up; oh, not till then!" Robinson and Hyndford, — imagination may faintly represent their feelings, on the wilful downbreak of Klein-Schnellendorf; or what clamor and urgency the Majesty of Britain and they have been making ever since. But they could carry it no further: "One stroke more!"

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[1] Friedrich to Jordan (*Œuvres*, xvii. 196), Chrudim, 5th May, 1742.

[2] *Military Instructions written by &c.* "translated by an Officer" (London, 1762), pp. 171, 172. One of the best, or altogether the best, of Friedrich's excellent little Books written successively (thrice-*private*, could they have been kept so) for the instruction of his Officers. Is to be found now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. (that is vol. i. of the "*Œuvres Militaires*," which occupy 3 vols.) pp. 4 et seqq.

At Chrudim, and to the right and the left of it, sprinkled about in long, very thin, elliptic shape (thirty or forty miles long, but capable of coalescing "within eight-and-forty hours"), there lies Friedrich: the Elbe River is behind him; beyond Elbe are his Magazines, at Königsgrätz, Nimburg, Podiebrad, Pardubitz; the Giant Mountains, and world of Bohemian Hills, closing-in the background, far off: that is his position, if readers will consult their Map. The consolatory Visit, he privately thinks, cannot be till the grass come; that is, not till June, two months hence; but there also he was a little mistaken.

CHAPTER XI.

NÜSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE.

The Old Dessauer with part of his 20,000, — aided by Boy Dietrich (*Knabe*, "Knave Dietrich," as one might fondly call him) and the Moravian Meal-wagons, — accomplished his Troppau-Jablunka Problem perfectly well; cleaning the Mountains, and keeping them clean, of that Pandour rabble, as he was the man to do. Nor would his Expedition require mentioning farther, — were it not for some slight passages of a purely Biographical character; first of all, for certain rubs which befell between his Majesty and him. For example, once, before that Interview at Chrudim, just on entering Bohemia thitherward, Old Leopold had seen good to alter his march-route; and — on better information, as he thought it, which proved to be worse — had taken a road not prescribed to him. Hearing of which, Friedrich reins him up into the right course, in this sharp manner: —

"*Chrudim, 21st April.* I am greatly surprised that your Serenity, as an old Officer, does not more accurately follow my orders which I give you. If you were skilfuler than Cæsar, and did not with strict accuracy observe my orders, all else were of no help to me. I hope this notice, once for all, will be enough; and that in time coming you will give no farther causes to complain."[1]

Friedrich, on their meeting at Chrudim, was the same man as ever. But the old Son of Gunpowder stood taciturn, rigorous, in military business attitude, in the King's presence; had not forgotten the passage; and indeed he kept it in mind for long months after. And during all this Ober-Schlesien time, had the hidden grudge in his heart; — doing his day's work with scrupulous punctuality; all the more scrupulous, they say. Friedrich tried, privately through Leopold Junior, some slight touches of assuagement; but without effect; and left the Senior to Time, and to his own methods of cooling again.

Besides that of keeping down Hungarian Enterprises in the Mountains, Old Leopold had, as would appear, to take some general superintendence in Ober-Schlesien; and especially looks after the new Fortification-work going on in those parts. Which latter function brought him often to Neisse, and into contact with the ugly Walrave, Engineer-in-Chief there. A much older and much worthier acquaintance of ours, Herr Boundary-Commissioner Nüssler, happens also to be in Neisse; — waiting for those Saxon Gentlemen; who are unpunctual to a degree, and never come (nor in fact ever will, if Nüssler knew it). Luckily Nüssler kept a Notebook; and Büsching ultimately got it, condensed it, printed it; — whereby (what is rare, in these Dryasdust labyrinths, inane spectralities and cinder-mountains) there is sudden eyesight vouchsafed; and we discern veritably, far off, brought face to face for an instant, this and that! I must translate some passages, — still farther condensed: —

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[1] King to Fürst Leopold (Orlich, i. 219–221).

How Nüssler happened to be in Neisse, May, 1742.

Nüssler had been in this Country, off and on, almost since Christmas last; ready here, if the Saxons had been ready. As the Saxons were not ready, and always broke their appointment, Nüssler had gone into the Mountains, to pass time usefully, and take preliminary view of the ground.

. . . "From Berlin, 20th December, 1741; by Breslau," — where some pause and correspondence; — "thence on, Neisse way, as far as Löwen [so well known to Friedrich, that Mollwitz night!]. From Berlin to Löwen, Nüssler had come in a carriage: but as there was much snow falling, he here took a couple of sledges; in which, along with his attendants, he proceeded some fifty miles, to Jauernik, a stage beyond Neisse, to the southwest. Jauernik is a little Town lying at the foot of a Hill, on the top of which is the Schloss of Johannisberg. Here it began to rain; and the getting up the Hill, on sledges, was a difficult matter. The *Drost* [Steward] of this Castle was a Nobleman from Brunswick-Lüneburg; who, for the sake of a marriage and this Drostship for dowry, had changed from Protestant to Roman Catholic," — poor soul! "His wife and he were very polite, and showed Nüssler a great deal of kindness. Nüssler remarked on the left side of this Johannisberg," western side a good few miles off, "the Pass which leads from Glatz to Upper and Lower Schlesien," — where the reader too has been, in that *Baumgarten Skirmish,* if he could remember it, — "with a little Block-house in the bottom," and no doubt Prussian soldiers in it at the moment. "Nüssler, intent always on the useful, did not institute picturesque reflections; but considered that his King would wish to have this Pass and Block-house; and determined privately, though it perhaps lay rather beyond the boundary-mark, that his Master must have it when the bargaining should come. . . .

"On the homeward survey of these Borders, Nüssler arrived at Steinau [little Village with Schloss, which we saw once, on the march to Mollwitz, and how accident of fire devoured it that night], and at sight of the burnt Schloss standing black there, he remembered with great emotion the Story of Gräfin von Callenberg [dead since, with her pistols and brandy-bottle] and of the Gräfin's Daughter, in which he had been concerned as a much-interested witness, in old times. . . . For the rest, the journey, amid ice and snow, was not only troublesome in the extreme, but he got a life-long gout by it [and no profit to speak of]; having sunk, once, on thin ice, sledge and he, into a half-frozen stream, and got wetted to the loins, splashing about in such cold manner, — happily not quite drowned." The indefatigable Nüssler; working still, like a very artist, wherever bidden, on wages miraculously low.

The Saxon Gentlemen never came; — privately the Saxons were quite off from the Silesian bargain, and from Friedrich altogether; — so that this border survey of Nüssler's came to nothing, on the present occasion. But it served him and Friedrich well, on a new boundary-settling, which did take effect, and which holds to this day. Nüssler, during these operations, and vain waitings for the Saxons, had Neisse for head-quarters; and, going and returning, was much about Neisse; Walrave, Marwitz (Father of Wilhelmina's baggage Marwitz), Feldmarschall Schwerin (in earlier stages), and other high figures, being prominent in his circle there.

"The old Prince of Dessau came thither, for some days.[1] He was very gracious to Nüssler, who had been at his Court, and known him before this. The Old Dessauer made use of Walrave's Plate; usually had Walrave, Nüssler, and other principal figures to dinner. Walrave's Plate, every piece of it, was carefully marked with a *Raven* on the rim, — that being his crest ["Wall-raven" his name]: Old Dessauer, at sight of so many images of that bird, threw out the observation, loud enough, from the top of the table, 'Hah, Walrave, I see you are making yourself acquainted with the *ravens* in time, that they may not be strange to you at last,' " — when they come to eat you on the gibbet! (not a soft tongue, the Old Dessauer's). "Another day, seeing Walrave seated between two Jesuit Guests, the Prince said: 'Ah, there you are right, Walrave; there you sit safe; the Devil can't get you there!' As the Prince kept continually bantering him in this strain, Walrave determined not to come; sulkily absented himself one day: but the Prince sent the *Ordinanz* (Soldier in waiting) to fetch him; no refuge in sulks.

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[1] Büsching, *Beiträge*, i. 347 (beginning of May as we guess, but there is no date given).

"They had Roman-Catholic victual for Walrave and others of that faith, on the meagre-days; but Walrave eat right before him, — evidently nothing but the name of Catholic. Indeed, he was a man hated by the Catholics, for his special rapacity on them. 'He is of no religion at all,' said the Catholic Prelate of Neisse, one day, to Nüssler; 'greedy to plunder the Monasteries here; has wrung gold, silver and jewels from them, — nay from the Pope himself, — by threatening to turn Protestant, and use the Monasteries still worse. And the Pope, hearing of this, had to send him a valuable Gift, which you may see some day.' Nüssler did, one day, see this preciosity: a Crucifix, ebony bordered with gold, and the Body all of that metal, on the smallest of altars, — in Walrave's bedroom. But it was the bedroom itself which Nüssler looked at with a shudder," Nüssler and we: "in the middle of it stood Walrave's own bed, on his right hand that of his Wife, and on his left that of his Mistress:" — a brutish polygamous Walrave! "This Mistress was a certain Quarter-Master's Wife," — Quarter-Master willing, it is probable, to get rid of such an article gratis, much more on terms of profit. "Walrave had begged for him the Title of Hofrath from King Friedrich," — which, though it was but a clipping of ribbon contemptible to Friedrich, and the brute of an Engineer had excellent talents in his business, I rather wish Friedrich had refused in this instance. But he did not; "he answered in gibing tone, 'I grant you the Hofrath Title for your Quarter-Master; thinking it but fit that a General's' — What shall we call her? (Friedrich uses the direct word) — 'should have some handle to her name.'"[1]

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[1] Büsching, *Beiträge*, i. 343–348.

It was this Mistress, one is happy to know, that ultimately betrayed the unbeautiful Walrave, and brought him to Magdeburg for the rest of his life. — And now let us over the Mountains, to Chrudim again; a hundred and fifty miles at one step.

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CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON.

It was before the middle of May, not of June as Friedrich had expected, that serious news reached Chrudim. May 11th, from that place, there is a Letter to Jordan, which for once has no verse, no bantering in it: Prince Karl actually coming on; Hussar precursors, in quantity, stealing across to attack our Magazines beyond Elbe; — and in consequence, Orders are out this very day: "Cantonments, cease; immediate rendezvous, and Encampment at Chrudim here!" Which takes effect two days hence, Monday, 13th May: one of the finest sights Stille ever saw. "His Majesty rode to a height; you never beheld such a scene: bright columns, foot and horse, streaming in from every point of the compass, their clear arms glittering in the sun; lost now in some hollow, then emerging, winding out with long-drawn glitter again; till at length their blue uniforms and actual faces come home to you. Near upon 30,000 of all arms; trim exact, of stout and silently good-humored aspect; well rested, by this time; — likely fellows for their work, who will do it with a will. The King seemed to be affected by so glorious a spectacle; and, what I admired, his Majesty, though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view, but personally made the tour of the whole Camp, to see that everything was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring."[1]

Prince Karl, since we last heard of him, had hung about in the Brünn and other Moravian regions, rallying his forces, pushing out Croat parties upon Prince Dietrich's home-march, and the like; very ill off for food, for draught-cattle, in a wasted Country. So that he had soon quitted Mähren; made for Budweis and neighborhood: — dangerous to Broglio's outposts there? To a "Castle of Frauenberg," across the Moldau from Budweis; which is Broglio's bulwark there, and has cost Broglio much revictualling, reinforcing, and flurry for the last two months. Prince Karl did not meddle with Frauenberg, or Broglio, on this occasion; leaves Lobkowitz, with some Reserve-party, hovering about in those parts; — and himself advances, by Teutschbrod (well known to the poor retreating Saxons lately!) towards Chrudim, on his grand Problem, that of 25th February last. Cautiously, not too willingly, old Königseck and he. But they were inflexibly urged to it by the Heads at Vienna; who, what with their Bavarian successes, what with their Moravian and other, had got into a high key; — and scorned the notion of "Peace," when Hyndford (getting Friedrich's permission, in the late Chrudim interval) had urged it again.[1]

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[1] Stille, p. 57 (or Letter X.).

Broglio is in boundless flurry; nothing but spectres of attack looming in from Karl, from Khevenhüller, from everybody; and Eger hardly yet got.[2] Fine reinforcement, 25,000 under a Duc d'Harcourt; this and other good outlooks there are; but it is the terrible alone that occupy Broglio. And indeed the poor man — especially ever since that Moravian Business would not thrive in spite of him — is not to be called well off! Friedrich and he are in correspondence, by no means mutually pleasant, on the Prince-Karl phenomenon. "Evidently intending towards Prag, your Majesty perceives!" thinks Broglio. "If not towards Chrudim, first of all, which is 80 miles nearer him, on his rode to Prag!" urges Friedrich, at this stage: "Help *me* with a few regiments in this Chrudim Circle, lest I prove too weak here. Is not this the bulwark of your Prag just now?" In vain; Broglio (who indeed has orders that way) cannot spare a man. "Very well," thinks Friedrich; and has girded up his own strength for the Chrudim phenomenon; but does not forget this new illustration of the Joint-Stock Principle, and the advantages of Broglio Partnership.

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[1] Orlich, i. 226.

[2] 19th April (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 77–81).

Friedrich's beautiful Encampment at Chrudim lasted only two days. Precursor Tolpatcheries (and, in fact, Prince Karl's Vanguard, if we knew it) come storming about, rifer and rifer; attempting the Bridge of Kolin (road to our Magazines); attempting this and that; meaning to get between us and Prag; and, what is worse, to seize the Magazines, Podiebrad, Nimburg, which we have in that quarter! Tuesday, May 15th, accordingly, Friedrich himself gets on march, with a strong swift Vanguard, horse and foot (grenadiers, hussars, dragoons), Prag-ward, — probably as far as Kuttenberg, a fine high-lying post, which commands those Kolin parts; — will march with despatch, and see how that matter is. The main Army is to follow under Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau to-morrow, Wednesday, "so soon as their loaves have come from Königsgrätz," — for "an Army goes on its belly," says Friedrich often. Loaves do not come, owing to evil chance, on this occasion: Leopold's people "take meal instead;" but will follow, next morning, all the same, according to bidding. Readers may as well take their Map, and accompany in these movements; which issue in a notable conclusive thing.

Tuesday morning, 15th May, Friedrich marches from Chrudim; on which same morning of the 15th, Prince Karl, steadily on the advance he too, is starting, — and towards the same point, — from a place called Chotieborz, only fifteen miles to southward of Chrudim. In this way, mutually unaware, but Prince Karl getting soonest aware, the Vanguards of the Two Armies (Prince Karl's Vanguard being in many branches, of Tolpatch nature) are cast athwart each other; and make, both to Friedrich and Prince Karl, an enigmatic business of it for the next two days. Tuesday, 15th, Friedrich marching along, vigilantly observant on both hands, some fifteen miles space, came that evening to a Village called Podhorzan, with Height near by;[1] Height which he judged unattackable, and on the side of which he pitches his camp accordingly, — himself mounting the Height to look for news. News sure enough: there, south of us on the heights of Ronnow, three or four miles off, are the Enemy, camped or pickeering about, 7 or

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[1] Stille, pp. 60, 61.

8,000 as we judge. Lobkowitz, surely not Lobkowitz? He has been gliding about, on the French outskirts, far in the south-west lately: can this be Lobkowitz, about to join Prince Karl in these parts? — Truly, your Majesty, this is not Lobkowitz at all; this is Prince Karl's Vanguard, and Prince Karl himself actually in it for the moment, — anxiously taking view of *your* Vanguard; recognizing, and admitting to himself, "Pooh, they will be at Kuttenberg before us; no use in hastening. Head-quarters at Willimow to-night; here at Ronnow to-morrow: that is all we can do!"[1]

To-morrow, 16th May, before sunrise at Podhorzan, the supposed Lobkowitz is clean vanished: there is no Enemy visible to Friedrich, at Ronnow or elsewhere. Leaving Friedrich in considerable uncertainty: clear only that there are Enemies copiously about; that he himself will hold on for Kuttenberg; that young Leopold must get hitherward, with steady celerity at the top of his effort, — parts of the ground being difficult; especially a muddy Stream, called Dobrowa, which has only one Bridge on it fit for artillery, the Bridge of Sbislau, a mile or two ahead of this. Instructions are sent Leopold to that effect; and farther that Leopold must quarter in Czaslau (a substantial little Town, with bogs about it, and military virtues); and, on the whole, keep close to heel of us, the Enemy in force being near. Upon which, his Majesty pushes on for Kuttenberg; Prince Leopold following with best diligence, according to Program. His Majesty passed a little place called Neuhof that afternoon (Wednesday, 16th May); and encamped a short way from Kuttenberg, behind or north of that Town, — out of which, on his approach, there fled a considerable cloud of Austrian Irregulars, and "left a large baking of bread." Bread just about ready to their order, and coming hot out of the ovens; which was very welcome to his Majesty that night; and will yield refreshment, partial refreshment, next morning, to Prince Leopold, not too comfortable on his meal-diet just now.

Poor Prince Leopold had his own difficulties this day; rough ground, very difficult to pass; and coming on the Height of

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[1] Orlich, i. 233.

Podhorzan where his Majesty was yesterday, Leopold sees crowds of Hussars, needing a cannon-shot or two; sees evident symptoms, to southward, that the whole Force of the Enemy is advancing upon him! "Speed, then, for Sbislau Bridge yonder; across the Dobrowa, with our Artillery-wagons, or we are lost!" Prince Karl, with Hussar-parties all about, is fully aware of Prince Leopold and his movements, and is rolling on, Ronnow-ward all day, to cut him off, in his detached state, if possible. Prince Karl might, with ease, have broken this Dobrowa Bridge; and Leopold and military men recognize it as a capital neglect that he did not.

Leopold, overloaded with such intricacies and anxieties, sends off three messengers, Officers of mark (Schmettau Junior one of them), to apprise the King: the Officers return, unable to get across to his Majesty; Leopold sends proper detachment of horse with them, — uncertain still whether they will get through. And night is falling; we shall evidently be too late for getting Czaslau: well if we can occupy Chotusitz and the environs; a small clay Hamlet, three miles nearer us. It was 11 at night before the rear-guard got into Chotusitz: Czaslau, three miles south of us, we cannot attend to till to-morrow morning.[1] And the three messengers, despatched with escort, send back no word. Have they ever got to his Majesty? Leopold sends off a fourth. This fourth one does get through; reports to his Majesty, That, by all appearance, there will be Battle on the morrow early; that not Czaslau, but only Chotusitz is ours; and that Instructions are wanted. Deep in the night, this fourth messenger returns; a welcome awakening for Prince Leopold; who studies his Majesty's Instructions, and will make his dispositions accordingly.

It is 2 or 3 in the morning,[2] in Leopold's Camp, — Bivouac rather, with its face to the south, and Chotusitz ahead. Thursday, 17th May, 1742; a furiously important Day about to dawn. High Problem of the 25th February last; Britannic Majesty and his Hyndfords and Robinsons vainly protesting: — it had to be tried; Hungarian Majesty having got, from Britannic, the sinews for trying it: and this is to be the Day.

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[1] Orlich, pp. 236–239.

[2] Ib. p. 238.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ.

Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz and all these other places lie in what is called the Valley of the Elbe, but what to the eye has not the least appearance of a hollow, but of an extensive plain rather, dimpled here and there; and, if anything, rather sloping *from* the Elbe, — were it not that dull bushless brooks, one or two, sauntering to *north*ward, not southward, warn you of the contrary. Conceive a flat tract of this kind, some three or four miles square, with Czaslau on its southern border, Chotusitz on its northern; flanked, on the west, by a straggle of Lakelets, ponds and quagmires (which in our time are drained away, all but a tenth part or so of remainder); flanked, on the east, by a considerable puddle of a Stream called the Dobrowa; and cut in the middle by a nameless poor Brook ("*Brtlinka*" some write it, if anybody could pronounce), running parallel and independent, — which latter, of more concernment to us here, springs beyond Czaslau, and is got to be of some size, and more intricate than usual, with "islands" and the like, as it passes Chotusitz (a little to east of Chotusitz); — this is our Field of Battle. Sixty or more miles to eastward of Prag, eight miles or more to southward of Elbe River and the Ford of Elbe-Teinitz (which we shall hear of, in years coming). A scene worth visiting by the curious, though it is by no means of picturesque character.

Uncomfortably bare, like most German plains; mean little hamlets, which are full of litter when you enter them, lie sprinkled about; little church-spires (like suffragans to Chotusitz spire, which is near you); a ragged untrimmed country: beyond the Brook, towards the Dobrowa, two or more miles from Chotusitz, is still noticeable something like a Deer-park, with umbrageous features, bushy clumps, and shadowy vestiges of a Mansion, the one regular edifice within your horizon. Schuschitz is the name of this Mansion and Deer-park; farther on lies Sbislau, where Leopold happily found his Bridge unbroken yesterday.

The general landscape is scrubby, littery; ill-tilled, scratched rather than ploughed; physiognomic of Czech Populations, who are seldom trim at elbows: any beauty it has is on the farther side of the Dobrowa, which does not concern Prince Leopold, Prince Karl, or us at present. Prince Leopold's camp lies east and west, short way to north of Chotusitz. Schuschitz Hamlet (a good mile northward of Sbislau) covers his left, the chain of Lakelets covers his right: and Chotusitz, one of his outposts, lies centrally in front. Prince Karl is coming on, in four columns, from the Hills and intricacies south of Czaslau, — has been on march all night, intending a night-attack or camisado if he could; but could not in the least, owing to the intricate roadways, and the discrepancies of pace between his four columns. The sun was up before anything of him appeared: — drawing out, visibly yonder, by the east side of Czaslau; 30,000 strong, they say. Friedrich's united force, were Friedrich himself on the ground, will be about 28,000.

Friedrich's Orders, which Leopold is studying, were: "Hold by Chotusitz for Centre; your left wing, see you lean it on something, towards Dobrowa side, — on that intricate Brook (Brtlinka) or Park-wall of Schuschitz,[1] which I think is there; then your right wing westwards, till you lean again on something: two lines, leave room for me and my force, on the corner nearest here. I will start at four; be with you between seven and eight, — and even bring a proportion of Austrian bread (hot from these ovens of Kuttenberg) to refresh part of you." Leopold of Anhalt, a much-comforted man, waits only for the earliest gray of the morning, to be up and doing. From Chotusitz he spreads out leftwards towards the Brtlinka Brook, — difficult ground that, unfit for cavalry, with its bog-holes, islands, gullies and broken surface; better have gone across the Brtlinka with mere infantry, and leant on the wall of that Deer-park of Schuschitz with perhaps only 1,000 horse to support, well rearward of the infantry and this difficult ground? So men think, — after the action is over.[1] And indeed there was certainly some misarrangement there (done by Leopold's subordinates), which had its effects shortly.

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[1] *Sbislau,* Friedrich hastily calls it (*Œuvres,* ii. 121–126); Stille (p. 63) is more exact.

Leopold was not there in person, arranging that left wing; Leopold is looking after centre and right. He perceives, the right wing will be his best chance; knows that, in general, cavalry must be on both wings. On a little eminence in front of his right, he sees how the Enemy comes on; Czaslau, lately on their left, is now getting to rear of them: — "And you, stout old General Buddenbrock, spread yourself out to right a little, hidden behind this rising ground; I think we may outflank their left wing by a few squadrons, which will be an advantage."

Buddenbrock spreads himself out, as bidden: had Buddenbrock been reinforced by most of the horse that could do no good on our *left* wing, it is thought the Battle had gone better. Buddenbrock in this way, secretly, outflanks the Austrians; to *his* right all forward, he has that string of marshy pools (Lakes of Czirkwitz so called, outflowings from the Brook of Neuhof), and cannot be taken in flank by any means. Brook of Neuhof, which his Majesty crossed yesterday, farther north; — and ought to have *re*crossed by this time? — said Brook, hereabouts a mere fringe of quagmires and marshy pools, is our extreme boundary on the west or right; Brook of Brtlinka (unluckily *not* wall of the Deer-park) bounds us eastward, or on our left. Prince Karl, drawn up by this time, is in two lines, cavalry on right and left, but rather in bent order; bent towards us at both ends (being dainty of his ground, I suppose); and comes on in hollow-crescent form; — which is not reckoned orthodox by military men. What all these Villages, human individuals and terrified deer, are thinking, I never can conjecture! Thick-soled peasants, terrified nursingmothers: Better to run and hide, I should say; mount your garron plough-horses, hide your butter-pots, meal-barrels; run at least ten miles or so! —

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[1] Stille, pp. 63, 67.

It is now past seven, a hot May morning, the Austrians very near; — and yonder, of a surety, is his Majesty coming. Majesty has marched since four; and is here at his time, loaves and all. His men rank at once in the corner left for them; one of his horse-generals, Lehwald, is sent to the left, to put straight what may be awry there (cannot quite do it, he either); — and the attack by Buddenbrock, who secretly outflanks here on the right, this shall at once take effect. No sooner has his Majesty got upon the little eminence or rising ground, and scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, than his cannon-batteries awaken here; give the Austrian horse a good blast, by way of morning salutation and overture to the concert of the day. And Buddenbrock, deploying under cover of that, charges, "first at a trot, then at a gallop," to see what can be done upon them with the white weapon. Old Buddenbrock, surely, did not himself *ride* in the charge? He is an old man of seventy; has fought at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, nay at Steenkirk, and been run through the body, under Dutch William; is an old acquaintance of Charles XII.'s even; and sat solemnly by Friedrich Wilhelm's coffin, after so much attendance during life. The special leader of the charge was Bredow; also a veteran gentleman, but still only in the fifties; he, I conclude, made the charge; first at a trot, then at a gallop, — with swords flashing hideous, and eyebrows knit.

"The dust was prodigious," says Friedrich, weather being dry and ground sandy; for a space of time you could see nothing but one huge whirlpool of dust, with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it: however, Buddenbrock, outflanking the Austrian first line of horse, did hurl them from their place; by and by you see the dust-tempest running *south*, faster and faster south, — that is to say, the Austrian horse in flight; for Buddenbrock, outflanking them by three squadrons, has tumbled their first line topsy-turvy, and they rush to rearward, he following away and away.[1] Now were the time for a fresh force of Prussian cavalry, — for example, those you have standing useless behind the gullies and quagmires on your left wing (says Stille, after the event); — due support to Buddenbrock, and all that Austrian cavalry were gone, and their infantry left bare.

But now again, see, do not the dust-clouds pause? They pause, mounting higher and higher; they dance wildly, then roll back towards us; too evidently back. Buddenbrock has come upon the second line of Austrian horse; in too loose order Buddenbrock, by this time, and they have broken him: — and it is a mutual defeat of horse on this wing, the Prussian rather the worse of the two. And might have been serious, — had not Rothenburg plunged furiously in, at this crisis, quite through to the Austrian infantry, and restored matters, or more. Making a confused result of it in this quarter. Austrian horse-regiments there now were that fled quite away; as did even one or two foot-regiments, while the Prussian infantry dashed forward on them, escorted by Rothenburg in this manner, — who got badly wounded in the business; and was long an object of solicitude to Friedrich. And contrariwise certain Prussian horse also, it was too visible, did not compose themselves till fairly arear of our foot. This is Shock First in the Battle; there are Three Shocks in all.

Partial charging, fencing and flourishing went on; but nothing very effectual was done by the horse in this quarter farther. Nor did the fire or effort of the Prussian Infantry in this their right wing continue; Austrian fury and chief effort having, by this time, broken out in an opposite quarter. So that the strain of the Fight lies now in the other wing over about Chotusitz and the Brtlinka Brook; and thither I perceive his Majesty has galloped, being "always in the thickest of the danger" this day. Shock Second is now on. The Austrians have attacked at Chotusitz; and are threatening to do wonders there.

Prince Leopold's Left Wing, as we said, was entirely defective in the eye of tacticians (after the event). Far from leaning on the wall of the Deer-park, he did not even reach the Brook, — or had to weaken his force in Chotusitz Village for that object. So that when the Austrian foot comes storming upon Chotusitz, there is but "half a regiment" to defend it. And as for cavalry, what is to become of cavalry, slowly threading, under cannon-shot and musketry, these intricate quagmires and gullies, and dangerously breaking into files and strings, before ever it can find ground to charge? Accordingly, the Austrian foot took Chotusitz, after obstinate resistance; and old Königseck, very ill of gout, got seated in one of the huts there; and the Prussian cavalry, embarrassed to get through the gullies, could not charge except piecemeal, and then though in some cases with desperate valor, yet in all without effectual result. Königseck sits in Chotusitz; — and yet withal the Prussians are not out of it, will not be driven out of it, but cling obstinately; whereupon the Austrians set fire to the place; its dry thatch goes up in flame, and poor old Königseck, quite lame of gout, narrowly escaped burning, they say.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 123.

And, see, the Austrian horse have got across the Brtlinka, are spread almost to the Deer-park, and strive hard to take us in flank, — did not the Brook, the bad ground and the platoon-firing (fearfully swift, from discipline and the iron ramrods) hold them back in some measure. They make a violent attempt or two; but the problem is very rugged. Nor can the Austrian infantry, behind or to the west of burning Chotusitz, make an impression, though they try it, with levelled bayonets and deadly energy, again and again: the Prussian ranks are as if built of rock, and their fire is so sure and swift. Here is one Austrian regiment, came rushing on like lions; would not let go, death or no-death: — and here it lies, shot down in ranks; whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them, — as if they had got the word to take that posture, and had done it hurriedly! A small transitory gleam of proud rage is visible, deep down, in the soul of Friedrich as he records this fact. Shock Second was very violent.

The Austrian horse, after such experimenting in the Brtlinka quarter, gallop off to try to charge the Prussians in the rear; — "pleasanter by far," judge many of them, "to plunder the Prussian Camp," which they descry in those regions; whither accordingly they rush. Too many of them; and the Hussars as one man. To the sorrowful indignation of Prince Karl, whose right arm (or wing) is fallen paralytic in this manner. After the Fight, they repented in dust and ashes; and went to say so, as if with the rope about their neck; upon which he pardoned them.

Nor is Prince Karl's left wing gaining garlands just at this moment. Shock Third is awakening; — and will be decisive on Prince Karl. Chotusitz, set on fire an hour since (about 9 A.M.), still burns; cutting him in two, as it were, or disjoining his left wing from his right: and it is on his right wing that Prince Karl is depending for victory, at present; his left wing, ruffled by those first Prussian charges of horse, with occasional Prussian swift musketry ever since, being left to its own inferior luck, which is beginning to produce impression on it. And, lo, on the sudden (what brought finis to the business), Friedrich, seizing the moment, commands a united charge on this left wing: Friedrich's right wing dashes forward on it, double-quick, takes it furiously, on front and flank; fifteen field-pieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind them. So that the Austrian left wing cannot stand it at all.

The Austrian left wing, stormed in upon in this manner, swags and sways, threatening to tumble pell-mell upon the right wing; which latter has its own hands full. No Chotusitz or point of defence to hold by, Prince Karl is eminently ill off, and will be hurled wholly into the Brtlinka, and the islands and gullies, unless he mind! Prince Karl, — what a moment for him! — noticing this undeniable phenomenon, rapidly gives the word for retreat, to avoid worse. It is near upon Noon; four hours of battle; very fierce on both the wings, together or alternately; in the centre (westward of Chotusitz) mostly insignificant: "more than half the Prussians" standing with arms shouldered. Prince Karl rolls rapidly away, through Czaslau towards southwest again; loses guns in Czaslau; goes, not quite broken, but at double-quick time for five miles; cavalry, Prussian and Austrian, bickering in the rear of him; and vanishes over the horizon towards Willimow and Haber that night, the way he had come.

This is the battle of Chotusitz, called also of Czaslau: Thursday, 17th May, 1742. Vehemently fought on both sides; — calculated, one may hope, to end this Silesian matter? The results, in killed and wounded, were not very far from equal. Nay, in killed the Prussians suffered considerably the worse; the exact Austrian cipher of killed being 1,052, while that of the Prussians was 1,905, — owing chiefly to those fierce ineffectual horse-charges and bickerings, on the right wing and left; "above 1,200 Prussian cavalry were destroyed in these." But, in fine, the general loss, including wounded and missing, amounted on the Austrian side (prisoners being many, and deserters very many) to near seven thousand, and on the Prussian to between four and five.[1] Two Generals Friedrich had lost, who are not specially of our acquaintance; and several younger friends whom he loved. Rothenburg, who was in that first charge of horse with Buddenbrock, or in rescue of Buddenbrock, and did exploits, got badly hurt, as we saw, — badly, not fatally, as Friedrich's first terror was, — and wore his arm in a sling for a long while afterwards.

Buddenbrock's charge, I since hear, was ruined by the *dust;*[2] the King's vanguard, under Rothenburg, a "new-raised regiment of Hussars in green," coming to the rescue, were mistaken for Austrians, and the cry rose, "Enemy to rear!" which brought Rothenburg his disaster. Friedrich much loved and valued the man; employed him afterwards as Ambassador to France and in places of trust. Friedrich's Ambassadors are oftenest soldiers as well: bred soldiers, he finds, if they chance to have natural intelligence, are fittest for all kinds of work. — Some eighteen Austrian cannon were got; no standards, because, said the Prussians, they took the precaution of bringing none to the field, but had beforehand rolled them all up, out of harm's way. — Let us close with this Fraction of topography old and new: —

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[1] Orlich, i. 255; *Feldzüge der Preussen,* p. 113; Stille, pp. 62–71; Friedrich himself, *Œuvres,* ii. 121–126; and (ib. pp. 145–150) the Newspaper "*Relation,*" written also by him.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 121.

"King Friedrich purchased Nine Acres of Ground, near Chotusitz, to bury the slain; rented it from the proprietor for twenty-five years.[1] I asked, Where are those nine acres; what crop is now upon them? but could learn nothing. A dim people, those poor Czech natives; stupid, dirty-skinned, ill-given; not one in twenty of them speaking any German; — and our dragoman a fortuitous Jew Pedler; with the mournfulest of human faces, though a head worth twenty of those Czech ones, poor oppressed soul! The Battle-plain bears rye, barley, miscellaneous pulse, potatoes, mostly insignificant crops; — the nine hero-acres in question, perhaps still of slightly richer quality, lie indiscriminate among the others; their very fence, if they ever had one, now torn away.

"The Country, as you descend by dusty intricate lanes from Kuttenberg, with your left hand to the Elbe, and at length with your back to it, would be rather pretty, were it well cultivated, the scraggy litter swept off, and replaced by verdure and reasonable umbrage here and there. The Field of Chotusitz, where you emerge on it, is a wide wavy plain; the steeple of Chotusitz, and, three or four miles farther, that of Czaslau (pronounce '*Kot*usitz,' '*Chas*lau'), are the conspicuous objects in it. The Lakes Friedrich speaks of, which covered his right, and should cover ours, are not now there, — 'all, or mostly all, drained away, eighty years ago,' answered the Czechs; answered one wiser Czech, when pressed upon, and guessed upon; thereby solving the enigma which was distressful to us. Between those Lakes and the Brtlinka Brook may be some two miles; Chotusitz is on the crown of the space, if it have a crown. But there is no 'height' on it, worth calling a height except by the military man; no tree or bush; no fence among the scrubby ryes and pulses: no obstacle but that Brook, which, or the hollow of which, you see sauntering steadily northward or Elbe-ward, a good distance on your left, as you drive for Chotusitz and steeple. Schuschitz, a peaked brown edifice, is visible everywhere, well ahead and leftwards, well beyond said hollow; something of wood and 'deer-park' still noticeable or imaginable yonder.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 634.

"Chotusitz itself is a poor littery place; standing whitewashed, but much unswept: in two straggling rows, now wide enough apart (no Königseck need now get burnt there): utterly silent under the hot sun; not a child looked out on us, and I think the very dogs lay wisely asleep. Church and steeple are at the farther or south end of the Village, and have an older date than 1742. High up on the steeple, mending the clock-hands or I know not what, hung in mid-air one Czech; the only living thing we saw. Population may be three or four hundred, — all busy with their teams or otherwise, we will hope. Czaslau, which you approach by something of avenues, of human roads (dust and litter still abounding), is a much grander place; say of 2,000 or more: shiny, white, but also somnolent; vast market-place, or central square, sloping against you: two shiny Hotels on it, with Austrian uniforms loitering about; — and otherwise great emptiness and silence. The shiny Hotels (shine due to paint mainly) offer little of humanly edible; and, in the interior, smells strike you as — as the *oldest* you have ever met before. A people not given to washing, to ventilating! Many gospels have been preached in those parts, and abstruse Orthodoxies, sometimes with fire and sword, and no end of emphasis; but that of Soap-and-Water (which surely is as Catholic as any, and the plainest of all) has not yet got introduced there!"[1] —

Czaslau hangs upon the English mind (were not the ignorance so total) by another tie: it is the resting-place of Zisca, whose drum, or the fable of whose drum, we saw in the citadel of Glatz. Zisca was buried *in* his skin, at Czaslau finally: in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul there; with due epitaph; and his big mace or battle-club, mostly iron, hung honorable on the wall close by. Kaiser Ferdinand, Karl V.'s brother, on a Progress to Prag, came to lodge at Czaslau, one afternoon: "What is that?" said the Kaiser, strolling over this Peter-and-Paul's Church, and noticing the mace. "Ugh! Faugh!" growled he angrily, on hearing what; and would not lodge in the Town, but harnessed again, and drove farther that same night. The club is now gone; but Zisca's dust lies there irremovable till Doomsday, in the land where his limbs were made. A great behemoth of a war-captain; one of the fiercest, inflexiblest, ruggedest creatures ever made in the form of man. Devoured Priests, with appetite, wherever discoverable: Dishonorers of his Sister; murderers of the God's-witness John Huss; them may all the Devils help! Beat Kaiser Sigismund *Supra-Grammaticam* again and ever again, scattering the Ritter hosts in an extraordinary manner; — a Zisca conquerable only by Death, and the Pest-Fever passing that way.

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[1] Tourist's Note (13th September, 1858).

His birthplace, Troznow, is a village in the Budweis neighborhood, 100 miles to south. There, for three centuries after him, stood "Zisca's Oak" (under shade of which, his mother, taken suddenly on the harvest-field, had borne Zisca): a weird object, gate of Heaven and of Orcus to the superstitious populations about. At midnight on the Hallow-Eve, dark smiths would repair thither, to cut a twig of the Zisca Oak: twig of it put, at the right moment, under your stithy, insures good luck, lends pith to arm and heart, which is already good luck. So that a Bishop of those parts, being of some culture, had to cut it down, above a hundred years ago, — and build some Chapel in its stead; no Oak there now, but an orthodox Inscription, not dated that I could see.[1]

Friedrich did not much pursue the Austrians after this Victory; having cleared the Czaslau region of them, he continued there (at Kuttenberg mainly); and directed all his industry to getting Peace made. His experiences of Broglio, and of what help was likely to be had from Broglio, — whom his Court, as Friedrich chanced to know, had ordered "to keep well clear of the King of Prussia," — had not been flattering. Beaten in this Battle, Broglio's charity would have been a

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[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iii. (3tes), 110–145.

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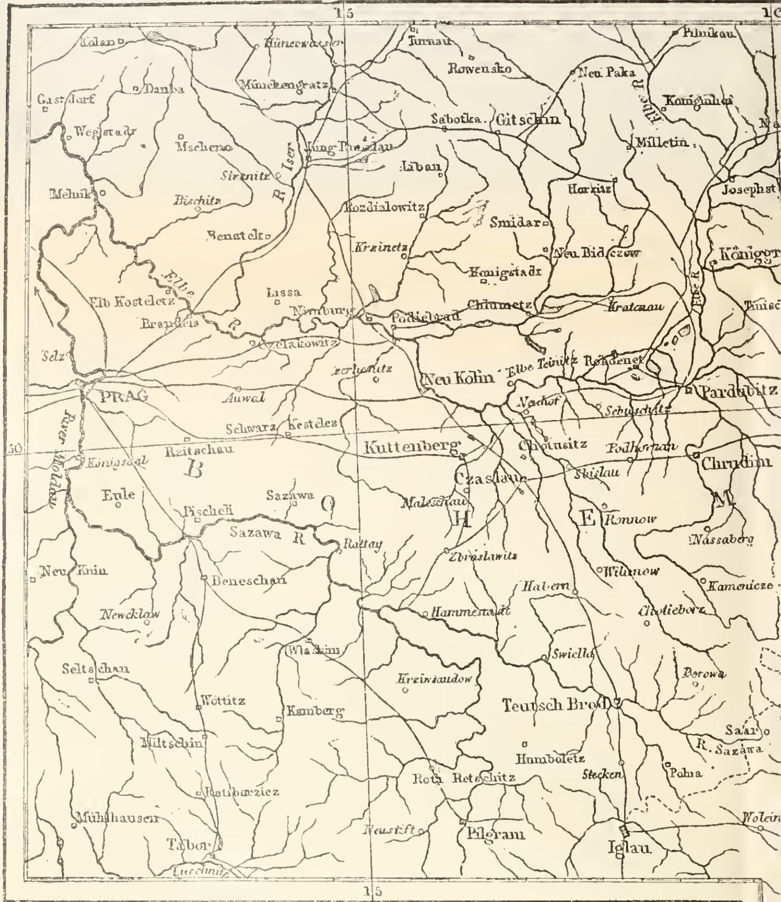
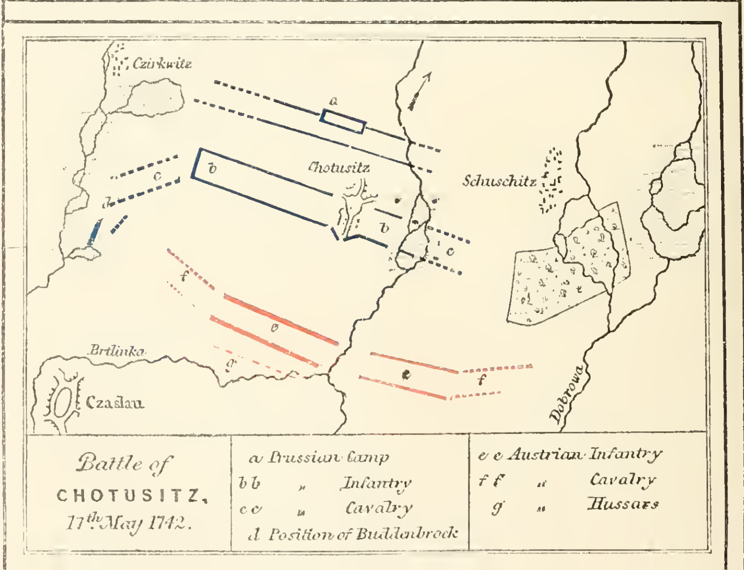
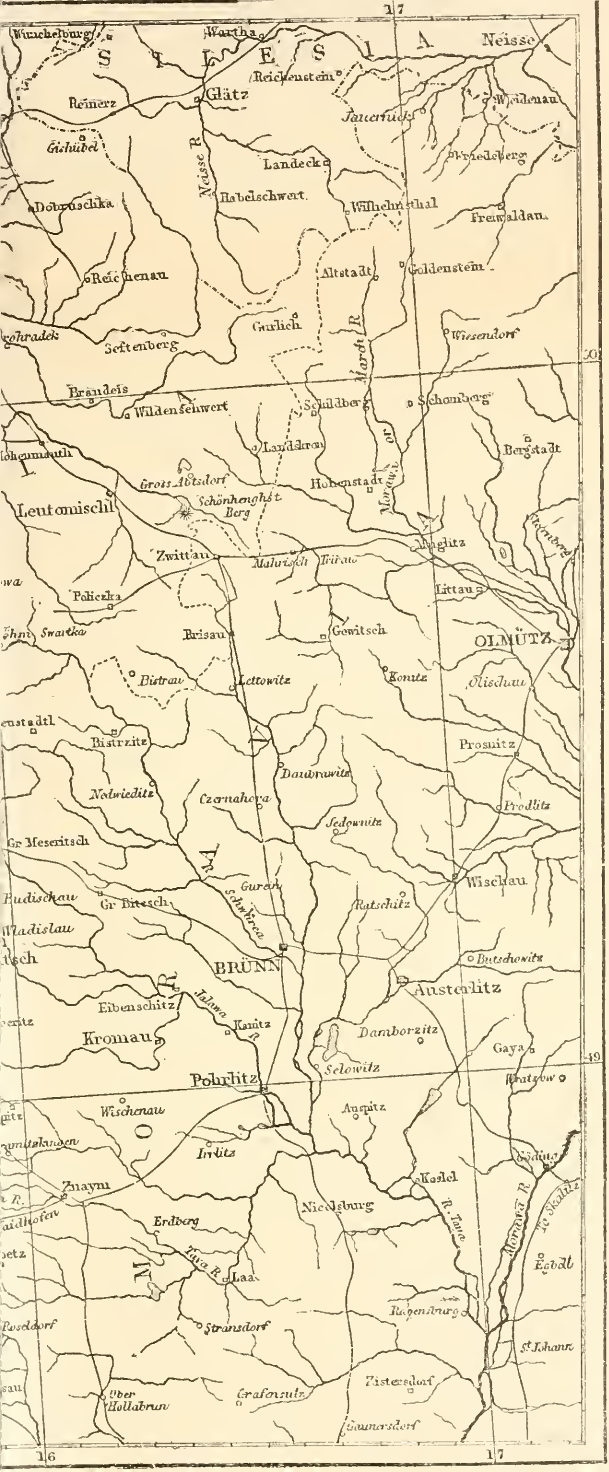




Battle of CHOTUSITZ, 11th May 1742.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weak reed to lean upon: he is happy to inform Broglio, that though kept well clear of, he is not beaten.

Blustering Broglio might have guessed that *he* now would have to look to himself. But he did not; his eyes naturally dim and bad, being dazzled at this time, by "an ever-glorious victory" (so Broglio thinks it) of his own achieving. Broglio, some couple of days after Czaslau, had marched hastily out of Prag for Budweis quarter, where Lobkowitz and the Austrians were unexpectedly bestirring themselves, and threatening to capture that "Castle of Frauenberg" (mythic old Hill-castle among woods), Broglio's chief post in those regions. Broglio, May 24th, has fought a handsome skirmish (thanks partly to Belleisle, who chanced to arrive from Frankfurt just in the nick of time, and joined Broglio): Skirmish of Sahay; magnified in all the French gazettes into a Victory of Sahay, victory little short of Pharsalia, says Friedrich;—the complete account of which, forgotten now by all creatures, is to be read in him they call Mauvillon;[1] and makes a pretty enough piece of fence, on the small scale. Lobkowitz had to give up the Frauenberg enterprise; and cross to Budweis again, till new force should come.

"Why not drive him out of Budweis," think the Two French Marshals, "him and whatever force can come? If those lucky Prussians would co-operate, and those unlucky Saxons, how easy were it!"—Belleisle sets off to persuade Friedrich, to persuade Saxony (and we shall see him on the route); Broglio waiting sublime, on the hither side of the Moldau, well within wind of Budweis, till Belleisle prevail, and return with said co-operation. What became of Broglio, waiting in this sublime manner, we shall also have to see; but perhaps not for a great while yet (cannot pause on such absurd phenomena yet),—though Broglio's catastrophe is itself a thing imminent; and, within some ten days of that astonishing Victory of Sahay, astonishes poor Broglio the reverse way. A man born for surprises!

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 204.

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE OF BRESLAU.

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature. But it had been fought with obstinacy; with great fury on the Austrian side (who, as it were, had a bet upon it ever since February 25th), Britannic George, and all the world, looking on: and, in dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. The voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, "You cannot beat those Prussians!" voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts: — in such sounding of the rams' horns round one's Jericho, there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall!

Among the Austrian Prisoners, there was a General Pallandt, mortally wounded too; whom Friedrich, according to custom, treated with his best humanity, though all help was hopeless to poor Pallandt. Calling one day at Pallandt's sick-couch, Friedrich was so sympathetic, humane and noble, that Pallandt was touched by it; and said, "What a pity your noble Majesty and my noble Queen should ruin one another, for a set of French intruders, who play false even to your Majesty!" "False?" Friedrich inquires farther: Pallandt, a man familiar at Court, has seen a Letter from Fleury to the Queen of Hungary, conclusive as to Fleury's good faith; will undertake, if permitted, to get his Majesty a sight of it. Friedrich permits; the Fleury letter comes; to the effect: "Make peace with us, O Queen; with your Prussian neighbor you shall make — what suits you!" Friedrich read; learned conclusively, what perhaps he had already as good as known otherwise; and drew the inference.[1] Actual copy of this letter the most ardent Gazetteer curiosity could not attain to, at that epoch; but the Pallandt story seems to have been true; — and as to the Fleury letter in such circumstances, copies of various Fleury letters to the like purport are still public enough; and Fleury's private intentions, already guessed at by Friedrich, are in our time a secret to nobody that inquires about them.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 633; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 186; Adelung, iii. *a*, 149 n.

Certain enough, Peace with Friedrich is now on the way; and cannot well linger: — what prospect has Austria otherwise? Its very supplies from England will be stopped. Hyndford redoubles his diligence; Britannic Majesty reiterates at Vienna: "Did not I tell you, Madam; there is no hope or possibility till these Prussians are off our hands!" To which her Hungarian Majesty, as the bargain was, now sorrowfully assents; sorrowfully, unwillingly, — and always lays the blame on his Britannic Majesty afterwards, and brings it up again as a great favor she had done *him*. "Did not I give up my invaluable Silesia, the jewel of my crown, for you, cruel Britannic Majesty with the big purse, and no heart to speak of?" This she urges always, on subsequent occasions; the high-souled Lady; reproachful of the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, who never answers as he might, "For *me*, Madam? Well —!" In short, Hyndford, Podewils and the Vienna Excellencies are busy.

Of these negotiations which go on at Breslau, and of the acres of despatches, English, Austrian, and other, let us not say one word. Enough that the Treaty is getting made, and rapidly, — though military offences do not quite cease; clouds of Austrian Pandours hovering about everywhere in Prince Karl's rear; pouncing down upon Prussian outposts, convoys, mostly to little purpose; hoping (what proves quite futile) they may even burn a Prussian magazine here or there. Contemptible to the Prussian soldier, though very troublesome to him. Friedrich regards the Pandour sort, with their jingling savagery, as a kind of military vermin; not conceivable a Prussian formed corps should yield to any odds of Pandour Tolpatch tagraggery. Nor does the Prussian soldier yield; though sometimes, like the mastiff galled by inroad of distracted weasels in too great quantity, he may have his own difficulties. Witness Colonel Retzow and the Magazine at Pardubitz ("daybreak, May 24th") *versus* the infinitude of sudden Tolpatchery, bursting from the woods; rabid enough for many hours, but ineffectual, upon Pardubitz and Retzow. A distinguished Colonel this; of whom we shall hear again. Whose style of Narrative (modest, clear, grave, brief), much more, whose vigilant inexpugnable procedure on the occasion, is much to be commended to the military man.[1] Friedrich, the better to cover his Magazines, and be out of such annoyances, fell back a little; gradually to Kuttenberg again (Tolpatchery vanishing, of its own accord); and lay encamped there, head-quarters in the Schloss of Maleschau near by, — till the Breslau Negotiations completed themselves.

Prince Karl, fringed with Tolpatchery in this manner, but with much desertion, much dispiritment, in his main body, — the *hoops* upon him all loose, so to speak, — staggers zigzag back towards Budweis, and the Lobkowitz Party there; intending nothing more upon the Prussians; — capable now, think some *Non*-Prussians, of being well swept out of Budweis, and over the horizon altogether. If only his Prussian Majesty will co-operate! thinks Belleisle. "Your King of Prussia will not, M. le Maréchal!" answers Broglio: — No, indeed; he has tried that trade already, M. le Maréchal! think Broglio and we. The suspicions that Friedrich, so quiescent after his Chotusitz, is making Peace, are rife everywhere; especially in Broglio's head and old Fleury's; though Belleisle persists with emphasis, officially and privately, in the opposite opinion, "Husht, Messieurs!" Better go and see, however.

Belleisle does go; starts for Kuttenberg, for Dresden; his beautiful Budweis project now ready, French reinforcements streaming towards us, heart high again, — if only Friedrich and the Saxons will co-operate. Belleisle, the Two Belleisles, with Valori and Company, arrived June 2d at Kuttenberg, at the Schloss of Maleschau; — "spoke little of Chotusitz," says Stille; "and were none of them at the pains to ride to the ground." Maréchal Belleisle, for the next three days, had otherwise speech of Friedrich; especially, on June 5th, a remarkable Dialogue. "Won't your Majesty co-operate?" "Alas, Monseigneur de Belleisle —" How gladly would we give this last Dialogue of Friedrich's and Belleisle's, one of the most ticklish conceivable: but there is not anywhere the least record of it that can be called authentic; — and we learn only that Friedrich, with considerable distinctness, gave him to know, "clearly" (say all the Books, except Friedrich's own), that co-operation was henceforth a thing of the preterpluperfect tense. "All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers; can any one blame me that I close such a business as ours has all along been, on such terms as these now offered me are?"

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[1] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 548 et seqq.

It is said, and is likely enough, the Pallandt-Fleury Letter came up; as probably the *Moravian Foray*, and various Broglio passages, would, in the train of said Letter. To all which, and to the inexorable painful corollary, Belleisle, in his high lean way, would listen with a stern grandiose composure. But the rumors add, On coming out into the Anteroom, dialogue and sentence now done, Monseigneur de Belleisle tore the peruke from his head; and stamping on it, was heard to say volcanically, "That cursed parson, — *ce maudit calotte* [old Fleury], — has ruined everything!" Perhaps it is not true? If true, — the prompt valets would quickly replace Monseigneur's wig; chasing his long strides; and silence, in so dignified a man, would cloak whatever emotions there were.[1] He rolled off, he and his, straightway to Dresden, there to invite co-operation in the Budweis Project; there also in vain. — "*Co*-operation," M. le Maréchal? Alas, it has already come to *oper*ation, if you knew it! And your Broglio is — Better hurry back to Prag, where you will find phenomena!

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[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 154; &c. &c. *Guerre de Bohème* (silent about the wig) admits, as all Books do, the perfect clearness; — compare, however, *Œuvres de Frédéric*; and also Broglio's strange darkness, twelve days later, and Belleisle now beside him again (*Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, v. 190, 191, of date 17th June); — darkness due perhaps to the strange humor Broglio was then in?

June 15th, Friedrich has a grand dinner of Generals at Maleschau; and says, in proposing the first bumper, "Gentlemen, I announce to you, that, as I never wished to oppress the Queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that Princess, and accepting the Proposals she has made me in satisfaction of my rights," — telling them withal what the chief terms were, and praising my Lord Hyndford for his great services. Upon which was congratulation, cordial, universal; and, with full rummers, "Health to the Queen of Hungary!" followed by others of the like type, "Grand-Duke of Lorraine!" and "The brave Prince Karl!" especially.

Brevity being incumbent on us, we shall say only that the Hyndford-Podewils operations had been speeded, day and night; brought to finis, in the form of Signed Preliminaries, as "Treaty of Breslau, 11th June, 1742;" and had gone to Friedrich's satisfaction in every particular. Thanks to the useful Hyndford, — to the willing mind of his Britannic Majesty, once so indignant, but made willing, nay passionately eager, by his love of Human Liberty and the pressure of events! To Hyndford, some weeks hence,[1] — I conclude, on Friedrich's request, — there was Order of the Thistle sent; and grandest investiture ever seen almost, done by Friedrich upon Hyndford (Jordan, Keyserling, Schwerin, and the Sword of State busy in it; Two Queens and all the Berlin firmament looking on); and, perhaps better still, on Friedrich's part there was gift of a Silver Dinner-Service; gift of the Royal Prussian Arms (which do enrich ever since the Shield of those Scottish Carmichaels, as doubtless the Dinner-Service does their Plate-chest); and abundant praise and honor to the useful Hyndford, heavy of foot, but sure, who had reached the goal.

This welcome Treaty, signed at Breslau, June 11th, and confirmed by "Treaty of Berlin, July 28th," in more explicit solemn manner, to the self-same effect, can be read by him that runs (if compelled to read Treaties);[2] the terms, in compressed form, are: —

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[1] 2d August (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 729).

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1061–1064 (Treaty of Breslau), ib. 1065–1070 (that of Berlin); to be found also in Wenck, Rousset, Schöll, Adelung, &c.

1°. "Silesia, Lower and Upper, to beyond the watershed and the Oppa-stream, — reserving only the Principality of Teschen, with pertinents, which used to be reckoned Silesian, and the ulterior Mountain-tops [Mountain-tops good for what? thought Friedrich, a year or two afterwards!] — Silesia wholly, within those limits, and furthermore the County Glatz and its dependencies, are and remain the property of Friedrich and of his Heirs male or female; given up, and made his, to all intents and purposes, forevermore. With which Friedrich, to the like long date, engages to rest satisfied, and claim nothing farther anywhere.

2°. "Silesian Dutch-English Debt [Loan of about Two Millions, better half of it English, contracted by the late Kaiser, on Silesian security, in that dreadful Polish-Election crisis, when the Sea-Powers would not help, but left it to their Stockbrokers] is undertaken by Friedrich, who will pay interest on the same till liquidated.

3°. "Religion to stand where it is. Prussian Majesty not to meddle in this present or in other Wars of her Hungarian Majesty, except with his ardent wishes that General Peace would ensue, and that all his friends, Hungarian Majesty among others, were living in good agreement around him."

This is the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), or, in second more solemn edition, Treaty of Berlin (July 28th following); signed, ratified, guaranteed by his Britannic Majesty for one,[1] and firmly planted on the Diplomatic adamant (at least on the Diplomatic parchment) of this world. And now: Homewards, then; march! —

Huge huzzaing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, bursts forth from all Prussian Towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homewards; elaborate Illuminations, in the short nights; with bonfires, with transparencies, — Transparency inscribed "*Frederico Magno* (To Friedrich *the Great*)," in one small instance, still of premature nature.[2]

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[1] Treaty of Westminster, between Friedrich and George, 29th (18th) November, 1842 (Schöll, ii. 313).

[2] *Helden-Geschichte* (ii. 702–729) is endless on these Illuminations; the Jauer case, of *Frederico Magno* (Jauer in Silesia), is of June 15th (ib. 712).

Omitting very many things, about Silesian Fortresses, Army-Cantons, Silesian settlements, military and civil, which would but weary the reader, we add only this from Bielfeld: dusty Transit of a victorious Majesty, now on the threshold of home. Precise date (which Bielfeld prudently avoids guessing at) is July 11th, 1742; "M. de Pöllnitz and I are in the suite of the King: —

"We never stopped on the road, except some hours at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where the Fair was just going on. On approaching the Town, we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and other strangers of all nations; who had come out, attracted by curiosity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very triumphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with dust, that it was difficult to distinguish the color of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfurt; and arrived safely in the Capital [next day], where the King was received amidst the acclamations of his People."[1]

Here is a successful young King; is not he? Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jewelled gold Cup, and comes up with it, alive, unlamed. Will he, like that *Diver* of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third! —

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[1] Bielfeld, ii. 51.

BOOK XIV.

THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END.

August, 1742–July, 1744.

CHAPTER I.

FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS.

Friedrich's own Peace being made on such terms, his wish and hope was, that it might soon be followed by a general European one; that, the live-coal, which had kindled this War, being quenched, the War itself might go out. Silesia is his; farther interest in the Controversy, except that it would end itself in some fair manner, he has none. "Silesia being settled," think many, thinks Friedrich for one, "what else of real and solid is there to settle?"

The European Public, or benevolent individuals of it everywhere, indulged also in this hope. "How glorious is my King, the youngest of the Kings and the grandest!" exclaims Voltaire (in his Letters to Friedrich, at this time), and re-exclaims, till Friedrich has to interfere, and politely stop it: "A King who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive-branch, and is the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War!" "Friedrich the *Third* [so Voltaire calls him, counting ill, or misled by ignorance of German nomenclature], Friedrich the Third, I mean Friedrich the Great (*Frédéric le Grand*)," will do this, and do that; — probably the first emergence of that epithet in human speech, as yet in a quite private hypothetic way.[1] Opinions about Friedrich's conduct, about his talents, his moralities, there were many (all wide of the mark): but this seemed clear, That the weight of such a sword as his, thrown into either scale, would be decisive; and that he evidently now wished peace. An unquestionable fact, that latter! Wished it, yes, right heartily; and also strove to hope, — though with less confidence than the benevolent outside Public, as knowing the interior of the elements better.

These hopes, how fond they were, we now all know. True, my friends, the live-coal which kindled this incendiary whirlpool (*one* of the live-coals, first of them that spread actual flame in these European parts, and first of them all except Jenkins's Ear) is out, fairly withdrawn; but the fire, you perceive, rages not the less. The fire will not quench itself, I doubt, till the bitumen, sulphur and other angry fuel have run much lower! Austria has fighting men in abundance, England behind it has guineas; Austria has got injuries, then successes: — there is in Austria withal a dumb pride, quite equal in pretensions to the vocal vanity of France, and far more stubborn of humor. The First Nation of the Universe, rashly hurling its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria, — see what a sort of badgers, and gloomily indignant bears, it has awakened there! Friedrich had to take arms again; and an unwelcome task it was to him, and a sore and costly. We shall be obliged (what is our grand difficulty in this History) to note, in their order, the series of European occurrences; and, tedious as the matter now is, keep readers acquainted with the current of that big War; in which, except Friedrich broad awake, and the Ear of Jenkins in somnambulancy, there is now next to nothing to interest a human creature.

It is an error still prevalent in England, though long since exploded everywhere else, that Friedrich wanted new wars, "new successful robberies," as our Gazetteers called them;

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[1] Letters of Voltaire, in *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 100, &c.: this last Letter is of date "July, 1742" — almost contemporary with the "Jauer Transparency" noticed above.

and did wilfully plunge into this War again, in the hope of again doing a stroke in that kind. English readers, on consulting the facts a little, will not hesitate to sweep that notion altogether away. Shadow of basis, except in their own angry uninformed imaginations, they will find it never had; and that precisely the reverse is manifest in Friedrich's History. A perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich; able to discriminate shine from substance; and gravitating always towards the solid, the actual. That of "*gloire*," which he owns to at starting, we saw how soon it died out, choked in the dire realities. That of Conquering Hero, in the Macedonia's-madman style, was at all times far from him, if the reader knew it, — perhaps never farther from any King who had such allurements to it, such opportunities for it. This his First Expedition to Silesia — a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered — was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory, — to defend the horse he had seized. Clear necessities, and Powers very Visible, were the origin of all his other Expeditions and Warlike Struggles, which lasted to the end of his life.

That recent "Moravian Foray;" the joint-stock principle in War matters; and the terrible pass a man might reduce himself to, at that enormous gaming-table of the gods, if he lingered there: think what considerations these had been for him! So that "his look became *farouche*," in the sight of Valori; and the spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him; — till Czaslau, when the dice fell kind again! All this had been didactic on a young docile man. He was but thirty gone. And if readers mark such docility at those years, they will find considerable meaning in it. Here are prudence, moderation, clear discernment; very unusual *veracity* of intellect, as we define it, — which quality, indeed, is the summary and victorious outcome of all manner of good qualities, and faithful performances, in a man. "Given up to strong delusions," in the tragical way many are, Friedrich was not; and, in practical matters, very seldom indeed "believed a lie."

Certain it is, he now resumes his old Reinsberg Program of Life; probably with double relish, after such experiences the other way; and prosecutes it with the old ardor; hoping much that his History will be of halcyon pacific nature, after all. Would the mad War-whirlpool but quench itself; dangerous for singeing a near neighbor, who is only just got out of it! Fain would he be arbiter, and help to quench it; but it will not quench. For a space of Two Years or more (till August, 1744, Twenty-six Months in all), Friedrich, busy on his own affairs, with carefully neutral aspect towards this War, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need, looks on with intense vigilance; using his wisest interference, not too often either, in that sense and in that only, "Be at Peace; oh, come to Peace!" — and finds that the benevolent Public and he have been mistaken in their hopes. For the next Two Years, we say: — for the first Year (or till about August, 1743), with hope not much abated, and little actual interference needed; for the latter Twelvemonth, with hope ever more abating; interference, warning, almost threatening ever more needed, and yet of no avail, as if they had been idle talking and gesticulation on his part: — till, in August, 1744, he had to — But the reader shall gradually see it, if by any method we can show it him, in something of its real sequence; and shall judge of it by his own light.

Friedrich's Domestic History was not of noisy nature, during this interval: — and indeed in the bewildered Records given of it, there is nothing visible, at first, but one wide vortex of simmering inanities; leading to the desperate conclusion that Friedrich had no domestic history at all. Which latter is by no means the fact! Your poor Prussian Dryasdust (without even an Index to help you) being at least authentic, if you look a long time intensely and on many sides, features do at last dawn out of those sad vortexes; and you find the old Reinsberg Program risen to activity again; and all manner of peaceable projects going on. Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix-la-Chapelle); has the usual Inspections, business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera-House, this first winter. He enters on Law-reform, strikes decisively into that grand problem; hoping to perfect it. What is still more significant, he in private begins writing his *Memoirs*. And furthermore, gradually determines on having a little Country House, place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace; and gets plans drawn for it, —place which became very famous, by the name of *Sans-Souci*, in times coming. His thoughts are wholly pacific; of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles: — and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him.

Silesian Fortress-building, under ugly Walrave, goes on at a steadily swift rate. Much Silesian settlement goes on; fixing of the Prussian-Austrian Boundaries without; of the Catholic-Protestant limits within: rapid, not too rough, remodelling of the Province from Austrian into Prussian, in the Financial, Administrative and every other respect: — in all which important operations the success was noiseless, but is considered to have been perfect, or nearly so. Cannot we, from these enormous Paper-masses, carefully riddled, afford the reader a glimpse or two, to quicken his imagination of these things?

Settles the Silesian Boundaries, the Silesian Arrangements; with manifest profit to Silesia and himself.

In regard to the Marches, Herr Nüssler, as natural, was again the person employed. Nüssler, shifty soul, wide-awake at all times, has already seen this Country; "noticed the Pass into Glatz with its block-house, and perceived that his Majesty would want it." From September 22d to December 12th, 1742, the actual Operation went on; ratified, completely set at rest, 16th January following.[1] Nüssler serves on three thalers (nine shillings) a day. The Austrian Head-Commissioner has £5 (thirty thalers) a day; but he is an elderly fat gentleman, pursy, scant of breath; cannot stand the rapid galloping about, and thousand-fold inspecting and detailing;

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[1] Büsching, *Beiträge*, § Nüssler: and Büsching's *Magazin*, b. x. (Halle, 1776); where, pp. 475–538, is a "*Geschichte der &c. Shlesischen Gränzscheidung im Jahr* 1742," in great amplitude and authenticity.

leaves it all to Nüssler; who goes like the wind. Thus, for example, Nüssler dictates, at evening from his saddle, the mutual Protocol of the day's doings; Old Pursy sitting by, impatient for supper, and making no criticisms. Then at night, Nüssler privately mounts again; privately, by moonlight, gallops over the ground they are to deal with next day, and takes notice of everything. No wonder the boundary-pillars, set up in such manner, which stand to this day, bear marks that Prussia here and there has had fair play! — Poor Nüssler has no fixed appointment yet, except one of about £100 a year: in all my travels I have seen no man of equal faculty at lower wages. Nor did he ever get any signal promotion, or the least exuberance of wages, this poor Nüssler; — unless it be that he got trained to perfect veracity of workmanship, and to be a man without dry-rot in the soul of him; which indeed is incalculable wages. Income of £100 a year, and no dry-rot in the soul of you anywhere; income of £100,000 a year, and nothing but dry and wet rot in the soul of you (ugly appetites, unveracities, blusterous conceits, — and probably, as symbol of all things, a pot-belly to your poor body itself): Oh, my friends!

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic; to that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia; and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia, — Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadilloes, and thoroughly reconciled himself, — nominates Sinzendorf "Vicar-General" of the Country; who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi-Supreme of the Catholic Church there. "No offence, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts; but the palliums, bulls and other holy wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing, be pleased to rest content."

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was); declared he would "himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner;" and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome: "What kind of *Hinge* are you, *Cardinalis* of the Gates of" — Husht! Shrieked his loudest, we say; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course.[1] And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round, into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King, in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth; always ready to do little mutual favors. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich's management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things; gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy, — in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognizes honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upwards, — will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion; — is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them, as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals and Captains; to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing, how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labors and them; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and Populations of such a King.[2] . . .

By degrees the Münchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular and spiritual, into the Prussian model: a long tough job; but one that proved well worth doing.[1] In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia "about six times what it had been to Austria;" — from some other forgotten source, I have seen the computation "eight times." In money revenue, at the end of Friedrich's reign, it is a little more than twice; the "eight times" and the "six times," which are but loose multiples, refer, I suppose, to population, trade, increase of national wealth, of new regiments yielded by new cantons, and the like.[2]

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[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 197–200.

[2] "In 1780, at Berlin, the population being 140,000, there are of *ecclesiastic* kind only 140; that is 1 to the 1,000; — at München there are thirty times as many in proportion" (Mirabeau, *Monarchie Prussienne*, viii. 342; quoting *Nicolai*).

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia: and to the Inhabitants what multiple of usefulness shall we give? To be governed on principles fair and rational, that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect; and to be governed on principles which contradict the very rules of Cocker, and with impious disbelief of the very Multiplication Table: the one is a perpetual Gospel of Cosmos and Heaven to every unit of the Population; the other a Gospel of Chaos and Beelzebub to every unit of them: there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that! — Certain of these advantages, in the new Government, are seen at once; others, the still more valuable, do not appear, except gradually and after many days and years. With the one and the other, Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer it underwent; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns (who are the Authors of Prussia, without whom Prussia had never been), than this their latest acquisition, when once it too got moulded into their own image.[3]

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[1] In Preuss (i. 197-200), the various steps (from 1740 to 1806).

[2] Westphalen, in *Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (printed, Berlin, 1859, written 100 years before by that well-informed person), i. 65, says in the rough "six times:" Preuss, iv. 292, gives, very indistinctly, the ciphers of Revenue, in 1740 and *some* later Year: according to Friedrich himself (*Œuvres*, ii. 102), the Silesian Revenue at first was "3,600,000 thalers" (£540.000, little more than Half a Million); Population, a Million-and-Half.

[3] Preuss, i. 193, and ib. 200 (Note from Klein, a Silesian Jurist): "Favor

Opening of the Opera-House at Berlin.

. . . December 7th, this Winter, Carnival being come or just coming, Friedrich opens his New Opera-House, for behoof of the cultivated Berlin classes; a fine Edifice, which had been diligently built by Knobelsdorf, while those Silesian battlings went on. "One of the largest and finest Opera-houses in the whole world; like a sumptuous Palace rather. Stands free on all sides, space for 1,000 Coaches round it; Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; and inside — you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms or boudoirs, free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every point: air pure and free everywhere; water aloft, not only for theatrical cascades, but to drown out any fire or risk of fire."[1] This is Seyfarth's account, still capable of confirmation by travelling readers of a musical turn. I have seen Operas with much more brilliancy of gas and gilding; but none nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense; or where the audience (not now a gratis one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way.

"Perhaps it will attract moneyed strangers to frequent our Capital?" — some guess, that was Friedrich's thought. "At all events, it is a handsome piece of equipage, for a musical King and People; not to be neglected in the circumstances. Thalia, in general, — let us not neglect Thalia, in such a dearth of worshipable objects." Nor did he neglect Thalia. The trouble Friedrich took with his Opera, with his Dancing-Apparatus, French Comedy, and the rest of that affair, was very great. Much greater, surely, than this Editor would have thought of taking; though, on reflection, he does not presume to blame. The world is dreadfully scant of worshipable objects: and if your Theatre is your own, to sweep away intrusive nonsense continually from the gates of it? Friedrich's Opera costs him heavy sums (surely I once knew approximately what, but the

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not merit formerly;" "Magistracies a regular branch of *trade;*" — "highway robbers on a strangely familiar footing with the old Breslau magistrates;" &c. &c.

[1] Seyfarth, i. 234; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin,* i. 169.

sibylline leaf is gone again upon the winds !) — and he admits gratis a select public, and that only.[1] "This Winter, 1742–43, was unusually magnificent at Court: balls, *wirthschaften* [kind of *mimic fairs*], sledge-parties, masquerades, and theatricals of all sorts; — and once even, December 2d, the new Golden Table-Service [cost of it £200,000] was in action, when the Two Queens [Queen Regnant and Queen Mother] dined with his Majesty."

Friedrich takes the Waters at Aachen, where Voltaire comes to see him.

Months before that of the Opera-House or those Silesian settlements, Friedrich, in the end of August, what is the first thing visible in his Domestic History, makes a visit, for health's sake, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle so called), with a view to the waters there. Intends to try for a little improvement in health, as the basis of ulterior things. Health has naturally suffered a little in these War-hardships; and the Doctors recommend Aix. After Wesel, and the Westphalian Inspections, Friedrich, accordingly, proceeds to Aix; and for about a fortnight (25th August – 9th September) drinks the waters in that old resting-place of Charlemagne; — particulars not given in the Books; except that "he lodged with Baege" (if any mortal now knew Baege), and did an Audience or so to select persons now unknown. He is not entirely incognito, but is without royal state; the "guard of twenty men, the escort of 150 men," being no men of his, but presumably mere Town-guard of Aix coming in an honorary way. Aix is proud to see him; he himself is intent on the waters here at old Aix: —

Aquisgranum, urbs regalis,
Sedes Regni principalis: —

My friend, this was Charlemagne's high place; and his dust lies here, these thousand years last past. And there used to soar "a very large Gilt Eagle," ten feet wide or so, aloft on the Cathedral-steeple there; Eagle turned southward when the Kaiser was in Frankenland, eastward when he was in Teutsch or Teuton-land; in fact, pointing out the Kaiser's whereabouts to loyal mankind.[1] Eagle which shines on me as a human fact; luminously gilt, through the dark Dryasdustic Ages, gone all spectral under Dryasdust's sad handling. Friedrich knows farther, that for many centuries after, the "Reich's *Insignia* (*Reichs-Kleinodien*)" used to be here, — though Maria Theresa has them now, and will not give them up. The whole of which points are indifferent to him. The practical, not the sentimental, is Friedrich's interest; — not to say that *Werter* and the Sentimental were not yet born into our afflicted Earth. A King thoroughly practical; — yet an exquisite player on the flute withal, as we often notice; whose adagio could draw tears from you. For in himself, too, there were floods of tears (as when his Mother died); and he has been heard saying, not bragging but lamenting, what was truly the fact, that "he had more feeling than other men." But it was honest human feeling always; and was repressed, where not irrepressible; — as it behooved to be.

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[1] Preuss, i. 277; and Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 100.

Friedrich's suite was not considerable, says the French spy at Aix on this occasion; pomp of Entrance, — a thing to be mute upon! "Came driving in with the common post-horses of the country; and such a set of carriages as your Lordship, intent on the sublime, has no idea of."[2] Rumor was, His Britannic Majesty was coming (also on pretext of the waters) to confer with him; other rumor is, If King George came in at one gate, King Friedrich would go out at the other. A dubious Friedrich, to the French spy, at this moment; nothing like so admirable as he once was! —

The French emotions (of which we say little), on Friedrich's making Peace for himself, had naturally been great. To the French Public it was unexpected, somewhat *sudden* even to the Court; and, sure enough, it was of perilous importance in the circumstances. Few days ago, Broglio (by order given him) "could not spare a man," for the Common Cause; — and now the Common Cause has become entirely the Broglio one, and Broglio will have the full use of all his men! "Defection [plainly treasonous to your Liege Lord and Nation]! horrible to think of!" cried the French Public; the Court outwardly taking a lofty tragic-elegiac tone, with some air of hope that his Prussian Majesty would perhaps come round again, to the side of his afflicted France! Of which, except in the way of helping France and the other afflicted parties to a just Peace if he could, his Prussian Majesty had small thought at this time.

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[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*.

[2] Spy-Letter, in *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, i. 222.

More affecting to Friedrich were the natural terrors of the poor Kaiser on this event. The Kaiser has already had his Messenger at Berlin, in consequence of it; with urgent inquiries, entreaties; — an expert Messenger, who knows Berlin well. No other than our old friend, the Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, now titular Feldmarschall, — whom one is more surprised than delighted to meet again! Being out with Austria (clamoring for great sums of "arrears," which they will not pay), he has been hanging about this new Kaiser, ever since Election-time; and is again getting into employment, Diplomatic, Strategic, for some years, — though we hope mostly to ignore him and it. Friedrich's own feeling at sight of him, — ask not about it, more than if there had been none! Friedrich gave him "a distinguished reception;" Friedrich's answer sent by him to the Kaiser was all kindness; emphatic assurance, "That, not 'hostility' by any means, that loyalty, friendship, and aid wherever possible within the limits, should always be his rule towards the now Kaiser, lawful Head of the Reich, in difficult circumstances."[1] Which was some consolation to the poor man, — stript of his old revenues, old Bavarian Dominions, and unprovided with new; this sublime Headship of the Reich being moneyless; and one's new "Kingdom of Bohemia" hanging in so uncertain a state, with nothing but a Pharsalia-Sahay to show for itself! —

Among Friedrich's "inconsiderable suite," at Aachen, was Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts); and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his

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[1] "Audience, 30th July" (Adelung, iii. *a*, 217).

Wife's youngest Brother; a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier in Friedrich's Army, this one; in whose fine inarticulate eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King; much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes. When at home, Friedrich is still occasionally with his Queen; who lives at Schönhausen, in the environs of Berlin, but goes with him to Charlottenburg, to old Reinsberg; and has her share of galas in his company, with the Queen Mother and cognate Highnesses.

Another small fact, still more memorable at present, is, That Voltaire now made him a Third Visit, — privately on Fleury's instance, as is evident this time. Of which Voltaire Visit readers shall know duly, by and by, what little is knowable. But, alas, there is first an immense arrear of War-matters to bring up; to which, still more than to Voltaire, the afflicted reader must address himself, if he would understand at all what Friedrich's Environment, or circumambient Life-element now was, and how Friedrich, well or ill, comported himself in the same. Brevity, this Editor knows, is extremely desirable, and that the scissors should be merciless on those sad Paper-Heaps, intolerable to the modern mind; but, unless the modern mind chance to prefer ease and darkness, what can an Editor do!

CHAPTER II.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND.

Austrian affairs are not now in their nadir-point; a long while now since they passed that. Austria, to all appearance dead, started up, and began to strike for herself, with some success, the instant Walpole's *soup-royal* (that first £200,000, followed since by abundance more) got to her lips. Touched her poor pale lips; and went tingling through her, like life and fiery elasticity, out of death by inanition! Cardinal moment, which History knows, but can never date, except vaguely, some time in 1741; among the last acts of judicious Walpole.

Austria, thanks to its own Khevenhüllers and its English guineas, was already rising in various quarters: and now when the Prussian Affair is settled, Austria springs up everywhere like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it; mounts steadily, month after month, in practical success, and in height of humor in a still higher ratio. And in the course of the next Two Years rises to a great height indeed. Here — snatched, who knows with what difficulty, from that shoreless bottomless slough of an Austrian-Succession War, deservedly forgotten, and avoided by extant mankind — are some of the more essential phenomena, which Friedrich had to witness in those months. To witness, to scan with such intense interest, — rightly, at his peril; — and to interpret as actual "Omens" for him, as monitions of a most indisputable nature! No Haruspex, I suppose, with or without "white beard, and long staff for cutting the Heavenly Vault into compartments from the zenith downwards," could, in Etruria or elsewhere, "watch the flight of birds, now into this compartment, now into that," with stricter scrutiny than, on the new terms, did this young King from his Potsdam Observatory.

War-Phenomena in the Western Parts: King George tries, a Second Time, to draw his Sword; tugs at it violently, for Seven Months (February–October, 1742).

"The first phenomenon, cheering to Austria, is that of the Britannic Majesty again clutching sword, with evident intent to draw it on her behalf.[1] Besides his potent soup-royal of Half-Millions annually, the Britannic Majesty has a considerable sword, say 40,000, of British and of subsidized; — sword which costs him a great deal of money to keep by his side; and a great deal of clamor and insolent gibing from the Gazetteer species, because he is forced to keep it strictly in the scabbard hitherto. This Year, we observe, he has determined again to draw it, in the Cause of Human Liberty, whatever follow. From early Spring there were symptoms: Camps on Lexden and other Heaths, much reviewing in Hyde-Park and elsewhere; from all corners a universal marching towards the Kent Coast; the aspects being favorable. 'We can besiege Dunkirk at any rate, cannot we, your High Mightinesses? Dunkirk, which, by all the Treaties in existence, ought to need no besieging; but which, in spite of treatyings innumerable, always does?' The High Mightinesses answer nothing articulate, languidly grumble something in *optative* tone; — 'meaning assent,' thinks the sanguine mind. 'Dutch hoistable, after all!' thinks he; 'Dutch will co-operate, if they saw example set!' And, in England, the work of embarking actually begins.

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[1] Tindal, xx. 552; Old Newspapers; &c. &c.

"Britannic Majesty's purpose, and even fixed resolve to this effect, had preceded the Prussian-Austrian Settlement. May 20th,[1] 'Two regiments of Foot,' first poor instalment of British Troops, had actually landed at Ostend; — news of the Battle of Chotusitz, much more, of the Austrian-Prussian Settlement, or Peace of Breslau, would meet them *there*. But after that latter auspicious event, things start into quick and double-quick time; and the Gazetteers get vocal, almost lyrical: About Howard's regiment, Ponsonby's regiment, all manner of regiments, off to Flanders, for a stroke of work; how 'Ligonier's Dragoons [a set of wild swearing fellows, whom Guildford is happy to be quit of] rode through Bromley with their kettle-drums going, and are this day at Gravesend to take ship;'" — or to give one other, more specific example:

"Yesterday [3d July, 1742] General Campbell's Regiment of Scotch Greys arrived in the Borough of Southwark, on their march to Dover, where they are to embark for Flanders. They are fine hardy fellows, that want no seasoning; and make an appearance agreeable to all but the innkeepers," — who have such billeting to do, of late.[2] "Grey Dragoons," or Royal Scots-Greys, is the title of this fine Regiment; and their Colonel is Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle (fourth Duke), Cousin of the great second Duke of Argyle that now is.[1] Visibly billeting there, in Southwark, with such intentions: — and, by accident, this Editor knows Twenty of these fine fellows! Twenty or so, who had gone in one batch as Greys; sons of good Annandale yeomen, otherwise without a career open: some Two of whom did get back, and lived to be old men; the rumor of whom, and of their unheard-of adventures, was still lingering in the air, when this Editor began existence. Pardon, O reader! —

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[1] "9th" by the Old Newspapers; but we always *translate* their o.s.

[2] *Daily Post*, June 23d (o.s.), 1742.

"But, all through those hot days, it is a universal drumming, kettle-drumming, coast-ward; preparation of transports at Gravesend, at the top of one's velocity. 'All the coopers in London are in requisition for water-casks, so that our very brewers have to pause astonished for want of tubs.' There is pumping in of water day and night, Sunday not excepted, then throwing of it out again [owing to new circumstances]: 250 saddle-horses, and 100 sumpter ditto, for his Majesty's own use, — these need a deal of water, never to speak of Ligonier and the Greys. 'For the honor of our Country, his Majesty will make a grander appearance this Campaign than any of his Predecessors ever did; and as to the magnificence of his equipage,' — besides the 350 quadrupeds, 'there are above 100 rich portmanteaus getting ready with all expedition.'[2] The Fat Boy too [Royal Highness Duke of Cumberland, one should say] is to go; a most brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature; hopeful Son of Mars, could he once get experience, which, alas, he never could, though trying it for five-and-twenty years to come, under huge expense to this Nation! There are to be 16,000 troops, perhaps more; '1,000 sand-bags' (empty as yet); demolition of Dunkirk the thing aimed at." If only the Dutch prove hoistable! —

"And so, from May on to September, it noisily proceeds, at multiplex rates, and often with more haste than speed: and in such five months (seven, strictly counted) of clangorous movement and dead-lift exertion, there were veritably got across, of

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[1] Douglas, *Scotch Peerage* (Edinburgh, 1764), p. 44.

[2] *Daily Post*, September 13th (*i.e.* 26th).

Horse and Foot with their equipments, the surprising number of '16,334 men.'[1] May 20th it began, — that is, the embarking began; the noise and babble about it, which have been incessant ever since, had begun in February before; — and on September 26th, Ostend, now almost weary of huzzaing over British glory by instalment, had the joy of seeing our final portions of Artillery arrive: Such a Park of Siege-and-Field Artillery," exults the Gazetteer, "as" — as these poor creatures never dreamt of before.

"Magnanimous Lord Stair, already Plenipotentiary to the Dutch, is to be King's General-in-Chief of this fine Enterprise; Carteret, another Lord of some real brilliancy, and perhaps of still weightier metal, is head of the Cabinet; hearty, both of them, for these Anti-French intentions: and the Public cannot but think, Surely something will come of it this time? More especially now that Maillebois, about the middle of August, by a strange turn of fortune, is swept out of the way. Maillebois, lying over in Westphalia with his 30 or 40,000, on 'Check to your King' this year past, had, on sight of these Anti-Dunkirk movements, been ordered to look Dunkirk way, and at length to move thitherward, for protection of Dunkirk. So that Stair, before his Dunkirk business, will have to fight Maillebois; which Stair doubts not may be satisfactorily done. But behold, in August and earlier, come marvellous news from the Prag quarter, tragical to France; and Maillebois is off, at his best speed, in the reverse direction; on a far other errand!" — Of which readers shall soon hear enough.

"Dunkirk, therefore, is now open. With 16,000 British troops, Hanoverians to the like number, and Hessians 6,000, together near 40,000, not to speak of Dutch at all, surely one might manage Dunkirk, if not something still better? It is *after* Maillebois's departure that these dreadful exertions, coopering of water-casks, pumping all Sunday, go on at Gravesend: 'Swift, oh, be swift, while time is!' And Generalissimo-Plenipotentiary Stair, who has run over beforehand, is ardent enough upon the Dutch; his eloquence fiery and incessant: 'Magnanimous High Mightinesses, was there, will there again be, such a chance? The Cause of Human Liberty may be secured forever! Dunkirk — or what is Dunkirk even? Between us and Paris, there is nothing, now that Maillebois is off on such an errand! Why should not we play Marlborough again, and teach them a little what Invasion means? It is ourselves alone that can hinder it! Now, I say, or never!'

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[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 201.

"Stair was a pupil of Marlborough's; is otherwise a shining kind of man; and has immense things in his eye, at this time. They say, what is not unlikely, he proposed an Interview with Friedrich now at Aachen; would come privately, to 'take the waters' for a day or two, — while Maillebois was on his new errand, and such a crisis had risen. But Friedrich, anxious to be neutral and give no offence, politely waived such honor. Lord Stair was thought to be something of a General, in fact as well as in costume; — and perhaps he was so. And had there been a proper *Countess* of Stair, or new Sarah Jennings, — to cover gently, by art-magic, the Britannic Majesty and Fat Boy under a tub; and to put Britain, and British Parliament and resources, into Stair's hand for a few years, — who knows what Stair too might have done! A Marlborough in the War Arts, — perhaps still less in the Peace ones, if we knew the great Marlborough, — he could not have been. But there is in him a recognizable flash of magnanimity, of heroic enterprise and purpose; which is highly peculiar in that sordid element. And it can be said of him, as of lightning striking ineffectual on the Bog of Allen or the Stygian Fens, that his strength was never tried." — For the upshot of him we will wait; not very long.

These are fine prospects, if only the Dutch prove hoistable. But these are as nothing to what is passing, and has passed, in the Eastern Parts, in the Bohemian-Bavarian quarter, since we were there. Poor Kaiser Karl, what an outlook for him! His own real Bavaria, much more his imaginary "Upper Austria" and "Conquests on the Donau," after that Ségur Adventure, are plunging headlong. As to his once "Kingdom of Bohemia," it has already plunged; nay, the Army of the Oriflamme is itself near plunging, in spite of that Pharsalia of a Sahay! Bavaria itself, we say, is mostly gone to Khevenhüller; Ségur with his French on march homeward, and nothing but Bavarians left. The Belleisle-Broglio grand Budweis Expedition is gone totally heels over head; Belleisle and Broglio are getting, step by step, shut up in Prag and besieged there: while Maillebois — Let us try whether, by snatching out here a fragment and there a fragment, with chronological and other appliances, it be not possible to give readers some conceivable notion of what Friedrich was now looking at with such interest! —

How Duc d'Harcourt, advancing to reinforce the Oriflamme, had to split himself in two; and become an "Army of Bavaria," to little effect.

The poor Kaiser, who at one time counted "30,000 Bavarians of his own," has all along been ill served by them and the bad Generals they had: two Generals; both of whom, Minuzzi, and old Feldmarschall Thörring (Prime Minister withal), came to a bad reputation in this War. Beaten nearly always; Thörring quite always, — "like a *drum*, that Thörring; never heard of except when beaten," said the wits! Of such let us not speak. Understand only, *first*, that the French, reasonably soon after that Linz explosion, did, in such crisis, get reinforcements on the road; a Duc d'Harcourt with some 25,000 faring forward, in an intermittent manner, ever since "March 4th." And *secondly*, that Khevenhüller has fast hold of Passau, the Austrian-Bavarian Key-City; is master of nearly all Bavaria (of München, and all that lies south of the Donau); and is now across on the north shore, wrenching and tugging upon Kelheim and the Ingolstadt-Donauwörth regions, with nothing but Thörring people and small French Garrisons to hinder him; — where it will be fatal if he quite prosper; Ingolstadt being our Place-of-Arms, and House on the Highway, both for Bavaria and Bohemia!

"For months past, there had been a gleam of hope for Kaiser Karl, and his new 'Kingdom of Bohemia,' and old Electorate of Bavaria, from the rumor of 'D'Harcourt's reinforcement,' — a 20 or 30,000 new Frenchmen marching into those parts, in a very detached intermittent manner; great in the Gazettes. But it proved a gleam only, and came to nothing effectual. Poor D'Harcourt, owing to cross orders [Broglio clamorously demanding that the new force should come to Prag; Karl Albert the Kaiser, nominally General-in-Chief, demanding that it should go down the Donau and sweep his Bavaria clear], was in difficulty. To do either of these cross orders might have brought some result; but to half-do both of them, as he was enjoined to attempt, was not wise! Some half of his force he did detach towards Broglio; which got to actual junction, partly before, partly after, that Pharsalia-Sahay Affair, and raised Broglio to a strength of 24,000, — still inadequate against Prince Karl. Which done, D'Harcourt himself went down the Donau, on his original scheme, with the remainder of his forces, — now likewise become inadequate. He is to join with Feldmarschall Thörring in the" — And does it, as we shall see presently! . . .

München, 5th May. "Rumor of D'Harcourt had somewhat cleared Bavaria of Austrians; but the reality of him, in a divided state, by no means corresponds. Thus München City, in the last days of April, — D'Harcourt advancing, terrible as a rumor, — rejoiced exceedingly to see the Austrians march out, at their best pace. And the exultant populace even massacred a loitering Tolpatch or two; who well deserve it, think the populace, judging by their experience for the last three months, since Bärenklau and Mentzel became King here. — 'Rumor of D'Harcourt?' answers Khevenhüller from the Kelheim-Passau side of things: 'Let us wait for sight of him, at least!' And orders München to be reoccupied. So that, alas, 'within a week,' on the 5th of May, Bärenklau is back upon the poor City; exacts severe vengeance for the Tolpatch business; and will give them seven months more of his company, in spite of D'Harcourt, and 'the Army of Bavaria' as he now called himself:" — new "Army of Bavaria," when once arrived in those Countries, and joined with poor Thörring and the Kaiser's people there. Such an "Army of Bavaria," first and last, as — as Khevenhüller could have wished it! Under D'Harcourt, joined with old Feldmarschall Thörring (him whom men liken to a *Drum*, "never heard of except when beaten"), this is literally the sum of what fighting it did:

"*Hilgartsberg* (Deggendorf Donau-Country), *May 28th.* D'Harcourt and Thörring, after junction at Donauwörth several weeks ago, and a good deal of futile marching up and down in those Donau Countries, — on the left bank, for most part; Khevenhüller holding stiffly, as usual, by the Inn, the Iser, and the rivers and countries on the right, — did at last, being now almost within sight of Passau and that important valley of the Inn across yonder, seriously decide to have a stroke at Passau, and to dislodge Khevenhüller, who is weak in force, though obstinate. They perceive that there is, on this left bank, a post in the woods, Castle of Hilgartsberg, none of the strongest Castles, rather a big Country Mansion than a Castle, which it will be necessary first to take. They go accordingly to take it (May 28th, having well laid their heads together the day before); march through intricate wet forest country, peat above all abundant; see the Castle of Hilgartsberg towering aloft, picturesque object in the Donau Valley, left bank; — are met by cannon-shot, case-shot, shot of every kind; likewise by Croats apparently innumerable, by cavalry sabrings and levelled bayonets; do not behave too well, being excessively astonished; and are glad to get off again, leaving one of their guns lodged in the mud, and about a hundred unfortunate men.[1] This quite disgusted D'Harcourt with the Passau speculation and these grim Khevenhüller outposts. He straightway took to collecting Magazines; lodging himself in the attainable Towns thereabouts, Deggendorf the chief strength for him; and gave up fighting till perhaps better times might arrive." We will wish him good success in the victualling department, hope to hear no more of him in this History; — and shall say only that Comte de Saxe, before long, relieves him of this Bavarian Army; — and will be seen at the head of it, on a most important business that rises.

Kaiser Karl begins to have real thoughts of recalling this Thörring, who is grown so very *audible*, altogether home; and of appointing Seckendorf instead. A course which Belleisle has been strongly recommending for some time. Seckendorf is at present "gathering meal in the Ober-Pfalz" (Upper Palatinate, road from Ingolstadt to Eger, to Böhmen generally), that is, forming Magazines, on the Kaiser's behalf there: "Surely a likelier man than your Thörring!" urges Belleisle always. With whom the Kaiser does finally comply; nominates Seckendorf commander, — recalls the invaluable Thörring "to his services in our Cabinet Council, which more befit his great age." In which safe post poor Thörring, like a Drum *not* beaten upon, has thenceforth a silent life of it; Seckendorf fighting in his stead, — as we shall have to witness, more or less.

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 146-148, 136, &c.

Khevenhüller's is a changed posture, since he stood in Vienna, eight or nine months ago; grimly resolute, drilling his "6,000 of garrison," with the wheelbarrows all busy! — But her Hungarian Majesty's chief success, which is now opening into outlooks of a quite triumphant nature, has been that over the New Oriflamme itself, the Belleisle-Broglio Army, — most sweet to her Majesty to triumph over! Shortly after Chotusitz, shortly after that Pharsalia of a Sahay, readers remember Belleisle's fine Project, "Conjoined attack on Budweis, and sweeping of Bohemia clear;" — readers saw Belleisle, in the Schloss of Maleschau, 5th June last, rushing out (with violence to his own wig, says rumor); hurrying off to Dresden for co-operation; equally in vain. "Co-operation, M. le Maréchal; attack *on* Budweis?" — Here is another Fragment: —

How Belleisle, returning from Dresden without Co-operation, found the Attack had been done, — in a fatally reverse way. Prag expecting Siege. Colloquy with Broglio on that interesting point. Prag besieged.

Budweis, June 4th–Prag, June 13th. "Broglio, ever since that Sahay [which had been fought so gloriously on Frauenberg's account], lay in the Castle of Frauenberg, in and around, — hither side of the Moldau river, with his Pisek thirty miles to rear, and judicious outposts all about. There lay Broglio, meditating the attack on Budweis [were co-operation once here], — when, contrariwise, altogether on the sudden, Budweis made attack on Broglio; tumbled him quite topsy-turvy, and sent him home to Prag, uncertain which end uppermost; rolling like a heap of mown stubble in the wind, rather than marching like an army!" . . . Take one glance at him: —

"*June 4th*, 1742 [day *before* that of Belleisle's "Wig" at Maleschau, had Belleisle known it!] — Prince Karl, being now free of the Prussians, and ready for new work, issued suddenly from Budweis; suddenly stept across the Moldau, — by the Bridge of Moldau-Tein, sweeping away the French that lay there. Prince Karl swept away this first French Post, by the mere sight and sound of him; swept away, in like fashion, the second and all following posts; swept Broglio himself, almost without shot fired, and in huge flurry, home to Prag, double-quick, night and day, — with much loss of baggage, artillery, prisoners, and total loss of one's presence of mind. 'Poor man, he was born for surprises' [said Friedrich's Doggerel long ago]! Manœuvred consummately [he asserts] at different points, behind rivers and the like; but nowhere could he call halt, and resolutely stand still. Which undoubtedly he could and should have done, say Valori and all judges; — nothing quite immediate being upon him, except the waste-howling tagraggery of Croats, whom it had been good to quench a little, before going farther. On the third night, June 7th, he arrived at Pisek; marched again before daybreak, leaving a garrison of 1,200, — who surrendered to Prince Karl next day, without shot fired. Broglio tumbling on ahead, double-quick, with the tagraggery of Croats continually worrying at his heels, baggage-wagons sticking fast, country people massacring all stragglers, panted home to Prag on the 13th; with 'the Gross of the Army saved, don't you observe!' And thinks it an excellent retreat, he if no one else.[1]

"At Pisek, Prince Karl has ceased chasing with his regulars, the pace being so uncommonly swift. From Pisek, Prince Karl struck off towards Pilsen, there to intercept a residue of Harcourt reinforcements who were coming that way: from Broglio, who knew of it, but in such flurry could not mind it, he had no hindrance; and it was by good luck, not management of Broglio's, that these poor reinforcements did in part get through to him, and in part seek refuge in Eger again. Broglio has encamped under the walls of Prag; in a ruinous though still blusterous condition; his positions all gone; except Prag and Eger, nothing in Bohemia now his."

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 122, &c.; *Campagnes*, v. 167 (his own Despatch).

Prag, 17th June–17th August. "It is in this condition that Belleisle, returning from the Kuttenberg-Dresden mission (June 15th), finds his Broglio. Most disastrous, Belleisle thinks it; and nothing but a Siege in Prag lying ahead; though Broglio is of different opinion, or, blustering about his late miraculous retreat, and other high merits too little recognized, forms no opinion at all on such extraneous points. . . . From Versailles, they had answered Belleisle: 'Nothing to be made of Dresden either, say you? Then go you and take the command at Prag; send Broglio to command the Bavarian Army. See, you, what can be done by fighting.' On this errand Belleisle is come, the heavy-laden man, and Valori with him, — if, in this black crisis, Valori could do anything. Valori at least reports the colloquy the Two Marshals had [one bit of colloquy, for they had more than one, though as few as possible; Broglio being altogether blusterous, sulphurous, difficult to speak with on polite terms].[1] 'Army of Bavaria?' answers Broglio; 'I will have those Ten Battalions of the D'Harcourt reinforcement, then. I tell you, Yes! Prag? Prag may go to the — What have I to do with Prag? The oldest Maréchal of France, superseded, after such merits, and on the very heel of such a retreat! Nay, but where is *your* commission to command in Prag, M. le Maréchal?' Belleisle, in the haste there was, has no Commission rightly drawn out by the War-office; only an Order from Court. '*I* have a regular Commission, Monseigneur: I want a Sign-manual before laying it down!' The unreasonable Broglio.

"Belleisle, tormented with rheumatic nerves, and of violent temper at any rate, compresses the immense waste rage that is in him. His answers to Broglio are calm and low-voiced; —

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[1] Valori, i. 162-166; *Campagnes*, v. 170, 124, &c. &c.

admirable to Valori. One thing he wished to ascertain definitely: What M. de Broglio's intentions were; and whether he would, or would not, go to Bavaria and take charge there? If so, he shall have all the Cavalry for escort; Cavalry, unless it be dragoons, will only eat victual in case of siege. — No, Broglio will not go with Cavalry; must have those Ten Battalions, must have Sign-manual; won't, in short!" — Will stay, then, thinks Belleisle; and one must try to drive him, as men do pigs, covertly and by the rule of contraries, while Prag falls under Siege.

What an outlook for his Most Christian Majesty's service, — fatal altogether, had not Belleisle been a high man, and willing to undertake pig-driving! . . . "Discouragement in the Army is total, were it not for Belleisle; anger against Broglio very great. The Officers declare openly, 'We will quit, if Broglio continue General! Our commissions were made out in the name of Maréchal de Belleisle [in the spring of last Year, when he had such levees, more crowded than the King's!] — we are not bound to serve another General!' — 'You recognize *me* for your General?' asks Belleisle. 'Yes!' — 'Then, I bid you obey M. de Broglio, so long as he is here.'[1] . . .

"*June 27th.* The Grand-Duke, Maria Theresa's Husband, come from Vienna to take command-in-chief, joins the Austrian main Army and his Brother Karl, this day: at Königsaal, one march to the south of Prag. Friedrich being now off their hands, why should not they besiege Prag, capture Prag! Under Khevenhüller, with Bärenklau, and the Mentzels, Trencks, — poor D'Harcourt merely storing victual, — Bavaria lies safe enough. And the Oriflamme caged in Prag: — Have at the Oriflamme!

"Prag is begirdled, straitened more and more, from this day. Formal Siege to begin, so soon 'as the artillery can come up' [which is not for seven weeks yet]. And so, in fine, '*August 17th*, all at once,' furious bombardment bursts out, from 36 mortars and above 100 big guns, disposed in batteries around.[2] To which the French, Belleisle's high soul animating everything, as furiously responded; making continual sallies of a hot desperate nature; especially, on the fifth day of the siege, one sally [to be mentioned by and by] which was very famous at Prag and at Paris." . . .

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[1] Valori, i. 166

[2] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 149, 170.

Concerning the Italian War which simultaneously went on, all along.

War in Italy — the Spanish Termagant very high in her Anti-Pragmatic notions — there had been, for eight months past; and it went on, fiercely enough, doggedly enough, on both sides for Six Years more, till 1748, when the general Finis came. War of which we propose to say almost nothing; but must request the reader to imagine it, all along, as influential on our specific affairs.

The Spanish Termagant wished ardently to have the Milanese and pertinents, as an Apanage for her second Infant, Don Philip; a young gentleman who now needs to be provided for, as Don Carlos had once done. "Cannot get to be Pope this one, it appears," said the fond Mother (who at one time looked that way for her Infant): "Well, here is the Milanese fallen loose!" Readers know her for a lady of many claims, of illimitable aspirations; and she went very high on the Pragmatic Question. "Headship of the Golden Fleece, Madam; *you* head of it? I say all Austria, German and Italian, is mine!" — though she has now magnanimously given up the German part to Kaiser Karl VII.; and will be content with the Italian, as an Apanage for Don Philip. And so there is War in Italy, and will be. To be imagined by us henceforth.

A War in which these Three Elements are noticeable as the chief. *First*, the Sardinian Majesty,[1] who is very anxious himself for Milanese parings and additaments; but, except by skilfully playing off-and-on between the French side and the Austrian, has no chance of getting any. For Spain he is able to fight; and also (on good British Subsidies) against Spain. Element *second* is the British Navy, cruising always between Spain and the Seat of War; rendering supplies by sea impossible, — almost impossible. *Third,* the Passes of Savoy; wild Alpine chasms, stone-labyrinths; inexpugnable, with a Sardinian Majesty defending; which are the one remaining road, for Armies and Supplies, out of Spain or France.

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[1] Charles Emanuel, Victor Amadeus's Son (Hübner, t. 293): born 27th April, 1701; lived and reigned till 19th February, 1773 (Œrtel, t. 77).

The Savoy Passes are, in fact, the gist of the War; the insoluble problem for Don Philip and the French. By detours, by circuitous effort and happy accident, your troops may occasionally squeeze through: but without one secure road open behind them for supplies and recruitments, what good is it? Battles there are, behind the Alps, on what we may call the *stage* itself of this Italian War-theatre; but the grand steady battle is that of France and Don Philip, struggling spasmodically, year after year, to get a road through the *coulisses* or side-scenes, — namely, those Savoy Passes. They try it by this Pass and by that; Pass of Demont, Pass of Villa-Franca or Montalban (glorious for France, but futile), Pass of Exilles or Col d'Assiette (again glorious, again futile and fatal); sometimes by the way of Nice itself, and rocky mule-tracks overhanging the sea-edge (British Naval-cannon playing on them); — and can by no way do it.

There were fine fightings, in the interior too, under Generals of mark; General Browne doing feats, excellent old General Feldmarschall Traun, of whom we shall hear; Maillebois, Belleisle the Younger, of whom we have heard. There was Battle of Campo-Santo, new battle there (Traun's); there was Battle of Rottofreddo; of Piacenza (doleful to Maillebois), — followed by Invasion of Provence, by Revolt of Genoa and other things: which all readers have now forgotten.[1] Readers are to imagine this Italian War, all along, as a fact very loud and real at that time, and continually pulsing over into our German Events (like half-audible thunder below the horizon, into raging thunder above), little as we can afford to say of it here. One small Scene from this Italian War; — one, or with difficulty two; — and if possible be silent about all the rest:

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[1] Two elaborate works on the subject are said to be instructive to military readers: Buonamici (who was in it, for a while). *De Bello Italico Commentarii* (in Works of Buonamici, Lyon, 1750); and Pezay, *Campagnes de Maillebois* (our Westphalian friend again) *en Italie,* 1745–1746 (Paris, 1775).

Scene, Roads of Cadiz, October, 1741: *By what astonishing Artifice this Italian War did, at length, get begun.*

. . . "The Spanish Court, that is, Termagant Elizabeth, who rules everybody there, being in this humor, was passionate to begin; and stood ready a good while, indignantly champing the bit, before the sad preliminary obstacles could be got over. At Barcelona she had, in the course of last summer, doubly busy ever since Mollwitz time, got into equipment some 15,000 men; but could not by any method get them across, — owing to the British Fleets, which hung blockading this place and that; blockading Cadiz especially, where lay her Transport-ships and War-ships, at this interesting juncture. Fleury's cunctations were disgusting to the ardent mind; and here now, still more insuperable, are the British Fleets; here — and a pest to him! — is your Admiral Haddock, blockading Cadiz, with his Seventy-fours!

"But again, on the other or Pragmatic side, there were cunctations. The Sardinian Majesty, Charles Emanuel of Savoy, holding the door of the Alps, was difficult to bargain with, in spite of British Subsidies; — stood out for higher door-fees, a larger slice of the Milanese than could be granted him; had always one ear open for France, too; in short, was tedious and capricious, and there seemed no bringing him to the point of drawing sword for her Hungarian Majesty. In the end, he was brought to it, by a stroke of British Art, — such to the admiring Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind it seemed; — equal to anything we have since heard of, on the part of perfidious Albion.

"One day, 'middle of October last,' the Seventy-fours of Haddock and perfidious Albion, — Spanish official persons, looking out from Cadiz Light-house, ask themselves, 'Where are they? Vanished from these waters; not a Seventy-four of them to be seen!' — Have got foul in the underworks, or otherwise some blunder has happened; and the blockading Fleet of perfidious Albion has had to quit its post, and run to Gibraltar to refit. That, I guess, was the Machiavellian stroke of Art they had done; without investigating Haddock and Company [as indignant Honorable Members did], I will wager, That and nothing more!

"In any case, the Termagant, finding no Seventy-fours there, and the wind good, despatches swiftly her Transports and War-ships to Barcelona; swiftly embarks there her 15,000, France cautiously assisting; and lands them complete, 'by the middle of December,' Haddock feebly opposing, on the Genoa coast: 'Have at the Milanese, my men!' Which obliges Charles Emanuel to end his cunctations, and rank at once in defence of that Country,[1] lest he get no share of it whatever. And so the game began. Europe admired, with a shudder, the refined stroke of art; for in cunning they equal Beelzebub, those perfidious Islanders; — and are always at it; hence their greatness in the world. Imitate them, ye Peoples, if you also would grow great. That is our Gazetteer Evangel, in this late epoch of Man's History." . . .

Other Scene, Bay of Naples, 19th–20th August, 1742: *King of Two Sicilies (Baby Carlos that was), having been assisting Mamma, is obliged to become Neutral in the Italian War.*

Readers will transport themselves to the Bay of Naples, and beautiful Vesuvian scenery seen from sea. The English-Spanish War, it would appear, is not quite dead, nor carried on by Jenkins and the Wapping people alone. Here in this Bay it blazes out into something of memorability; and gives lively sign of its existence, among the other troubles of the world.

"*Sunday, August* 19*th*, Commodore Martin, who had arrived overnight, appears in the Bay, with due modicum of seventy-fours, 'dursley galleys,' bomb-vessels, on an errand from his Admiral [one Matthews] and the Britannic Majesty, much to the astonishment of Naples. Commodore Martin hovers about, all morning, and at 4 P.M. drops anchor, — within shot of the place, fearfully near; — and therefrom sends ashore a Message: 'That his Sicilian Majesty [Baby Carlos, our notable old friend, who is said to be a sovereign of merit otherwise], has not been neutral, in this Italian War, as his engagements bore;

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[1] Adelung, ii. 535, 538 (who believes in the "stroke of art"): what kind of "art" it was, learn sufficiently in *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c. of those months.

but has joined his force to that of the Spaniards, declared enemies of his Britannic Majesty; which rash step his Britannic Majesty hereby requires him to retract, if painful consequences are not at once to ensue!' That is Martin's message; to which he stands doggedly, without variation, in the extreme flutter and multifarious reasoning of the poor Court of Naples: 'Recall your 20,000 men, and keep them recalled,' persists Martin; and furthermore at last, as the reasoning threatens to get lengthy: 'Your answer is required within one hour,'—and lays his watch on the Cabin-table.

"The Court, thrown into transcendent tremor, with no resource but either to be burnt or comply, answers within the hour: 'Yes, in all points.' Some eight hours or so of reasoning: deep in the night of Sunday, it is all over; everything preparing to get signed and sealed; ships making ready to sail again;—and on Tuesday at sunrise, there is no Martin there. Martin, to the last top-gallant, has vanished clean over the horizon; never to be seen again, though long remembered.[1] One wonders, Were Pipes and Hatchway perhaps there, in Martin's squadron? In what station Commodore Trunnion did then serve in the British Navy? Vanished ghosts of grim mute sea-kings, there is no record of them but what is itself a kind of ghost! Ghost, or symbolical phantasm, from the brain of that Tobias Smollett; an assistant Surgeon, who served in the body along with them, his singular value altogether unknown."—King Carlos's Neutrality, obtained in this manner, lasted for a year-and-half; a sensible alleviation to her Hungarian Majesty for the time. We here quit the Italian War; leaving it to the reader's fancy, on the above terms.

. . . .

The Siege of Prag continues. A grand Sally there.

"*Prag, 22d August.* In the same hours, while Martin lay coercing Naples, the Army of the Oriflamme in Prag City was engaged in 'furious sallies;'" — readers may divine what that means for Prag and the Oriflamme!

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[1] Tindal's *Rapin*, xx. 572 (*mis*dates, and is altogether indistinct); *Gentleman's Magazine*, xii. 494:—*came*, "Sunday morning, 19th August, N.S.;" "anchored about 4 P.M.;" "2 A.M. of 20th" all agreed; King Carlos's *Letter* is *got*, ships prepared for sailing;—sail that night, and to-morrow, 21st, are out of sight.

"Prag is begirdled, bombarded from all the Wischerads, Ziscabergs and Hill environments; every avenue blocked, 'above 60,000 Austrians round it, near 40,000 of them regulars:' a place difficult to defend; but with excellent arrangements for defence on Belleisle's part, and the garrison with its blood up. Garrison makes continual furious sallies, — which are eminently successful, say the French Newspapers; but which end, as all sallies do, in returning home again, without conquest, except of honor; — and on this Wednesday, 22d August, comes out with the greatest sally of all.[1] While Commodore Martin, many a Pipes and Hatchway standing grimly on the watch unknown to us, is steering towards Matthews and the Toulon waters again. The equal sun looking down on all.

"It was about twelve o'clock, when this Prag sally, now all in order, broke out, several thousand strong, and all at the white heat, now a constant temperature. Sally almost equal to that Pharsalia of a Sahay, it would seem; — concerning which we can spend no word in this brief summary. Fierce fighting, fiery irresistible onslaught; but it went too far, lost all its captured cannon again; and returned only with laurels and a heavy account of killed and wounded, — the leader of it being himself carried home in a very bleeding state. 'Oh, the incomparable troops!' cried Paris; — cried Voltaire withal (as I gather), and in very high company, in that Visit at Aachen. A sally glorious, but useless.

"The Imperial Generals were just sitting down to dinner, when it broke out; had intended a Council of War, over their wine, in the Grand-Duke's tent: 'What, won't they let us have our dinner!' cried Prince Karl, in petulant humor, struggling to be mirthful. He rather likes his dinner, this Prince Karl, I am told, and does not object to his wine: otherwise a hearty, talky, free-and-easy Prince, — 'black shallow-set eyes, face red, and much marked with small-pox.' Clapping on his hat, faculties sharpened by hunger and impatience, let him do his best, for several hours to come, till the sally abate and go its ways again. Leaving its cannon, and trophies. No sally could hope to rout 60,000 men; this furious sally, almost equal to Sahay, had to return home again, on the above terms. Upon which Prince Karl and the others got some snatch of dinner; and the inexorable pressure of Siege, tightening itself closer and closer, went on as before.

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[1] *Campagnes*, vi 5; *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 173.

"The eyes of all Europe are turned towards Prag; a big crisis clearly preparing itself there. . . . France, or aid in France, is some 500 miles away. In D'Harcourt, merely gathering magazines, with his Khevenhüller near, is no help; help, not the question there! The garrison of Eger, 100 miles to west of us, across the Mountains, barely mans its own works. Other strong post, or support of any kind in these countries, we have now none. We are 24,000; and of available resource have the Magazines in Prag, and our own right hands.

"The flower of the young Nobility had marched in that Oriflamme; — now standing at bay, they and it, in Prag yonder: French honor itself seems shut up there! The thought of it agitates bitterly the days and nights of old Fleury, who is towards ninety now, and always disliked war. The French public too, — we can fancy what a public! The young Nobility in Prag has its spokes-men, and spokes-women, at Versailles, whose complaint waxes louder, shriller; the whole world, excited by rumor of those furious sallies, is getting shrill and loud. What can old Fleury do but order Maillebois: 'Leave Dunkirk to its own luck; march immediately for relief of Prag!' And Maillebois is already on march; his various divisions (August 9th–20th) crossing the Rhine, in Düsseldorf Country;" — of whom we shall hear.

. . . "Some time before the actual Bombardment, Fleury, seeing it inevitable, had ordered Belleisle to treat. Belleisle accordingly had an interview, almost two interviews, with Königseck.[1] 'Liberty to march home, and equitable Peace-Negotiations in the rear?' proposed Belleisle. 'Absolute surrender; Prisoners of War!' answered Königseck; 'such is her Hungarian Majesty's positive order and ultimatum.' The high Belleisle responded nothing unpolite; merely some, '*Alors, Monsieur* —!' And rode back to Prag, with a spirit all in white heat; — gradually heating all the 24,000 white, and keeping them so.

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 156 ("2d July" the actual interview); ib. 161 (the corollary to it, confirmatory of it, which passed by letters).

"In fact, Belleisle, a high-flown lion reduced to silence and now standing at bay, much distinguishes himself in this Siege; which, for his sake, is still worth a moment's memory from mankind. He gathers himself into iron stoicism, into concentration of endeavor; suffers all things, Broglio's domineering in the first place; as if his own thin skin were that of a rhinoceros; and is prepared to dare all things. Like an excellent soldier, like an excellent citizen. He contrives, arranges; leads, covertly drives the domineering Broglio, by rule of contraries or otherwise, according to the nature of the beast; animates all men by his laconic words; by his silences, which are still more emphatic. . . . Séchelles, provident of the future, has laid in immense supplies of indifferent biscuit; beef was not attainable: Belleisle dismounts his 4,000 cavalry, all but 400 dragoons; slaughters 150 horses per day, and boils the same by way of butcher's-meat, to keep the soldier in heart. It is his own fare, and Broglio's, to serve as example. At Broglio's quarter, there is a kind of ordinary of horse-flesh: Officers come in, silent speed looking through their eyes; cut a morsel of the boiled provender, break a bad biscuit, pour one glass of indifferent wine; and eat, hardly sitting the while, in such haste to be at the ramparts again. The 80,000 Townsfolk, except some Jews, are against them to a man. Belleisle cares for everything: there is strict charge on his soldiers to observe discipline, observe civility to the Townsfolk; there is occasional 'hanging of a Prag Butcher' or so, convicted of spyship, but the minimum of that, we will hope."

Maillebois marches, with an "Army of Redemption" or "of Mathurins" (wittily so called), to relieve Prag; reaches the Bohemian Frontier, joined by the Comte de Saxe; above 50,000 *strong* (August 9th–September 19th).

Maillebois has some 40,000 men: ahead of him 500 miles of difficult way; rainy season come, days shortening; uncertain staff of bread ("Seckendorf's meal," and what other commissariat there may be): a difficult march, to Amberg Country and the top of the Ober-Pfalz. After which are Mountain-passes; Bohemian Forest: and the Event — ? "Cannot be dubious!" thinks France, whatever Maillebois think. Witty Paris, loving its timely joke, calls him Army of Redemption, "*l'Armée des Mathurins*," — a kind of Priests, whose business is commonly in Barbary, about Christian bondage: — how sprightly! And yet the enthusiasm was great: young Princes of the Blood longing to be off as volunteers, needing strict prohibition by the King; — upon which, Prince de Conti, gallant young fellow, leaving his wife, his mistress, and miraculously borrowing £2,500 for equipments, rushed off furtively by post; and did join, and do his best. Was reprimanded, clapt in arrest for three days; but afterwards promoted; and came to some distinction in these Wars.[1]

The March goes continually southeast; by Frankfurt, thence towards Nürnberg Country ("be at Fürth, September 6th"), and the skirts of the Pine-Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*), — Anspach and Baireuth well to your left; — end, lastly, in the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), Town of Amberg there. Before trying the Bohemian Passes, you shall have reinforcement. Best part of the "Bavarian Army," now under Comte de Saxe, not under D'Harcourt farther, is to cease collecting victual in the Donau-Iser Countries (Deggendorf, north bank of Donau, its head-quarter); and to get on march, — circling very wide, not northward, but by the Donau, and even by the *south* bank of it mainly (to avoid the hungry Mountains and their Tolpatcheries), — and, at Amberg, is to join Maillebois. This is a wide-lying game. The great Marlborough used to play such,

[1] Barbier, ii. 326 (that of Conti, ib. 331); Adelung, &c.

and win; making the wide elements, the times and the spaces, hit with exactitude: but a Maillebois? "He is called by the Parisians, '*Vieux Petit-maître* (dandy of sixty,' so to speak); has a poor upturned nose, with baboon-face to match, which he even helps by paint." . . . Here is one Scene; at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; fact certain, day not given.

Frankfurt, "latter end of August," 1742. "At Frankfurt, his Army having got into the neighborhood,"—not into Frankfurt itself, which, as a *Reichs-Stadt*, is sacred from Armies and their marchings, — "Maréchal de Maillebois, as in duty bound, waited on the Kaiser to pay his compliments there: on which occasion, we regret to say, Maréchal de Maillebois was not so reverent to the Imperial Majesty as he should have been. Angry belike at the Adventure now forced on him, and harassed with many things; seeing in the Imperial Majesty little but an unfortunate Play-actor Majesty, who lives in furnished lodgings paid for by France, and gives France and Maillebois an infinite deal of trouble to little purpose. Certain it is, he addressed the Imperial Majesty in the most free-and-easy manner; very much the reverse of being dashed by the sacred Presence: and his Officers in the ante-chamber, crowding about, all day, for presentation to the Imperial Majesty, made a noise, and kept up a babble of talk and laughter, as if it had been a mess-room, instead of the Forecourt of Imperial Majesty. So that Imperial Majesty, barely master of its temper and able to finish without explosion, signified to Maillebois on the morrow, That henceforth it would dispense with such visits. Poor Imperial Majesty; a human creature doing Play-actorisms of too high a flight. He had the finest Palace in Germany; a wonder to the Great Gustavus long ago: and now he has it not; mere Mentzels and horrent shaggy creatures rule in München and it: and the Imperial quasi-furnished lodgings are respected in this manner!"[1] — The wits say of him, "He would be Kaiser or Nothing: see you, he is Kaiser *and* Nothing!"[2] . . .

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[1] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 271 (cited in Buchholz, ii. 71). *Campagnes* is silent; usually suppressing scenes of that kind.

[2] "*Aut nihil aut Cæsar, Bavarus Dux esse volebat;*
Et nihil et Cæsar factus utrumque simul." (Barbier, ii. 322.)

August 19th–September 14th. "Comte de Saxe is on march, from Deggendorf; north bank of the Donau, by narrow mountain roads; then crosses the Donau to south bank, and a plain country; — making large circuit, keeping the River on his right, — to meet Maillebois at Amberg; his force, some 10 or 12,000 men. Seckendorf, now Bavarian Commander-in-chief, accompanies Saxe; with considerable Bavarian force, guess 20,000, 'marching always on the left.' Accompanies; but only to Regensburg, to Stadt-am-Hof, a Suburb of Regensburg, where they cross the Donau again." — *Suburb* of Regensburg, mark that; Regensburg itself being a Reichs-Stadt, very particularly sacred from War; — the very Reichs-*Diet* commonly sitting here; though it has gone to Frankfurt lately, to be with its Kaiser, and out of these continual trumpetings and tumults close by.[1] — "At Regensburg, once across, Seckendorf with his Bavarians calls halt; plants himself down in Kelheim, Ingolstadt, and the safe Garrisons thereabouts, — calculates that, if Khevenhüller should be called away Prag-ward, there may be a stroke do-able in these parts. Saxe marches on; straight northward now, up the Valley of the Naab; obliged to be a good deal on his guard. Mischievous Tolpatcheries and Trencks, ever since he crossed the Donau again, have escorted him, to right, as close as they durst; dashing out sometimes on the magazines." One of the exploits they had done, take only one, — in their road *towards* Saxe, a few days ago: —

. . . "*September 7th,* Trenck with his Tolpatcheries had appeared at Cham, — a fine trading Town on the hither or neutral side of the mountains [not in Böhmen, but in Ober-Pfalz, old Kur-Pfalz's country, whom the Austrians hate]; — and summoning and assaulting Cham, over the throat of all law, had by fire and by massacre annihilated the same.[2] Fact horrible, nearly incredible; but true. The noise of which is now loud everywhere. Less lovely individual than this Trenck [Pandour Trenck, Cousin of the Prussian one,] there was not, since the days of Attila and Genghis, in any War. Blusters abominably, too; has written [save the mark!] an '*Autobiography*,' — having happily afterwards, in Prison and even in Bedlam, time for such a Work; — which is stuffed with sanguinary lies and exaggerations: unbeautifulest of human souls. Has a face the color of indigo, too; — got it, plundering in an Apothecary's [in this same country, if I recollect]: '*Ach Gott*, your Grace, nothing of money here!' said the poor Apothecary, accompanying Colonel Trenck with a lighted candle over house and shop. Trenck, noticing one likely thing, snatched the candle, held it nearer: — likely thing proved gunpowder; and Trenck, till Doomsday, continues deep blue.[1] Soul more worthy of damnation I have seldom known."

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[1] Went 10th May, 1742, — after three months' arguing and protesting on the Austrian part (Adelung, iii. *a*, 102, 138).

[2] Adelung, iii *a*, 258; *Guerre de Bohême*; &c.

"*September* 19*th* (five days after dropping Seckendorf), Saxe actually gets joined with Maillebois; — not quite at Amberg, but at Vohenstrauss, in that same Sulzbach Country, a forty miles to eastward, or Prag-ward, of Amberg. Maillebois and he conjoined are between 50 and 60,000. They are got now to the Bohemian Boundary, edge of the Bohemian Forest (big *Böhmische Wald*, Mountainous woody Country, 70 miles long); they are within 50 miles of Pilsen, within 100 of Prag itself, — if they can cross the Forest. Which may be difficult."

Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke, hearing of Maillebois, go to meet him (September 14th); *and the Siege of Prag is raised.*

"*September* 11*th*, the Besieged at Prag notice that the Austrian fire slackens; that the Enemy seems to be taking away his guns. Villages and Farmsteads, far and wide all round, are going up in fire. A joyful symptom: — since August 13th, Belleisle has known of Maillebois's advent; guesses that the Austrians now know it. — *September* 14*th*, their Firing has quite ceased. Grand-Duke and Prince Karl are off to meet this Maillebois, amid the intricate defiles, 'Better meet him there than here:' — and on this fourth morning, Belleisle, looking out, perceives that the Siege is raised.[2]

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème.*

[2] Espagnac, i. 145; *Campagnes*, v. 348.

"A blessed change indeed. No enemy here,—perhaps some Festititz, with his canaille of Tolpatches, still lingering about,—no enemy worth mention. Parties go out freely to investigate:—but as to forage? Alas, a Country burnt, Villages black and silent for ten miles round;—you pick up here and there a lean steer, welcome amid boiled horse-flesh; you bundle a load or two of neglected grass together, for what cavalry remains. The genius of Séchelles, and help from the Saxon side, will be much useful!

"Perhaps the undeniablest advantage of any is this, That Broglio, not now so proud of the situation Prag is in, or led by the rule of contraries, willingly quits Prag: Belleisle will not have to do his function by the medium of pig-driving, but in the direct manner henceforth. 'Give me 6 or 8,000 foot, and what of the cavalry have horses still uneaten,' proposes Broglio; 'I will push obliquely towards Eger,—which is towards Saxony withal, and opens our food-communications there:—I will stretch out a hand to Maillebois, across the Mountain Passes; and thus bring a victorious issue!'[1] Belleisle consents: 'Well, since my Broglio will have it so!'—glad to part with my Broglio at any rate,—'Adieu, then, M. le Maréchal (and,' *sotto voce*, 'may it be long before we meet again in partnership)!' Broglio marches accordingly ('hand' beautifully held out to Maillebois, but *not* within grasping distance); gets northwestward some 60 miles, as far as Töplitz [sadly oblique for Eger],—never farther on that errand."

The Maillebois Army of Redemption cannot redeem at all;—has to stagger Southward again; and becomes an "Army of Bavaria," under Broglio.

"*September* 19*th–October* 10*th*,"—Scene is, the Eger-Vohenstrauss Country, in and about that Bohemian Forest of seventy miles.—"For three weeks, Maillebois and the Comte de Saxe, trying their utmost, cannot, or cannot to purpose, get through that Bohemian Wood. Only Three practicable

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[1] Espagnac, i. 170.

Passes in it; difficult each, and each conducting you towards mere new difficulties, on the farther side; — not surmountable except by the determined mind. A gloomy business: a gloomy difficult region, solitary, hungry; nothing in it but shaggy chasms (and perhaps Tolpatchery lurking), wastes, mountain woodlands, dumb trees, damp brown leaves. Maillebois and Saxe, after survey, shoot leftwards to Eger; draw food and reinforcement from the Garrison there. They do get through the Forest, at one Pass, the Pass nearest Eger; — but find Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke ranked to receive them on the other side. 'Plunge home upon Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke; beat them, with your Broglio to help in the rear?' That possibly was Friedrich's thought as he watched [now home at Berlin again] the contemporaneous Theatre of War.

"But that was not the Maillebois-Broglio method; — nay, it is said Maillebois was privately forbidden 'to run risks.' Broglio, with his stretched-out hand (12,000 some count him, and indeed it is no matter), sits quiet at Töplitz, far too oblique: 'Come then, come, O Maillebois!' Maillebois, — manœuvring Prince Karl aside, or Hunger doing it for him, — did once push forward Prag-ward, by the Pass of Caaden; which is very oblique to Töplitz. By the Pass of Caaden, — down the Eger River, through those Mountains of the Circle of Saatz, past a Castle of Ellenbogen, key of the same; — and 'Could have done it [he said always after], had it not been for Comte de Saxe!' Undeniable it is, Saxe, as vanguard, took that Castle of Ellenbogen; and, time being so precious, gave the Tolpatchery dismissal on parole. Undeniable, too, the Tolpatchery, careless of parole, beset Caaden Village thereupon, 4,000 strong; cut off our foreposts, at Caaden Village; and — In short, we had to retire from those parts; and prove an Army of Redemption that could not redeem at all!

"Maillebois and Saxe wend sulkily down the Naab Valley (having lost, say 15,000, not by fighting, but by mud and hardship); and the rapt European Public (shilling-gallery especially) says, with a sneer on its face, 'Pooh; ended, then!'

Sulkily wending, Maillebois and Saxe (October 30th–November 7th) get across the Donau, safe on the southern bank again; march for the Iser Country and the D'Harcourt Magazines, — and become 'Grand Bavarian Army,' usual refuge of the unlucky." . . .

Of Seckendorf in the Interim. "For Belleisle and relief of Prag, Maillebois in person had proved futile; but to Seckendorf, waiting with his Bavarians, the shadow and rumor of Maillebois had brought famous results, — famous for a few weeks. Khevenhüller being called north to help in those Anti-Maillebois operations, and only Bärenklau with about 10,000 Austrians now remaining in Baiern, Seckendorf, clearly superior (not to speak of that remnant of D'Harcourt people, with their magazines), promptly bestirred himself, in the Kelheim-Ingolstadt Country; got on march; and drove the Austrians mostly out of Baiern. Out mostly, and without stroke of sword, merely by marching; out for the time. München was evacuated, on rumor of Seckendorf (October 4th): a glad City to see Bärenklau march off. Much was evacuated, — the Iser Valley, down partly to the Inn Valley, — much was cleared, by Seckendorf in these happy circumstances. Who sees himself victorious, for once; and has his fame in the Gazettes, if it would last. Pretty much without stroke of sword, we say, and merely by marching: in one place, having marched too close, the retreating Bärenklau people turned on him, 'took 100 prisoners' before going;[1] — other fighting, in this fine 'Reconquest of Bavaria,' I do not recollect. Winter come, he makes for Maillebois and the Iser Countries; cantons himself on the Upper Inn itself, well in advance of the French [Braunau his chief strong-place, if readers care to look on the Map]; and strives to expect a combined seizure of Passau, and considerable things, were Spring come." . . .

And of Broglio in the Interim. "As for Broglio, left alone at Töplitz, gazing after a futile Maillebois, he sends the better half of his Force back to Prag; other half he establishes at Leitmeritz: good halfway-house to Dresden. 'Will forward Saxon provender to you, M. de Belleisle!' (never did, and were all taken prisoners some weeks hence). Which settled, Broglio proceeded to the Saxon Court; who answered him: 'Provender? Alas, Monseigneur! We are (to confess it to you!) at Peace with Austria:[1] not an ounce of provender possible; how dare we?'—but were otherwise politeness itself to the great Broglio. Great Broglio, after sumptuous entertainments there, takes the road for Baiern; circling grandly ('through Nürnberg with escort of 500 Horse') to Maillebois's new quarters;—takes command of the 'Bavarian Army' (may it be lucky for him!); and sends Maillebois home, in deep dudgeon, to the merciless criticisms of men. 'Could have done it,' persists the *Vieux Petit-maître* always, 'had not'—one knows what, but cares not, at this date!—

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[1] Espagnac, i. 166.

"Broglio's quarters in the Iser Country, I am told, are fatally too crowded, men perishing at a frightful rate per day.[2] 'Things all awry here,—thanks to that Maillebois and others!' And Broglio's troubles and procedures, as is everywhere usual to Broglio, run to a great height in this Bavarian Command. And poor Seckendorf, in neighborhood of such a Broglio, has his adoes; eyes sparkling; face blushing slate-color; at times nearly driven out of his wits;—but strives to consume his own smoke, and to have hopes on Passau notwithstanding."—And of Belleisle in Prag, and his meditations on the Oriflamme?—Patience, reader.

Meantime, what a relief to Kaiser Karl, in such wreck of Bohemian Kingdoms and Castles in Spain, to have got his own München and Country in hand again; with the prospect of quitting furnished-lodgings, and seeing the color of real money! April next, he actually goes to München, where we catch a glimpse of him.[3] This same October, the Reich, after endless debatings on the question, "Help our Kaiser, or not help?"[4] has voted him fifty *Römer-monate* ("Romish-months," still so termed, though there is *not* now any marching of the Kaiser to Rome on business); meaning fifty of the known *quotas*, due from all and sundry in such case, — which would amount to about £300,000 (could it, or the half of it, be collected from so wide a Parish), and would prove a sensible relief to the poor man.

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[1] Treatying ever since "July 17th;" Treaty actually done, "11th September" (Adelung, iii. *a*, 201, 268).

[2] Espagnac, i. 182.

[3] "17th April, 1743," Montijos &c. accompanying (Adelung, iii. *b*, 119, 120)

[4] Ib. iii *a*, 289.

Voltaire has been on Visit at Aachen, in the Interim,— his Third Visit to King Friedrich.

King Friedrich had come to the Baths of Aachen, August 25th; the Maillebois Army of Redemption being then, to the last man of it, five days across the Rhine on its high errand, which has since proved futile. Friedrich left Aachen, taking leave of his Voltaire, who had been lodging with him for a week by special invitation, September 9th; and witnessed the later struggles and final inability of Maillebois to redeem, not at Aix, but at Berlin, amid the ordinary course of his employments there. We promised something of Voltaire's new visit, his Third to Friedrich. Here is what little we have, — if the lively reader will exert his fancy on it.

Voltaire and his Du Châtelet had been to Cirey, and thence been at Paris through this Spring and Summer, 1742; — engaged in what to Voltaire and Paris was a great thing, though a pacific one: The getting of *Mahomet* brought upon the boards. August 9th, precisely while the first vanguard of the Army of Redemption got across the Rhine at Düsseldorf, Voltaire's Tragedy of *Mahomet* came on the stage.

August 9th, 11th, 13th, Paris City was in transports of various kinds; never were such crowds of Audience, lifting a man to the immortal gods, — though a part too, majority by count of heads, were dragging him to Tartarus again. "Exquisite, unparalleled!" exclaimed good judges (as Fleury himself had anticipated, on examining the Piece): — "Infamous, irreligious, accursed!" vociferously exclaimed the bad judges; Reverend Desfontaines (of Sodom, so Voltaire persists to define him), Reverend Desfontaines and others giving cue;

hugely vociferous, these latter, hugely in majority by count of heads. And there was such a bellowing and such a shrieking, judicious Fleury, or Maurepas under him, had to suggest, "Let an actor fall sick; let M. de Voltaire volunteer to withdraw his Piece; otherwise — !" And so it had to be: Actor fell sick on the 14th (Playbills sorry to retract their *Mahomet* on the 14th); and — in fact, it was not for nine years coming, and after Dedication to the Pope, and other exquisite manœuvres and unexpected turns of fate, that *Mahomet* could be acted a fourth time in Paris, and thereafter *ad libitum* down to this day.[1]

Such tempest in a teapot is not unexampled, nay rather is very frequent, in that Anarchic Republic called of Letters. Confess, reader, that you too would have needed some patience in M. de Voltaire's place; with such a Heaven's own Inspiration of a *Mahomet* in your hands, and such a terrestrial Doggery at your heels. Suppose the bitterest of your barking curs were a Reverend Desfontaines of Sodom, whom you yourself had saved from the gibbet once, and again and again from starving? It is positively a great Anarchy, and Fountain of Anarchies, all that, if you will consider; and it will have results under the sun. You cannot help it, say you; there is no shutting up of a Reverend Desfontaines, which would be so salutary to himself and to us all? No: — and when human reverence (daily going, in such ways) is quite gone from the world; and your lowest blockhead and scoundrel (usually one entity) shall have perfect freedom to spit in the face of your highest sage and hero, — what a remarkably Free World shall we be!

Voltaire, keeping good silence as to all this, and minded for Brussels again, receives the King of Prussia's invitation; lays it at his Eminency Fleury's feet; will not accept, unless his Eminency and my own King of France (possibly to their advantage, if one might hint such a thing!) will permit it.[2] "By all means; go, and" — The rest is in dumb-show; meaning, "Try to pump him for us!" Under such omens, Voltaire and his divine Emilie return to their Honsbruck Lawsuit: "Silent Brussels, how preferable to Paris and its mad cries!" Voltaire, leaving the divine Emilie at Brussels, September 2d, sets out for Aix, — Aix attainable within the day. He is back at Brussels late in the evening, September 9th: — how he had fared, and what extent of pumping there was, learn from the following Excerpts, which are all dated the morrow after his return: —

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 137 n.; &c. &c.

[2] Ib. lxxii. 555 (Letter to Fleury, "Paris, Aug. 22d").

Three Letters of Voltaire, dated Brussels, 10*th Sept.* 1742.

1°. *To Cideville* (the Rouen Advocate, who has sometimes troubled us). . . . "I have been to see the King of Prussia since I began this Letter [beginning of it dates September 1st]. I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful House in Berlin, a pretty Estate; but I prefer my second-floor in Madame du Châtelet's here. He assures me of his favor, of the perfect freedom I should have; — and I am running to Paris [did not just yet run] to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian, refusing the bounties of the King of Persia. With this difference, however, one had liberty [not slavery] at Athens; and I am sure there were many Cidevilles there, instead of one," — *Hélas*, my Cideville!

2°. *To Marquis d'Argenson* (worthy official Gentleman, *not* War-Minister now or afterwards; War-Minister's senior brother, — Voltaire's old school-fellows, both these brothers, in the College of Louis le Grand). . . . "I have just been to see the King of Prussia in these late days [in fact, quitted him only yesterday; both of us, after a week together, leaving Aix yesterday]: I have seen him as one seldom sees Kings, — much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-nook, whither the same man who has gained two Battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me, I am not Terence; true, but neither is he altogether Scipio.

"I learned some extraordinary things," — things not from Friedrich at all: mere dinner-table rumors; about the 16,000 English landing here ("18,000" he calls them, and farther on, "20,000") with the other 16,000 *plus* 6,000 of Hanoverian-

Hessian sort, expecting 20,000 Dutch to join them, — who perhaps will not? "M. de Neipperg [Governor of Luxemburg now] is come hither to Brussels; but brings no Dutch troops with him, as he had hoped," — Dutch perhaps won't rise, after all this flogging and hoisting? "Perhaps we may soon get a useful and glorious Peace, in spite of my Lord Stair, and of M. van Haren, the Tyrtæus of the States-General [famed Van Haren, eyes in a fine Dutch frenzy rolling, whose Cause-of-Liberty verses let no man inquire after]: Stair prints Memoirs, Van Haren makes Odes; and with so much prose and so much verse, perhaps their High and Slow Mightinesses [Excellency Fénelon sleeplessly busy persuading them, and native Gravitation *sleepily* ditto] will sit quiet. God grant it!

"The English want to attack us on our own soil [actually Stair's plan]; and we cannot pay them in that kind. The match is too unfair! If we kill the whole 20,000 of them, we merely send 20,000 Heretics to — What shall I say? — *à l'Enfer*, and gain nothing; if they kill us, they even feed at our expense in doing it. Better have no quarrels except on Locke and Newton! The quarrel I have on *Mahomet* is happily only ridiculous." . . . Adieu, M. le Marquis.

3°. *To the Cardinal de Fleury.* "Monseigneur, . . . to give your Eminency, as I am bound, some account of my journey to Aix-la-Chapelle." Friedrich's guest there; let us hear, let us look.

"I could not get away from Brussels till the 2d of this month. On the road, I met a courier from the King of Prussia, coming to reiterate his Master's orders on me. The King had me lodged near his own Apartment; and he passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which forms, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the King's dignity, because one is duly careful not to abuse it [be careful!]. I had abundant time to speak, with a great deal of freedom, on what your Eminency had prescribed to me; and the King spoke to me with an equal frankness.

"First, he asked me, If it was true that the French Nation was so angered against him; if the King was, and if you were?

I answered," — mildly reprobatory, yet conciliative, "Hm, no, nothing permanent, nothing to speak of." "He then deigned to speak to me, at large, of the reasons which had induced him to be so hasty with the Peace." "Extremely remarkable reasons;" "dare not trust them to this Paper" (Broglio-Belleisle discrepancies, we guess, distracted Broglio procedures); — they have no concern with that Pallandt-Letter Story, — "they do not turn on the pretended Secret Negotiations at the Court of Vienna [which are not pretended at all, as I among others well know], in regard to which your Eminency has condescended to clear yourself [by denying the truth, poor Eminency; there was no help otherwise]. All I dare state is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this Sovereign, whom the situation of his Territories, his interest, and his taste would appear to mark as the natural ally of France."

"He said farther [what may be relied on as true by his Eminency Fleury, and my readers here], That he passionately wished to see Bohemia in the Emperor's hands [small chance for it, as things now go!]; that he renounced, with the best faith in the world, all claim whatever on Berg and Jülich; and that, in spite of the advantageous proposals which Lord Stair was making him, he thought only of keeping Silesia. That he knew well enough the House of Austria would, one day, wish to recover that fine Province, but that he trusted he could keep his conquest; that he had at this time 130,000 soldiers always ready; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, Brieg, fortresses as strong as Wesel [which he is now diligently doing, and will soon have done]; that besides he was well informed the Queen of Hungary already owed 80,000,000 German crowns, which is about 300 millions of our money [about 12 millions sterling]; that her Provinces, exhausted, and lying wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians, for a good while to come, could not of themselves be formidable." Of themselves, no: but with Britannic soup-royal in quantity? —

"My Lord Hyndford had spoken to him" as if France were entirely discouraged and done for: How false, Monseigneur! "And Lord Stair in his letters represented France, a month ago, as ready to give in. Lord Stair has not ceased to press his Majesty during this Aix Excursion even:" and, in spite of what your Eminency hears from the Hague, "there was, on the 30th of August, an Englishman at Aix on the part of Milord Stair; and he had speech with the King of Prussia [*croyez moi!*] in a little Village called Boschet [Burtscheid, where are hot wells], a quarter of a league from Aix. I have been assured, moreover, that the Englishman returned in much discontent. On the other hand, General Schmettau, who was with the King [elder Schmettau, Graf *Samuel*, who does a great deal of envoying for his Majesty], sent, at that very time, to Brussels, for Maps of the Moselle and of the Three Bishoprics, and purchased five copies,"—means to examine Milord Stair's proposed Seat of War, at any rate. (Here is a pleasant friend to have on visit to you, in the next apartment, with such an eye and such a nose!) . . .

"Monseigneur," finely insinuates Voltaire in conclusion, "is not there" a certain Frenchman, true to his Country, to his King, and to your Eminency, with perhaps peculiar facilities for being of use, in such delicate case?—"*Je suis,*" much your Eminency's.[1]

Friedrich, on the day while Voltaire at Brussels sat so busy writing of him, was at Salzdahl, visiting his Brunswick kindred there, on the road home to his usual affairs. Old Fleury, age ninety gone, died 29th January, 1743,—five months and nineteen days after this Letter. War-Minister Breteuil had died January 1st. Here is room for new Ministers and Ministries; for the two D'Argensons,—if it could avail their old School-fellow, or France, or us; which it cannot much.

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[1] *Œuvres,* lxxii. p. 568 (to Cideville), p. 579 (D'Argenson), p. 574 (Fleury).

CHAPTER III.

CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME.

Readers were anticipating it, readers have no sympathy; but the sad fact is, Britannic Majesty has *not* got out his sword; this second paroxysm of his proves vain as the first did! Those laggard Dutch, dead to the Cause of Liberty, it is they again. Just as the hour was striking, they — plump down, in spite of magnanimous Stair, into their mud again; cannot be hoisted by engineering. And, after all that filling and emptying of water-casks, and pumping and puffing, and straining of every fibre for a twelvemonth past, Britannic Majesty had to sit down again, panting in an Olympian manner, with that expensive long sword of his still sticking in the scabbard.

Tongue cannot tell what his poor little Majesty has suffered from those Dutch, — checking one's noble rage, into mere zero, always; making of one's own glorious Army a mere expensive Phantasm! Hanoverian, Hessian, British: 40,000 fighters standing in harness, year after year, at such cost; and not the killing of a French turkey to be had of them in return. Patience, Olympian patience, withal! He cantons his troops in the Netherlands Towns; many of the British about Ghent (who consider the provisions, and customs, none of the best);[1] his Hanoverians, Hessians, farther northward, Hanover way; — and, greatly daring, determines to try again, next Spring. Carteret himself shall go and flagitate the Dutch. Patience; whip and hoist! — What a conclusion, snorts the indignant British Public through its Gazetteers.

"Next year, yes, exclaims one indignant Editor: 'if talking will do business, we shall no doubt perform wonders; for we have had as much talking and puffing since February last, as during any ten years of the late Administration'[1] [under poor Walpole, whom you could not enough condemn]! The Dutch? exclaims another: 'If *we* were a Free People [F— P— he puts it, joining caution with his rage], *quære*, Whether Holland would not, at this juncture, come cap in hand, to sue for our protection and alliance; instead of making us dance attendance at the Hague?' Yes, indeed; — and then the *Case of the Hanover Forces* (fear not, reader; I understand your terror of locked-jaw, and will never mention said *Case* again); but it is singular to the Gazetteer mind, That these Hanover Forces are to be paid by England, as appears; Hanover, as if without interest in the matter, paying nothing! Upon which, in covert form of symbolic adumbration, of witty parable, what stinging commentaries, not the first, nor by many thousands the last (very sad reading in our day) on this paltry Hanover Connection altogether: What immensities it has cost poor England, and is like to cost, 'the Lord of the Manor' (great George our King) being the gentleman he is; and how England, or, as it is adumbratively called, 'the Manor of St. James's,' is become a mere 'fee-farm to Mumland.' Unendurable to think of. 'Bob Monopoly, the late Tallyman [adumbrative for Walpole, late Prime Minister], was much blamed on this account; and John the Carter [John Lord Carteret], Clerk of the Vestry and present favorite of his Lordship, is not behind Robin in his care for the Manor of *Mumland*'[2] (that contemptible Country, where their very beer is called *mum*), — and no remedy within view?"

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[1] Letters of Officers, from Ghent (*Westminster Journal*, Oct. 23d, &c.).

Retreat from Prag; Army of the Oriflamme, Bohemian Section of it, makes Exit.

"And Belleisle in Prag, left solitary there, with his heroic remnant, — gone now to 17,000, the fourth man of them in hospital, with Festititz Tolpatchery hovering round, and Winter and Hunger drawing nigh, — what is to become of Belleisle? Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke had attended Maillebois to Bavaria; steadily to left of Maillebois between Austria and him; and are now busy in the Passau Country, bent on exploding those Seckendorf-Broglio operations and intentions, as the chief thing now. Meanwhile they have detached Prince Lobkowitz to girdle in Belleisle again; for which Lobkowitz (say, 20,000, with the Festititz Tolpatchery included) will be easily able. On the march thither he easily picked up (18th–25th November) that new French Post of Leitmeritz (Broglio's fine 'Half-way House to Saxony and Provender'), with its garrison of 2,000: the other posts and outposts, one and all, had to hurry home, in fear of a like fate. Beyond the circuit of Prag, isolated in ten miles of burnt country, Belleisle has no resource except what his own head may furnish. The black landscape is getting powdered with snow; one of the grimmest Winters, almost like that of 1740; Belleisle must see what he will do.

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[1] *The Daily Post*, December 31st (o.s.), 1742.

[2] In *Westminster Journal* (Feb. 12th, n.s., 1743), a long Apologue in this strain.

"Belleisle knows secretly what he will do. Belleisle has orders to come away from Prag; bring his Army off, and the chivalry of France home to their afflicted friends.[1] A thing that would have been so feasible two months ago, while Maillebois was still wriggling in the Pass of Caaden; but which now borders on impossibility, if not reaches into it. As a primary measure, Belleisle keeps those orders of his rigorously secret. Within the Garrison, or on the part of Lobkowitz, there is a far other theory of Belleisle's intentions. Lobkowitz, unable to exist in the black circuit, has retired beyond it, and taken the eastern side of the Moldau, as the least ruined; leaving the Tolpatchery, under one Festititz, to caracole round the black horizon on the west. Farther, as the Moldau is rolling ice, and Lobkowitz is afraid of his pontoons, he drags them out high and dry: 'Can be replaced in a day, when wanted.' In a day; yes, thinks Belleisle, but not in less than a day;—and proceeds now to the consummation. Detailed accounts exist, Belleisle's own Account (rapid, exact, loftily modest); here, compressing to the utmost, let us snatch hastily the main features.

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[1] *Campagnes*, vi. 244–251; Espagnac, i. 168.

"On the 15th December, 1742, Prag Gates are all shut: Enter if you like; but no outgate. Monseigneur le Maréchal intends to have a grand foraging to-morrow, on the southwestern side of Prag. Lobkowitz heard of it, in spite of the shut gates; for all Prag is against Belleisle, and does spy-work for Lobkowitz. 'Let him forage,' thought Lobkowitz; 'he will not grow rich by what he gathers;' and sat still, leaving his pontoons high and dry. So that Belleisle, on the afternoon of December 16th, — between 12 and 14,000 men, near 4,000 of them cavalry, with cannon, with provision-wagons, baggage-wagons, goods and chattels in mass, — has issued through the two Southwestern Gates; and finds himself fairly out of Prag. On the Pilsen road; about nightfall of the short winter day: earth all snow and '*verglas*,' iron glazed; huge olive-colored curtains of the Dusk going down upon the Mountains ahead of him; shutting in a scene wholly grim for Belleisle. Brigadier Chevert, a distinguished and determined man, with some 4,000 sick, convalescent and half able, is left in Prag to man the works; the Maréchal has taken hostages, twenty Notabilities of Prag; and neglected no precaution. He means towards Eger; has, at least, got one march ahead; and will do what is in him, he and every soul of those 14,000. The officers have given their horses for the baggage-wagons, made every sacrifice; the word Homewards kindles a strange fire in all hearts; and the troops, say my French authorities, are unsurpassable. The Maréchal himself, victim of rheumatisms, cannot ride at all; but has his light sledge always harnessed; and, at a moment's notice, is present everywhere. Sleep, during these ten days and nights, he has little.

"Eger is 100 miles off, by the shortest Highway: there are two bad Highways, one by Pilsen southerly, one by Karlsbad northerly, — with their bridges all broken, infested by Hussars: — we strike into a middle combination of country roads, intricate parish lanes; and march zigzag across these frozen wildernesses: we must dodge these Festititz Hussar swarms; and cross the rivers near their springs. Forward! Perhaps some readers, for the high Belleisle's sake, will look out these localities subjoined in the Note, and reduced to spelling.[1] Resting-places in this grim wilderness of his: poor snow-clad Hamlets, — with their little hood of human smoke rising through the snow; silent all of them, except for the sound of here and there a flail, or crowing cock; — but have been awakened from their torpor by this transit of Belleisle. Happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest bog will bear.

"Festititz tries us twice, — very anxious to get Belleisle's Army-chest, or money; we give him torrents of sharp shot instead. Festititz, these two chief times, we pepper rapidly into the Hills again; he is reduced to hang prancing on our flanks and rear. Men bivouac over fires of turf, amid snow, amid frost; tear down, how greedily, any wood-work for fire. Leave a trumpet to beg quarter for the frozen and speechless; — which is little respected: they are lugged in carts, stript by the savageries, and cruelly used. There were first extensive plains, then boggy passes, intricate mountains; bog and rock; snow and *verglas.* — On the 26th, after indescribable endeavors, we got into Eger; — some 1,300 (about one in ten) left frozen in the wilderness; and half the Army falling ill at Eger, of swollen limbs, sore-throats, and other fataler diseases, fatal then, or soon after. Chevert, at Prag, refused summons from Prince Lobkowitz: 'No, *mon Prince;* not by any means! We will die, every man of us, first; and we will burn Prag withal!' — So that Lobkowitz had to consent to everything; and escort Chevert to Eger, with bag and baggage, Lobkowitz furnishing the wagons.

"Comparable to the Retreat of Xenophon! cry many. Every Retreat is compared to that. A valiant feat, after all exaggerations. A thing well done, say military men; — 'nothing to object, except that the troops were so ruined;' — and the most unmilitary may see, it is the work of a high and gallant kind of man. One of the coldest expeditions ever known. There have been three expeditions or retreats of this kind which were very cold: that of those Swedes in the Great Elector's time (not to mention that of Karl XII.'s Army out of Norway, after poor Karl XII. got shot); that of Napoleon from Moscow; this of Belleisle, which is the only one brilliantly conducted, and not ending in rout and annihilation.

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[1] Tachlowitz, Lischon (near Rakonitz); Jechnitz (as if you were for the Pilsen road; then turn as if for the Karlsbad one); Steben (not discoverable, but a *Despatch* from it, — *Campagnes*, v. 280), Chisch, Luditz, Theysing (hereabouts you break off into smaller columns, separate parties and patches, cavalry all ahead, among the Hills): Schönthal *and* Landeck (Belleisle passes Christmas-day at Landeck, — *Campagnes*, vii. 10); Einsiedel (*and* by Petschau), Lauterbach, Königswart, *and* likewise by Töpl, Sandau, Treunitz (that is, into Eger from two sides).

"The troops rest in Eger for a week or two; then homeward through the Ober-Pfalz: — 'go all across the Rhine at Speyer' (5th February next); the Bohemian Section of the Oriflamme making exit in this manner. Not quite the eighth man of them left; five-eighths are dead: and there are about 12,000 prisoners, gone to Hungary, — who ran mostly to the Turks, such treatment had they, and were not heard of again."[1] — Ah, Belleisle, Belleisle!

The Army of the Oriflamme gets home in this sad manner; Germany not cut in Four at all. "Implacable Austrian badgers," as we call them, "gloomily indignant bears," how have they served this fine French hunting-pack; and from hunted are become hunters, very dangerous to contemplate! At Frankfurt, Belleisle, for his own part, pauses; cannot, in this entirely down-broken state of body, serve his Majesty farther in the military business; will do some needful diplomatics with the Kaiser, and retire home to government of Metz, till his worn-out health recover itself a little.

A Glance at Vienna, and then at Berlin.

Prince Karl had been busy upon Braunau (the *Bavarian* Braunau, not the *Bohemian* or another, Seckendorf's chief post on the Inn); had furiously bombarded Braunau, with red-hot balls, for some days;[2] intent to explode the Seckendorf-

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 221 (for this last fact). *Ib.* 204, and Espagnac, i. 176 (for particulars of the Retreat); and still better, Belleisle's own Despatch and Private Letter (Eger, 2d January and 6th January, 1743), in *Campagnes*, vii. 1–21.

[2] 2d–10th December (Espagnac, i. 171).

Broglio projects before winter quite came. Seckendorf, in a fine frenzy, calls to Broglio, "Help!" and again calls; both Kaiser and he, *crescendo* to a high pitch, before Broglio will come. "Relieve Braunau? Well; — but no fighting farther, mark you!" answers Broglio. To the disgust of Kaiser and Seckendorf; who were eager for a combined movement, and hearty attack on Prince Karl, with perhaps capture of Passau itself. At sight of Broglio and Seckendorf combined, Prince Karl did at once withdraw from Braunau; but as to attacking him, — "*Non; mille fois, non!*" answered Broglio, disdainfully bellowing. First grand quarrel of Broglio and Seckendorf; by no means their last. Prince Karl put his men in winter-quarters, in those Passau regions; postponing the explosion of the Broglio-Seckendorf projects, till Spring; and returned to Vienna for the Winter gayeties and businesses there. How the high Maria Theresa is contented, I do not hear; — readers may take this Note, which is authentic, though vague, and straggling over wide spaces of time still future.

"Does her Majesty still think of 'taking the command of her Armies on herself,' high Amazon that she is!" Has not yet thought of that, I should guess. "At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good witness; which is noteworthy.[1] Her Husband has been with the Armies, once, twice; but never to much purpose (Brother Karl doing the work, if work were done); — and this is about the last time, or the last but one, this in Winter 1742. She loves her Husband thoroughly, all along; but gives him no share in business, finding he understands nothing except Banking. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her Army," in years coming; "she, athwart many impediments. An ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone, athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no Woman, and hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her as a Sovereign Ruler; — she is 'a living contradiction of the Salic Law,' say her admirers. Depends on England for money. All hearts and right hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien, pure highway robbery, thrice-doleful loss and disgrace, rankles incurable in the noble heart, pious to its Fathers withal, and to their Heritages in the world, — we shall see with what issues, for the next twenty years, to that '*böse Mann*,' unpardonably 'wicked man' of Brandenburg. And indeed, to the end of her life, she never could get over it. To the last, they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously asked, 'From what Country, then?' and should answer, 'Schlesien, your Majesty!' she would burst into tears. — 'Patience, high Madam!' urges the Britannic Majesty: 'Patience; may not there be compensation, if we hunt well?'" Austrian bears, implacable badgers, with Britannic mastiffs helping, now that the Belleisle Pack is down! —

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[1] Podewils, *Der Wiener Hof* (Court of Vienna, in the years 1746, 1747 and 1748; a curious set of *Reports* for Friedrich's information, by Podewils, his Minister there); printed under that Title, "by the Imperial Academy of Sciences" (Wien, 1850); — may be worth alluding to again, if chance offer.

At Berlin it was gay Carnival, while those tragedies went on: Friedrich was opening his Opera-House, enjoying the first ballets, while Belleisle filed out of Prag that gloomy evening. Our poor Kaiser will not "retain Bohemia," then; how far from it! The thing is not comfortable to Friedrich; but what help?

This is the gayest Carnival yet seen in Berlin, this immediately following the Peace; everybody saying to himself and others, "*Gaudeamus*, What a Season!" Not that, in the present hurry of affairs, I can dwell on operas, assemblies, balls, sledge-parties; or indeed have the least word to say on such matters, beyond suggesting them to the imagination of readers. The operas, the carnival gayeties, the intricate considerations and diplomacies of this Winter, at Berlin and elsewhere, may be figured: but here is one little speck, also from the Archives, which is worth saving. Princess Ulrique is in her twenty-third year, Princess Amelia in her twentieth; beautiful clever creatures, both; Ulrique the more staid of the two. "Never saw so gay a Carnival," said everybody; and in the height of it, with all manner of gayeties going on, — think where the dainty little shoes have been pinching!

Princesses Ulrique and Amelia to the King.

Berlin, "1st March, 1743.

"My dearest Brother, — I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your Majesty on private affairs: but the great confidence which my Sister [Amelia] and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal as to the state of our bits of finances (*nos petites finances*), which are a good deal deranged just now; the revenues having, for two years and a half past, been rather small; amounting to only 400 crowns (£60) a year; which could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustments of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debts. Mine amount to £225 (1,500 crowns); my Sister's to £270 (1,800 crowns).

"We have not spoken of it to the Queen-Mother, though we are well sure she would have tried to assist us; but as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply direct to Your Majesty; being persuaded you would have taken it amiss, had we deprived the Queen of her smallest pleasure; — and especially, as we consider you, my dear Brother, the Father of the Family, and hope you will be so gracious as help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of Your Majesty; and we beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment with which we are proud to be all our lives, — Your Majesty's most humble and most obedient Sisters and Servants,

"Louise-Ulrique; Anne-Amélie

[which latter adds anxiously as Postscript, Ulrique having written hitherto],

"P.S. I most humbly beg Your Majesty not to speak of this to the Queen-Mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking."[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 387.

Poor little souls; bankruptcy just imminent! I have no doubt Friedrich came handsomely forward on this grave occasion, though Dryasdust has not the grace to give me the least information. — "Frederic Baron Trenck," loud-sounding Phantasm once famous in the world, now gone to the Nurseries as mythical, was of this Carnival 1742–43; and of the next, and *not* of the next again! A tall actuality in that time; swaggering about in sumptuous Life-guard uniform, in his mess-rooms and assembly-rooms; much in love with himself, the fool. And I rather think, in spite of his dog insinuations, neither Princess had heard of him till twenty years hence, in a very different phasis of his life! The empty, noisy, quasi-tragic fellow; — sounds throughout quasi-tragically, like an empty barrel; well-built, longing to be *filled.* And it is scandalously false, what loud Trenck insinuates, what stupid Thiébault (always stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities) confirms, as to this matter, — fit only for the Nurseries, till it cease altogether.

Voltaire, at Paris, is made immortal by a Kiss.

Voltaire and the divine Emilie are home to Cirey again; that of Brussels, with the Royal Aachen Excursion, has been only an interlude. They returned, by slow stages, visit after visit, in October last, — some slake occurring, I suppose, in that interminable Honsbruck Lawsuit; and much business, not to speak of ennui, urging them back. They are now latterly in Paris itself, safe in their own "little palace (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle;" little jewel of a house on the Isle St. Louis, which they are warming again, after long absence in Brussels and the barbarous countries. They have returned hither, on sufferance, on good behavior; multitudes of small interests, small to us, great to them, — death of old Fleury, hopeful changes of Ministry, not to speak of theatricals and the like, — giving opportunity and invitation. Madame, we observe, is marrying her Daughter: the happy man a Duke of Montenero, ill-built Neapolitan, complexion rhubarb, and face consisting much of nose.[1] Madame never wants for business; business enough, were it only in the way of shopping, visiting, consulting lawyers, doing the Pure Sciences.

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[1] Letter of Voltaire, in *Œuvres,* lxxiii 24.

As to Voltaire, he has, as usual, Plays to get acted, — if he can. *Mahomet,* no; *Mort de César,* yes *or* no; for the Authorities are shy, in spite of the Public. One Play Voltaire did get acted, with a success, — think of it, reader! The exquisite Tragedy *Mérope,* perhaps now hardly known to you; of which you shall hear anon.

But Plays are not all. Old Fleury being dead, there is again a Vacancy in the Academy; place among the sacred Forty, — vacant for Voltaire, if he can get it. Voltaire attaches endless importance to this place; beautiful as a feather in one's cap; useful also to the solitary Ishmael of Literature, who will now in a certain sense have Thirty-nine Comrades, and at least one fixed House-of-Call in this world. In fine, nothing can be more ardent than the wish of M. de Voltaire for these supreme felicities. To be of the Forty, to get his Plays acted, — oh, then were the Saturnian Kingdoms come; and a man might sing *Io triumphe,* and take his ease in the Creation, more or less! Stealthily, as if on shoes of felt, — as if on paws of velvet, with eyes luminous, tail bushy, — he walks warily, all energies compressively summoned, towards that high goal. Hush, steady! May you soon catch that bit of savory red-herring, then; worthiest of the human feline tribe! — As to the Play *Mérope,* here is the notable passage:

"*Paris, Wednesday, 20th February,* 1743. First night of *Mérope;* which raised the Paris Public into transports, so that they knew not what to do, to express their feelings. 'Author! M. de Voltaire! Author!' shouted they; summoning the Author, what is now so common, but was then an unheard-of originality. 'Author! Author!' Author, poor blushing creature, lay squatted somewhere, and durst not come; was ferreted out; produced in the Lady Villars's Box, — Dowager *Maréchale de Villars,* and her Son's Wife *Duchesse de Villars,* being there; known friends of Voltaire's. Between these Two he stands ducking some kind of bow; uncertain, embarrassed what to do; with a Theatre all in rapturous delirium round him, — uncertain it too, but not embarrassed. 'Kiss him! *Madame la Duchesse de Villars, embrassez Voltaire!*' Yes, kiss him, fair Duchess, in the name of France! shout all mortals; — and the younger Lady has to do it; does it with a charming grace; urged by Madame la Maréchale her mother-in-law.[1] Ah, and Madame la Maréchale was herself an old love of Voltaire's; who had been entirely unkind to him!

"Thus are you made immortal by a Kiss; — and have not your choice of the Kiss, Fate having chosen for you. The younger Lady was a Daughter of Maréchal de Noailles [our fine old Maréchal, gone to the Wars against his Britannic Majesty in those very weeks]: infinitely clever (*infiniment d'esprit*); beautiful too, I understand, though towards forty; — hangs to the human memory, slightly but indissolubly, ever since that Wednesday Night of 1743."

Old Maréchal de Noailles is to the Wars, we said; — it is in a world all twinkling with watch-fires, and raked coals of War, that these fine Carnival things go on. Noailles is 70,000 strong; posted in the Rhine Countries, middle and upper Rhine; vigilantly patrolling about, to support those staggering Bavarian Affairs; especially to give account of his Britannic Majesty. Britannic Majesty is thought to have got the Dutch hoisted, after all; to have his sword *out*; — and ere long does actually get on march; up the Rhine hitherward, as is too evident, to Noailles, to the Kaiser and everybody!

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT.

Led by fond hopes, — and driven also by that sad fear, of a Visit from his Britannic Majesty, — the poor Kaiser, in the rear of those late Seckendorf successes, quitted Frankfurt, April 17th; and the second day after, got to München. Saw himself in München again, after a space of more than two years; "all ranks of people crowding out to welcome him;" the joy of all people, for themselves and for him, being very great. Next day he drove out to Nymphenburg; saw the Pandour devastations there, — might have seen the window where the rugged old Unertl set up his ladder, "For God's sake, your Serenity, have nothing to do with those French!" — and did not want for sorrowful comparisons of past and present.

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[1] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), *Vie de Voltaire*, p. 128; Voltaire himself, *Œuvres*, ii. 142; Barbier, ii. 358.

It was remarked, he quitted München in a day or two; preferring Country Palaces still unruined, — for example, Wolnzach, a Schloss he has, some fifty miles off, down the Iser Valley, not far from the little Town of Mosburg; which, at any rate, is among the Broglio-Seckendorf posts, and convenient for business. Broglio and Seckendorf lie dotted all about, from Braunau up to Ingolstadt and farther; chiefly in the Iser and Inn Valleys, but on the north side of the Donau too; over an area, say of 2,000 square miles; Seckendorf preaching incessantly to Broglio, what is sun-clear to all eyes but Broglio's, "Let us concentrate, M. le Maréchal; let us march and attack! If Prince Karl come upon us in this scattered posture, what are we to do?" Broglio continuing deaf; Broglio answering — in a way to drive one frantic.

The Kaiser himself takes Broglio in hand; has a scene with Broglio; which, to readers that study it, may be symbolical of much that is gone and that is coming. It fell "about the middle of May" (prior to May 17th, as readers will guess before long); and here, according to report, was the somewhat explosive finale it had. Prince Conti, the same who ran to join Maillebois, and has proved a gallant fellow and got command of a Division, attends Broglio in this important interview at Wolnzach: —

Schloss of Wolnzach, May, 1743. . . . "The Kaiser pressed, in the most emphatic manner, That the Two Armies [French and Bavarian] should collect and unite for immediate action. To which Broglio declared he could by no means assent, not having any order from Paris of that tenor. The Kaiser thereupon: 'I give you my order for it; I, by the Most Christian King's appointment, am Commander-in-Chief of your Army, as of my own; and I now order you!' — taking out his Patent, and spreading it before Broglio with the sign-manual visible. Broglio knew the Patent very well; but answered, 'That he could not, for all that, follow the wish of his Imperial Majesty; that he, Broglio, had later orders, and must obey them!' Upon which the Imperial Majesty, nature irrepressibly asserting itself, towered into Olympian height; flung his Patent on the table, telling Conti and Broglio, 'You can send that back, then; Patents like that are of no service to me!' and quitted them in a blaze." [1]

The indisputable fact is, Prince Karl is at the door; nay he has beaten in the door in a frightful manner; and has Braunau, key of the Inn, again under siege. Not we getting Passau; it is he getting Braunau! A week ago (9th May) his vanguard, on the sudden, cut to pieces our poor Bavarian 8,000, and their poor Minuzzi, who were covering Braunau, and has ended him and them; — Minuzzi himself prisoner, not to be heard of or beaten more; — and is battering Braunau ever since. That is the sad fact, whatever the theory may have been. Prince Karl is rolling in from the east; Lobkowitz (Prag now ended) is advancing from the northward, Khevenhüller from the Salzburg southern quarter: Is it in a sprinkle of disconnected fractions that you will wait Prince Karl? The question of uniting, and advancing, ought to be a simple one for Broglio. Take this other symbolic passage, of nearly the same date; — posterior, as we guessed, to that Interview at Wolnzach.

"*Dingelfingen*, 17*th May*, 1743. At Dingelfingen on the Iser, a strongish central post of the French, about fifty miles farther down than that Schloss of Wolnzach, there is a second argument, — much corroborative of the Kaiser's reasoning. About sunrise of the 17th, the Austrians, in sufficient force, chiefly of Pandours, appeared on the heights to the south: they had been foreseen the night before; but the French covering General, luckier than Minuzzi, did not wait for them; only warned Dingelfingen, and withdrew across the River, to wait there on the safe left bank. Leader of the Austrians was one Leopold Graf von Daun, active man of thirty-five, already of good rank, who will be much heard of afterwards; Commandant in Dingelfingen is a Brigadier du Châtelet, Marquis du Châtelet-Lamont; whom — after search (in the interest of some idle readers) — I discover to be no other than the Husband of a certain Algebraic Lady! Identity made out, mark what a pass he is at. Count Daun comes on in a tempest of furious fire; 'very heavy,' they say, from great guns and small; till close upon the place, when he summons Du Châtelet: 'No;' and thereupon attempts scalade. Cannot scalade, Du Châtelet and his people being mettlesome; takes then to flinging shells, to burning the suburbs; Town itself catches fire, — Town plainly indefensible. 'Truce for one hour' proposes Du Châtelet (wishful to consult the covering General across the River): 'No,' answers Daun. So that Du Châtelet has to jumble and wriggle himself out of the place; courageous to the last; but not in a very Parthian fashion, — great difficulty to get his bridge ruined (very partially ruined), behind him; — and joins the covering General, in a flustery singed condition! Were not pursued farther by Daun: — and Prince Conti, Head General in those parts, called it a fine defence, on examining."[1] Espagnac continues: —

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 150; cites *Etat Politique* (Annual Register of those times), xiii. 16. Nothing of this scene in *Campagnes*, which is officially careful to suppress the like of this.

"On the 19th," after one rest-day, "Graf von Daun set out for Landau [still on the Iser, farther down; Baiern has *its* "Landau" too, and its "Landshut," both on this River], to seize Landau; which is another French place of strength. The Garrison defended themselves for some time; after which they retired over the River [left bank, or wrong side of the Iser, they too]; and set fire to the Bridge behind them. The fire of the Bridge caught the Town; Pandours helping it, as our people said; and Landau also was reduced to ashes." — Poor Landau, poor Dingelfingen, they cannot have the benefit of Louis XV.'s talent for governing Germany, quite gratis, it would appear!

But where are the divine Emilie and Voltaire, that morning, while the Brigadier is in such taking? Sitting safe in "that dainty little palace of Madame's (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle de St. Louis," intent on quite other adventures; disgusted with the slavish Forty and their methods of Election (of which by and by); and little thinking of M. le Brigadier and the dangers of war. — Prince de Conti praised the Brigadier's defence: but very soon, alas, —

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[1] *Campagnes*, viii. 239; Espagnac, i. 187; Hormayr, iv. 82, 85.

Deggendorf, 27th May. "Prince de Conti, at Deggendorf [other or north bank of the Donau, Head-quarters of Conti, which was thought to be well secured by batteries and defences on the steep heights to landward], was himself suddenly attacked, the tenth day hence, 'May 27th, at daybreak,' in a still more furious manner; and was tumbled out of Deggendorf amid whirlwinds of fire, in very flamy condition indeed. The Austrians, playing on us from the uplands with their heavy artillery, made a breach in our outmost battery: 'Not tenable!' exclaimed the Captain there: 'This way, my men!' — and withdrew, like a shot, he and party; sliding down the steep face of the mountain [feet foremost, I hope], home to Deggendorf in this peculiar manner; leaving the *Austrians* to manage his guns. Our two lower batteries, ruled by this upper one, had now to be abandoned; and Conti ran, Bridge of the Town-ditch breaking under him; baggages, even to his own portmanteaus, all lost; and had a neck-and-neck race of it in getting to his Donau-Bridge, and across to the safe side. With loss of everything, we say, — personal baggage all included; which latter item, Prince Karl politely returned him next day." [1]

Broglio, with Prince Karl in his bowels going at such a rate, may judge now whether it was wise to lie in that loose posture, scattered over two thousand square miles, and snort on his judicious Seckendorf's advices and urgencies as he did! Readers anticipate the issue; and shall not be wearied farther with detail. There are, as we said, Three Austrian Armies pressing on this luckless Bavaria and its French Protectors: Khevenhüller, from Salzburg and the southern quarter, pushing in his Dauns; Lobkowitz, hanging over us from the Ober-Pfalz (Naab-River Country) on the north; and Prince Karl, on one or sometimes on both sides of the Donau, pricking sharply into the rear of us; saying, by bayonets, burnt bridges, bombshells, "Off; swift; it will be better for you!" And Broglio has lost head, a mere whirlwind of flaming gases; and your ablest Comte de Saxe in such position, what can he do? Broglio writes to Versailles, That there will be no continuing in Bavaria; that he recommends an order to march homewards; — much to the surprise of Versailles.

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[1] Espagnac, p. 188.

"The Court of Versailles was much astonished at the message it got from Broglio; Court of Versailles had always calculated that Broglio could keep Bavaria; and had gone into extensive measures for maintaining him there. Experienced old Maréchal de Noailles has a new French Army, 70,000 or more, assembled in the Upper Rhine for that and the cognate objects [of whom, more specially, anon]: Noailles, by order from Court, has detached 12,000, who are now marching their best, to reinforce Broglio; — and indeed the Court 'had already appointed the Generals and Staff-Officers for Broglio's Bavarian Army,' and gratified many men by promotions, which now went to smoke![1]

"Versailles, however, has to expedite the order: 'Come home, then.' Order or no order, Broglio's posts are all crackling off again, bursting aloft like a chain of powder-mines; Broglio is plunging head foremost, towards Donauwörth, towards Ingolstadt, his place of arms; Seckendorf now welcome to join him, but unable to do anything when joined. Blustering Broglio has no steadfastness of mind; explodes like an inflammable body, in this crackling off of the posts, and becomes a mere whirlwind of flaming gases. Old snuffling Seckendorf, born to ill success in his old days, strong only in caution, how is he to quench or stay this crackling of the posts? Broglio blusters, reproaches, bullies; Seckendorf quarrels with him outright, as he may well do: '*Jarni-bleu*, such a delirious whirlwind of a Maréchal; mere bickering flames and soot!' — and looks out chiefly to keep his own skin and that of his poor Bavarians whole.

"The unhappy Kaiser has run from München again, to Augsburg for some brief shelter; cannot stay there either, in the circumstances. Will he have to hurry back to Frankfurt, to bankruptcy and furnished lodgings, — nay to the Britannic Majesty's tender mercies, whose Army is now actually there? Those indignant prophesyings to Broglio, at the Schloss of Wolnzach, have so soon come true! And Broglio and the French are — what a staff to lean upon! Enough, the poor Kaiser, after doleful 'Council of War held at Augsburg, June 25th,' does on the morrow make off for Frankfurt again: — whither else? Britannic Majesty's intentions, friends tell him, friend Wilhelm of Hessen tells him, are magnanimous; eager for Peace to Teutschland; hostile only to the French. Poor Karl took the road, June 26th; — and will find news on his arrival, or before it.

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[1] Espagnac, i. 190.

"On which same day, 26th of June, as it chances, Broglio too has made his packages; left a garrison in Ingolstadt, garrison in Eger; and is ferrying across at Donauwörth, — will see the Marlborough Schellenberg as he passes, — in full speed for the Rhine Countries, and the finis of this bad Business.[1] On the road, I believe at Donauwörth itself, Noailles's 12,000, little foreseeing these retrograde events, met Broglio: 'Right about, you too!' orders Broglio; and speeds Rhineward not the less. And the same day of that ferrying at Donauwörth, and of the Kaiser's setting out for Frankfurt, Seckendorf, — at Nieder-Schönfeld [an old Monastery near the Town of Rain, in those parts], the Kaiser being now safe away, — is making terms for himself with Khevenhüller and Prince Karl: 'Will lie quiet as mere *Reichs*-Army, almost as Troops of the Swabian Circle, over at Wembdingen there, in said Circle, and be strictly neutral, if we can but get lived at all!'[2] Seckendorf concludes on the morrow, 27th June; — which is elsewhere a memorable Day of Battle, as will be seen.

"Broglio marched in Five Divisions [Du Châtelet in the Second Division, poor soul, which was led by Comte de Saxe]:[3] always in Five Divisions, swiftly, half a march apart; through the Würtemberg Country; — lost much baggage, many stragglers; Tolpatcheries in multitude continually pricking at the skirts of him; Prince Karl following steadily, Rhine-wards also, a few marches behind. Here are omens to return with! 'But have you seen a retreat better managed?' thinks Broglio to himself:" that is one consoling circumstance.

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 152. [2] Ib. iii. *b*, 153. [3] Espagnac, i. 198.

In this manner, then, has the Problem of Bavaria solved itself. Hungarian Majesty, in these weeks, was getting crowned in Prag; "Queen of Bohemia, I, not you; in the sight of Heaven and of Earth!"[1] — and was purifying her Bohemia, with some rigor (it is said), from foreign defacements, treasonous compliances and the like, which there had been. To see your Bavarian Kaiser, false King of Bohemia, your Broglio with his French, and the Bohemian-Bavarian Question in whole, all rolling Rhine-wards at their swiftest, with Prince Karl sticking in the skirts of them: — what a satisfaction to that high Lady!

Britannic Majesty, with Sword actually drawn, has marched meanwhile to the Frankfurt Countries, as "Pragmatic Army;" ready for Battle and Treaty alike.

Add to which fine set of results, simultaneously with them: His Britannic Majesty, third effort successful, has got his sword drawn, fairly out at last; and in the air is making horrid circles with it, ever since March last; nay does, he flatters himself, a very considerable slash with it, in this current month of June. Of which, though loath, we must now take some notice.

The fact is, though Stair could not hoist the Dutch, and our double-quick Britannic heroism had to drop dead in consequence, Carteret has done it: Carteret himself rushed over in that crisis, a fiery emphatic man and chief minister,[2] — "eager to please his Master's humor!" said enemies. Yes, doubtless; but acting on his own turbid belief withal (says fact); and revolving big thoughts in his head, about bringing

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[1] Crowned 12th May, 1743 (Adelung, iii. *b*, 128); "news of Prince Karl's having taken Braunau [incipiency of all these successes] had reached her that very morning."

[2] Arrived at the Hague "5th October, 1742" (Adelung, iii. *a*, 294).

Friedrich over to the Cause of Liberty, giving French Ambition a lesson for once, and the like. Carteret strongly pulleying, "All hands, heave-oh!" — and, no doubt, those Maillebois-Broglio events from Prag assisting him, — did bring the High Mightinesses to their legs; still in a staggering splay-footed posture, but trying to steady themselves. That is to say, the High Mightinesses did agree to go with us in the Cause of Liberty; will now pay actual Subsidies to her Hungarian Majesty (at the rate of two for our three); and will add, so soon as humanly possible, 20,000 men to those wind-bound 40,000 of ours; — which latter shall now therefore, at once, as "Pragmatic Army" (that is the term fixed on), get on march, Frankfurt way; and strike home upon the French and other enemies of Pragmatic Sanction. This is what Noailles has been looking for, this good while, and diligently adjusting himself, in those Middle-Rhine Countries, to give account of.

Pragmatic Army lifted itself accordingly, — Stair, and the most of his English, from Ghent, where the wearisome Head-quarters had been; Hanoverians, Hessians, from we will forget where; — and in various streaks and streams, certain Austrians from Luxemburg (with our old friend Neipperg in company) having joined them, are flowing Rhine-ward ever since March 1st.[1] They cross the Rhine at three suitable points; whence, by the north bank, home upon Frankfurt Country, and the Noailles-Broglio operations in those parts. The English crossed "at Neuwied, in the end of April" (if anybody is curious); "Lord Stair in person superintending them." Lord Stair has been much about, and a most busy person; General-in-Chief of the Pragmatic Army till his Britannic Majesty arrive. Generalissimo Lord Stair; and there is General Clayton, General Ligonier, "General Heywood left with the Reserve at Brussels:" — and, from the ashes of the Old Newspapers, the main stages and particulars of this surprising Expedition (England marching as Pragmatic Army into distant parts) can be riddled out; though they require mostly to be flung in again. Shocking weather on the march, mere

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[1] "February 18th," o.s. (Old Newspapers).

Boreas and icy tempests; snow in some places two feet deep; Rhine much swollen, when we come to it.

The Austrian Chief General — who lies about Wiesbaden, and consults with Stair, while the English are crossing — is Duke d'Ahremberg (Father of the Prince de Ligne, or "Prince of Coxcombs" as some call him): little or nothing of military skill in D'Ahremberg; but Neipperg is thought to have given much counsel, such as it was. With the Hessians there was some difficulty; hesitation on Landgraf Wilhelm's part; who pities the poor Kaiser, and would fain see him back at Frankfurt, and awaken the Britannic magnanimities for him. "To Frankfurt, say you? We cannot fight against the Kaiser!" — and they had to be left behind, for some time; but at length did come on, though late for business, as it chanced. General of these Hessians is Prince George of Hessen, worthy stout gentleman, whom Wilhelmina met at the Frankfurt Gayeties lately. George's elder Brother Wilhelm is Manager or Vice-Landgraf, this long while back; and in seven or eight years hence became, as had been expected, actual Landgraf (old King of Sweden dying childless); — of which Wilhelm we shall have to hear, at Hanau (a Town of his in those parts), and perhaps slightly elsewhere, in the course of this business. A fat, just man, he too; probably somewhat iracund; not without troubles in his House. His eldest Son, Heir-Apparent of Hessen, let me remind readers, has an English Princess to Wife; Princess Mary, King George's Daughter, wedded two years ago. That, added to the Subsidies, is surely a point of union; — though again there may such discrepancies rise! A good while after this, the eldest Son becoming Catholic (foolish wretch), to the horror of Papa, — there rose still other noises in the world, about Hessen and its Landgraves. Of good Prince George, who doubtless attended in War Councils, but probably said little, we hope to hear nothing more whatever.

From Neuwied to Frankfurt is but a few days' march for the Pragmatic Army; in a direct line, not sixty miles. Frankfurt itself, which is a *Reichs-stadt* (Imperial City), they must not enter: "Fear not, City or Country!" writes Stair to it:

"We come as saviors, pacificators, hostile to your enemies and disturbers only; we understand discipline and the Laws of the Reich, and will pay for everything."[1] For the rest, they are in no hurry. They linger in that Frankfurt-Mainz region, all through the month of May; not unobservant of Noailles and his movements, if he made any; but occupied chiefly with gathering provisions; forming, with difficulty, a Magazine in Hanau. "What they intended, or intend, by coming hither?" asks the Public everywhere: "To go into the Donau Countries, and enclose Broglio between two fires?" That had been, and was still, Stair's fine idea; but D'Ahremberg had disapproved the methods. D'Ahremberg, it seems, is rather given to opposing Stair; — and there rise uncertainties, in this Pragmatic Army: certain only hitherto the Magazine in Hanau. And in secret, it afterwards appeared, the immediate real errand of this Pragmatic Army had lain — in the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral, and an Election that was going on there.

The old Kur-Mainz, namely, had just died; and there was a new "Chief Spiritual Kurfürst" to be elected by the Canons there. Kur-Mainz is Chairman of the Reich, an important personage, analogous to Speaker of the House of Commons; and ought to be, — by no means the Kaiser's young Brother, as the French and Kaiser are proposing; but a man with Austrian leanings; — say, Graf von Ostein, titular *Dom-Custos* (Cathedral Keeper) here; lately Ambassador in London, and known in select society for what he is. Not much of an Archbishop, of a Spiritual or Chief Spiritual Herr hitherto; but capable of being made one, — were the Pragmatic Army at his elbow! It was on this errand that the Pragmatic Army had come hither, or come so early, and with their plans still unripe. And truly they succeeded; got their Ostein chosen to their mind:[2] a new Kur-Mainz, — whose leanings and procedures were very manifest in the sequel, and some of them important before long. This was always reckoned one result of his Britannic Majesty's Pragmatic Campaign; — and truly some think it was, in strict arithmetic, the only one, though that is far from his Majesty's own opinion.

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[1] Letter itself, of brief magnanimous strain, in *Campagnes de Noailles*, i. 127; date "Neuwied, 26th April, 1743" (Adelung, iii. *b*, 114).

[2] "21st March, 1743," Mainz vacant; "22d April," Ostein elected (Adelung, iii. *b*, 113, 121).

Friedrich has Objections to the Pragmatic Army; but in vain. Of Friedrich's many Endeavors to quench this War, by "Union of Independent German Princes," by "Mediation of the Reich," and otherwise; all in vain.

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, "What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German Reich; leading foreign Armies into the Reich, in this unauthorized manner?" To which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy, — look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say! Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich; and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reich's Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg's contingent, in such case); but as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present.[1]

The exertions of Friedrich to bring about a Peace, or at least to diminish, not increase, the disturbance, are forgotten now; wearisome to think of, as they did not produce the smallest result; but they have been incessant and zealous, as those of a man to quench the fire which is still raging in his street, and from which he himself is just saved. "Cannot the Reich be roused for settlement of this Bavarian-Austrian quarrel?" thought Friedrich always. And spent a great deal of earnest endeavor in that direction; wished a Reich's *Army of Mediation*; "to which I will myself furnish 30,000; 50,000, if needed." Reich, alas! The Reich is a horse fallen down to die, — no use spurring at the Reich; it cannot, for many months, on Friedrich's Proposal (though the question was far from new, and "had been two years on hand"), come to the decision, "Well then, yes; the Reich *will* try to moderate and mediate:" and as for a Reich's Mediation-*Army*, or any practical step at all[1] — !

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[1] Friedrich's Remonstrance and George's Response are in *Adelung,* iii. *b,* 132 (date, "March, 1743"); date of Friedrich's first stirring in the matter is "January, 1743," and earlier (ib. p. 37, p. 8, &c.).

"Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace?" thinks Friedrich. "A union of the independent German Princes, to recommend Peace, and even with hand on sword-hilt to command it; that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace!" thinks he always. And is greatly set on that method; which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. A fact to be noted. Long poring in those mournful imbroglios of Dryasdust, where the fraction of living and important welters overwhelmed by wildernesses of the dead and nugatory, one at length disengages this fact; and readers may take it along with them, for it proves illuminative of Friedrich's procedures now and afterwards. A fixed notion of Friedrich's, this of German Princes "uniting," when the common dangers become flagrant; a very lively notion with him at present. He will himself cheerfully take the lead in such Union, but he must not venture alone.[2]

The Reich, when appealed to, with such degree of emphasis, in this matter, — we see how the Reich has responded! Later on, Friedrich tried "the Swabian Circle" (chief scene of these Austrian-Bavarian tusslings); which has, like the other Circles, a kind of parliament, and pretends to be a political unity of some sort. "Cannot the Swabian Circle, or Swabian and Frankish joined (to which one might declare oneself *Protector*, in such case), order their own Captains, with military force of their own, say 20,000 men, to rank on the Frontier; and to inform peremptorily all belligerents and tumultuous persons, French, Bavarian, English, Austrian: 'No thoroughfare; we tell you, No admittance here!'" Friedrich, disappointed of the Reich, had taken up that smaller notion: and he spent a good deal of endeavor on that too, — of which we may see some glimpse, as we proceed. But it proves all futile. The Swabian Circle too is a moribund horse; all these horses dead or moribund.

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[1] The question had been started, "in August, 1741," by the Kaiser himself; "11th March, 1743," again urged by him, after Friedrich's offer; "10th May, 1743," "Yes, then, we will try; but — " and the result continued zero.

[2] See Adelung, iii. *a* and *b*, passim; Valori, i. 178; &c. &c.

Friedrich, of course, has thought much what kind of Peace could be offered by a mediating party. The Kaiser has lost his Bavaria: yet he is the Kaiser, and must have a living granted him as such. Compensations, aspirations, claims of territory; these will be manifold! These are a world of floating vapor, of greed, of anger, idle pretension: but within all these there are the real necessities; what the case does require, if it is ever to be settled! Friedrich discerns this Austrian-Bavarian necessity of compensation; of new land to cut upon. And where is that to come from!

In January last, Friedrich, intensely meditating this business, had in private a bright-enough idea: That of secularizing those so-called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian-Bavarian by locality and nature, Passau, Salzburg, Regensburg, idle opulent territories, with functions absurd not useful; — and of therefrom cutting compensation to right and to left. This notion he, by obscure channels, put into the head of Baron von Haslang, Bavarian Ambassador at London; where it germinated rapidly, and came to fruit;— was officially submitted to Lord Carteret in his own house, in two highly artistic forms, one evening; — and sets the Diplomatic Heads all wagging upon it.[1] With great hope, at one time; till rumor of it got abroad into the Orthodox imagination, into the Gazetteer world; and raised such a clamor, in those months, as seldom was. "Secularize, Hah! One sees the devilish heathen spirit of you; and what kind of Kaiser, on the religious side, we now have the happiness of having!" So that Kaiser Karl had to deny utterly, "Never heard of such a thing!" Carteret himself had, in politeness, to deny; much more, and for dire cause, had Haslang himself, over the belly of facts, "Never in my dreams, I tell you!" — and to get ambiguous certificate from Carteret, which the simple could interpret to that effect.[1]

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 84, 90, "January–March, 1743."

It was only in whispers that the name of Friedrich was connected with this fine scheme; and all parties were glad to get it soon buried again. A bright idea; but had come a century too soon. Of another Carteret Negotiation with Kaiser Karl, famed as "Conferences of Hanau," which had almost come to be a Treaty, but did not; and then, failing that, of a famous Carteret "Treaty of Worms," which did come to perfection, in these same localities shortly afterwards; and which were infinitely interesting to our Friedrich, both the Treaty and the Failure of the Treaty, — we propose to speak elsewhere, in due time.

As to Friedrich's own endeavors and industries, at Regensburg and elsewhere, for effective mediation of Peace; for the Reich to mediate, and have "Army of Mediation;" for a "Union of Swabian Circles" to do it; for this and then for that to do it; — as to Friedrich's own efforts and strugglings that way, in all likely and in some unlikely quarters, — they were, and continued to be, earnest, incessant; but without result. Like the spurring of horses really *dead* some time ago! Of which no reader wishes the details, though the fact has to be remembered. And so, with slight indication for Friedrich's sake, — being intent on the stage of events, — we must leave that shadowy hypothetic region, as a wood in the background; the much foliage and many twigs and boughs of which do authentically *take* the trouble to be there, though we have to paint it in this summary manner.

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[1] Carteret's Letter (ibid. iii, *b*, 190).

CHAPTER V.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN; AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER.

Britannic Majesty with his Yarmouth, and martial Prince of Cumberland, arrived at Hanover May 15th; soon followed by Carteret from the Hague:[1] a Majesty prepared now for battle and for treaty alike; kind of earthly Jove, Arbiter of Nations, or victorious Hercules of the Pragmatic, the sublime little man. At Herrenhausen he has a fine time; grandly fugling about; negotiating with Wilhelm of Hessen and others; commanding his Pragmatic Army from the distance: and then at last, dashing off rather in haste, he— It is well known what enigmatic Exploit he did, at least the Name of it is well known! Here, from the Imbroglios, is a rough Account; parts of which are introducible for the sake of English readers.

Battle of Dettingen.

"After some five leisurely weeks in Herrenhausen, George II. (now an old gentleman of sixty), with his martial Fat Boy the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Carteret his Diplomatist-in-Chief, quitted that pleasant sojourn, rather on a sudden, for the actual Seat of War. By speedy journeys they got to Frankfurt Country; to Hanau, June 19th; whence, still up the Mayn, twenty or thirty miles farther up, to Aschaffenburg,—where the Pragmatic Army, after some dangerous manœuvring on the opposite or south bank of the River, has lain encamped some days, and is in questionable posture. Whither his Majesty in person has hastened up. And truly, if his Majesty's head contain any good counsel, there is great need of it here just now.

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[1] *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis's, § Carteret), iii. 277.

"Captains and men were impatient of that long loitering, hanging idle about Frankfurt all through May; and they have at length started real business, — with more valor than discretion, it is feared. They are some 40 or 44,000 strong: English 16,000; Hanoverians the like number; and of Austrians [by theory 20,000], say, in effect, 12,000 or even 8,000: all paid by England. They have Hanau for Magazine; they have rear-guard of 12,000 [the 6,000 Hessians, and 6,000 new Hanoverians], who at last are actually on march thither, near arriving there: 'Forward!' said the Captaincy [said Stair, chiefly, it was thought]: 'Shall the whole summer waste itself to no purpose?' — and are up the River thus far, not on the most considerate terms.

"What this Pragmatic Army means to do? That is, and has been, a great question for all the world; especially for Noailles and the French, — not to say, for the Pragmatic itself! 'Get into Lorraine?' think the French: 'Get into Alsace, and wrest it from us, for behoof of her Hungarian Majesty,' — plundered goods, which indeed belong to the Reich and her, in a sense! *Els-sass* (Alsace, *Outer*-seat), with its *Road*-Fortress (*Stras*burg) plundered from the Holy Romish Reich by Louis XIV., in a way no one can forget; actually plundered, as if by highway robbery, or by highway robbery and attorneyism combined, on the part of that great Sovereign. 'To Strasburg? To Lorraine perhaps? Or to the Three Bishoprics'" (Metz, Toul, Verdun: — readers recollect that Siege of Metz, which broke the great heart of Karl V.? Who raged and fired as man seldom did, with 50,000 men, against Guise and the intrusive French, for six weeks; sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg on winter nights, 300 years ago: to no purpose; for his Captains of the Siege, after trial and second trial, solemnly shook their heads; and the great Kaiser, breaking into tears, had to raise the Siege of Metz; and went his way, never to smile more in this world: and Metz, and Toul, and Verdun, remain with the French ever since): — "To the Three Bishoprics, possibly enough!"

"'Or they may purpose for the Donau Countries, where Broglio is crackling off like trains of gunpowder; and lend hand to Prince Karl, thereby enclosing Broglio between two fires?' This, according to present aspects, is the likeliest. And perhaps, had provenders and arrangements been made beforehand for such a march, this had been the feasiblest: and, to my own notion, it was some wild hope of doing this without provenders or prearrangements that had brought the Pragmatic into its present quarters at Aschaffenburg, which are for the military mind a mystery to this day.

"Early in the Spring, the French Government had equipped Noailles with 70,000 men, to keep watch, and patrol about, in the Rhine-Mayn Countries, and look into those points. Which he has been vigilantly doing, — posted of late on the south or left bank of the Mayn; — and is especially vigilant, since June 14th, when the Pragmatic Army got on march, across the Mayn at Höchst; and took to offering him battle, on his own south side of the River. Noailles — though his Force [still 58,000, after that Broglio Detachment of 12,000] was greatly the stronger — would not fight; preferred cutting off the Enemy's supplies, capturing his river-boats, provision-convoys from Hanau, and settling him by hunger, as the cheaper method. Impetuous Stair was thwarted, by flat protest of his German colleagues, especially by D'Ahremberg, in *forcing* battle on those rash terms: 'We Austrians absolutely will not!' said D'Ahremberg at last, and withdrew, or was withdrawing, he for his part, across the River again. So that Stair also was obliged to recross the River, in indignant humor; and now lies at Aschaffenburg, suffering the sad alternative, short diet namely, which will end in famine soon, if these counsels prevail.

"Stair and D'Ahremberg do not well accord in their opinions; nor, it seems, is anybody in particular absolute Chief; there are likewise heats and jealousies between the Hanoverian and the English troops ('Are not we come for all your goods?' 'Yes, damn you, and for all our chattels too!') — and withal it is frightfully uncertain whether a high degree of intellect presides over these 44,000 fighting men, which may lead them to something, or a low degree, which can only lead them to nothing! — The blame is all laid on Stair; 'too rash,' they say.

Possibly enough, too rash. And possibly enough withal, even to a sound military judgment, in such unutterable puddle of jarring imbecilities, 'rashness,' headlong courage, offered the one chance there was of success? Who knows, had all the 44,000 been as rash as Stair and his English, but luck, and sheer hard fighting, might have favored him, as skill could not, in those sad circumstances! Stair's plan was, 'Beat Noailles, and you have done everything: provisions, opulent new regions, and all else shall be added to you!' Stair's plan might have answered, — had Stair been the master to execute it; which he was not. D'Ahremberg's also, who protested, 'Wait till your 12,000 join, and you have your provisions,' was the orthodox plan, and might have much to say for itself. But the two plans collapsing into one, — that was the clearly fatal method! Magnanimous Stair never made the least explanation, to an undiscerning Public or Parliament; wrapt himself in strict silence, and accepted in a grand way what had come to him.[1] Clear it is, the Pragmatic Army had come across again, at Aschaffenburg, Sunday, June 16th; and was found there by his Majesty on the Wednesday following, with its two internecine plans fallen into mutual death; a Pragmatic Army in truly dangerous circumstances.

"The English who were in and round Aschaffenburg itself, Hanoverians and Austrians encamping farther down, had put a battery on the Bridge of Aschaffenburg; hoping to be able to forage thereby on the other side of the Mayn. Whereupon Noailles had instantly clapt a redoubt, under due cover of a wood, at his end of the Bridge, 'No passage this way, gentlemen, except into the cannon's throat!' — so that Marshal Stair, reconnoitring that way, 'had his hat shot off,' and rapidly drew back again. Nay, before long, Noailles, at the Village of Seligenstadt, some eight miles farther down, throws two wooden or pontoon bridges over;[2] can bring his whole Army across at Seligenstadt; prohibits all manner of supply to us from Hanau or our Magazines by his arrangement there." — (Notable little Seligenstadt, "City of the Blessed;" where Eginhart and Emma, ever since Charlemagne's time, lie waiting the Resurrection; that is the place of these Noailles contrivances!) — "Furthermore, we learn, Noailles has seized a post twenty miles farther up the river (Miltenberg the name of it); and will prevent supplies from coming down to us out of Franken or the Neckar Country. We had forgotten, or our *collapse* of plans had done it, that 'an army moves on its stomach' (as the King of Prussia says), and that we have nothing to live upon in these parts!

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[1] His Papers, to voluminous extent, are still in the Family Archives; — not inaccessible, I think, were the right student of them (who would be a rare article among us!) to turn up.

[2] Sketch of Plan at p. 257.

"Such has the unfortunate fact turned out to be, when Britannic Majesty arrives; and it can now be discovered clearly, by any eyes, however flat to the head. And a terrible fact it is. Discordant Generals accuse one another; hungry soldiers cannot be kept from plundering: for the horses there is unripe rye in quantity; but what is there for the men? My poor traditionary friends, of the Grey Dragoons, were wont (I have heard) to be heart-rending on this point, in after years! Famine being urgent, discipline is not possible, nor existence itself. For a week longer, George, rather in obstinate hope than with any reasonable plan or exertion, still tries it; finds, after repeated Councils of War, that he will have to give it up, and go back to Hanau where his living is. Wednesday night, 26th June, 1743, that is the final resolution, inevitably come upon, without argument: and about one on Thursday morning, the Army (in two columns, Austrians to vanward well away from the River, English as rear-guard close on it) gets in motion to execute said resolution, — if the Army can.

"If the Army can: but that is like to be a formidably difficult business; with a Noailles watching every step of you, to-day and for ten days back, in these sad circumstances. Eyes in him like a lynx, they say; and great skill in war, only too cautious. Hardly is the Army gone from Aschaffenburg, when Noailles, pushing across by the Bridge, seizes that post, — no retreat now for us thitherward. His Majesty, who marches in the rear division, has happily some artillery with him; repels the assaults from behind, which might have been more serious otherwise. As it is, there play cannon across the River upon him: — Why not bend to right, and get out of range, asks the reader? The Spessart Hills rise, high and woody, on the right; and there is in many places no marching except within range. Noailles has Five effective Batteries, at the various good points, on his side of the River: — and that is nothing to what he has got ready for us, were we once at Dettingen, within wind of his Two Bridges a little beyond! Noailles has us in a perfect mouse-trap, *souricière* as he felinely calls it; and calculates on having annihilation ready for us at Dettingen.

"Dettingen, short way above those Pontoons at Seligenstadt, is near eight miles westward [*north*westward, but let us use the briefer term] from Aschaffenburg: Dettingen is a poor peasant Village, of some size, close on the Mayn, and on our side of it. A Brook, coming down from the Spessart Mountains, falls into the Mayn there; having formed for itself, there and upwards, a considerable dell or hollow way; chiefly on the western or right bank of which stands the Village with its barnyards and piggeries: on both sides of the great Highroad, which here crosses the Brook, and will lead you to Hanau twenty miles off, — or back to Aschaffenburg, and even to Nürnberg and the Donau Countries, if you persevere. Except that of the high-road, Dettingen Brook has no bridge. Above the Village, after coming from the Mountains, the banks of it are boggy; especially the western bank, which spreads out into a scrubby waste of moor, for some good space. In which scrubby moor, as elsewhere in this dell or hollow way itself, where the Village hangs, with its hedges, piggeries, colegarths, — there is like to be bad enough marching for a column of men! Noailles, as we said, has Two Bridges thrown across the Mayn, just below; and the last of his Five Batteries, from the other side, will command Dettingen. His plan of operation is this: —

"By these Bridges he has passed 24,000 horse and foot across the River, under his Nephew the chivalrous Duke of Grammont: these, with due artillery and equipment, are to occupy the Village; and to rank themselves in battle-order to leftward of it, on the moor just mentioned, — well behind that hollow way, with its brook and bogs; — and, one thing they must note well, Not to stir from that position, till the English columns have got fairly into said hollow way and brook of Dettingen, and are plunging more or less distractedly across the entanglements there. With cannon on their left flank, and such a gullet to pass through, one may hope they will be in rather an attackable condition. Across that gullet it is our intention they shall never get. How can they, if Grammont do his duty?

"This is Noailles's plan; one of the prettiest imaginable, say military men, — had the execution but corresponded. Noailles had seized Aschaffenburg, so soon as the English were out of it; Noailles, from his batteries beyond the River, salutes the English march with continuous shot and thunder, which is very discomposing: he sees confidently a really fair likelihood of capturing the Britannic Majesty and his Pragmatic Army, unless they prefer to die on the ground. Seldom, since that of the Caudine Forks, did any Army, by ill-luck and ill-guidance, get into such a pinfold, — death or flat surrender seemingly their one alternative.

"Thus march these English, that dewy morning, Thursday, June 27th, 1743, with cannon playing on their left flank; and such a fate ahead of them, had they known it; — very short of breakfast, too, for most part. But they have one fine quality, and Britannic George, like all his Welf race from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an eminent degree: they are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all Welf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton Populations, on that side of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substratum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depths of potential rage almost unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it. Which quality will much stead them on the present occasion: and, indeed, it is perhaps strengthened by their 'stupidity' itself, what neighbors call their 'stupidity;' — want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay want even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now! They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon; ignorant of what is ahead; hoping only it may be breakfast, in some form, before the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly 8 o'clock, when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset; find a whole French Army drawn up, on the scrubby moor there; and come galloping back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much consulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being knotty: 'Fight, *yes*, now at last! But how?' Impetuous Stair was not wanting to himself; Neipperg too, they say, was useful with advice; D'Ahremberg, I should imagine, good for little.

"Some six hours followed of thrice-intricate deploying, planting of field-pieces, counter-batteries; ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither and then thither of horse and foot; Noailles's cannonade proceeding all the while; the English, still considerably exposed to it, and standing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and with better reason the English, much wishing these preliminaries were done. A difficult business, that of deploying here. The Pragmatic had no room, jammed so against the Spessart Hills, and obliged to lean *from* the River and Noailles's cannon; had to rank itself in six, some say in eight lines; horse behind foot, as well as on flank; unsatisfactory to the military mind: and I think had not done shuffling and re-shuffling at 2 p. m., — when the Enemy came bursting on, with a peremptory finish to it, 'Enough of that, *Messieurs les Anglais!*' 'Too much of it, a great deal!' thought Messieurs grimly, in response. And there ensued a really furious clash of host against host; French chivalry (*Maison du Roi*, Black Mousquetaires, the Flower of their Horse regiments) dashing, in right Gallic frenzy, on their natural enemies, — on the English, that is; who, I find, were mainly on the left wing there, horse and foot; and had mainly (the Austrians and they, very mainly) the work to do; — and did, with an effort, and luck helping, manage to do it.

"'Grammont breaks orders! Thrice-blamable Grammont!' exclaim Noailles and others, sorrowfully wringing their hands. Even so! Grammont had waited seven mortal hours; one's courage burning all the while, courage perhaps rather burning down, — and not the least use coming of it. Grammont had, in natural impatience, gradually edged forward; and, in the end, was being cannonaded and pricked into by the Enemy; — and did at last, with his *Maison-du-Roi*, dash across that essential Hollow Way, and plunge in upon them on their own side of it. And 'the English foot gave their volley too soon;' and Grammont did, in effect, partly repulse and disorder the front ranks of them; and, blazing up uncontrollable, at sight of those first ranks in disorder, did press home upon them more and more; get wholly into the affair, bringing on his Infantry as well: 'Let us finish it wholly, now that our hand is in!' — and took one cannon from the Enemy; and did other feats.

"So furious was that first charge of his; '*Maison-du-Roi* covering itself with glory,' — for a short while. *Maison-du-Roi* broke three lines of the Enemy [three, not "Five"]; did in some places actually break through; in others 'could not, but galloped along the front.' Three of their lines: but the fourth line would not break; much the contrary, it advanced (Austrians and English) with steady fire, hotter and hotter: upon this fourth line *Maison-du-Roi* had, itself, to break, pretty much altogether, and rush home again, in ruinous condition. 'Our front lines made lanes for them; terribly maltreating them with musketry on right and left, as they galloped through.' And this was the end of Grammont's successes, this charge of horse; for his infantry had no luck anywhere; and the essential crisis of the Battle had been here. It continued still a good while; plenty of cannonading, fusillading, but in sporadic detached form; a confused series of small shocks and knocks; which were mostly, or all, unfortunate for Grammont; and which at length knocked him quite off the field. 'He was now interlaced with the English,' moans Noailles; 'so that my cannon, not to shoot Grammont as well as the English, had to cease firing!' Well, yes, that is true, M. le Maréchal; but that is not so important as you would have it. The English had stood nine hours in this fire of yours; by degrees, leaning well away from it; answering it with counter-batteries; — and were not yet ruined by it, when the Grammont crisis came! Noailles should have dashed fresh troops across his Bridges, and tried to handle them well. Noailles did not do that; or do anything but wring his hands.

"The Fight lasted four hours; ever hotter on the English part, ever less hot on the French [fire of anthracite-coal *versus* flame of dry wood, which latter at last sinks *ashy!*] — and ended in total defeat of the French. The French Infantry by no means behaved as their Cavalry had done. The *Gardes Françaises* [fire burning ashy, after seven hours of flaming], when Grammont ordered them up to take the English in flank, would hardly come on at all, or stand one push. They threw away their arms, and plunged into the River, like a drove of swimmers; getting drowned in great numbers. So that their comrades nicknamed them '*Canards du Mein* (Ducks of the Mayn):' and in English mess-rooms, there went afterwards a saying: 'The French had, in reality, Three Bridges; one of them *not* wooden, and carpeted with blue cloth!' Such the wit of military mankind.

" . . . The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. Partial huzzas and counter-huzzas between the Infantries were going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up: 'Stop that,' said Stair; 'let us do it right. Silence; then, One and all, when I give you signal!' And Stair, at the right moment, lifting his hat, there burst out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my authority, 'and they never shouted more. . . . Our ground in many parts was under rye,' hedgeless fields of rye, chief grain-crop of that sandy country. 'We had already wasted above 120,000 acres of it,' still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, 'since crossing to Aschaffenburg;' — fighting for your Cause of Liberty, ye benighted ones!

"King Friedrich's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, That the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old Uncle, finding the French there barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must and should be fighting, of the toughest; but had no plan or counsel farther: that he did at first ride up, to see what was what with his own eyes; but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the cannon; upon which he hastily got down; drew sword; put himself at the head of his Hanoverian Infantry [on the right wing], and stood, — left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge, — steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the rocks, till all was over, and victory gained. This is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic Majesty's horse [one of those 500 fine animals] did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him; upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback, in the earlier stages; galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him; and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language, 'Steady, my boys; fire, my brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!'[1] Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands [and to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout] in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; '*sans peur et sans avis,*' as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German Wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English History, that attitude of lunge! —

"The English Officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way: — without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French, so far as might be. And always, after that first stumble with the French Horse was mended, they kept gaining ground, thrusting back the Enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook and Moor-ground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or other coverts, back and ever back, towards Welzheim, Kahl, and those Two Bridges of his. The flamy French [ligneous fire burning lower and lower, *versus* anthracitic glowing brighter and brighter] found that they had a bad time of it; — found, in fact, that they could not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their Bridges on the Mayn, many leaping into the River, the English sitting dreadfully on the skirts of them. So that had the English had their Cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's Army, in the humor it had sunk to, was ruined, and the Victory would have been conspicuously great. But they had, as too common, nothing ready. Impetuous Stair strove to get ready; "pushed out the Grey Dragoons" for one item. But the Authorities refused Stair's counsel, as rash again; and made no effectual pursuit at all; — too glad that they had brushed their Battle-field triumphantly clear, and got out of that fatal pinfold in an honorable manner.

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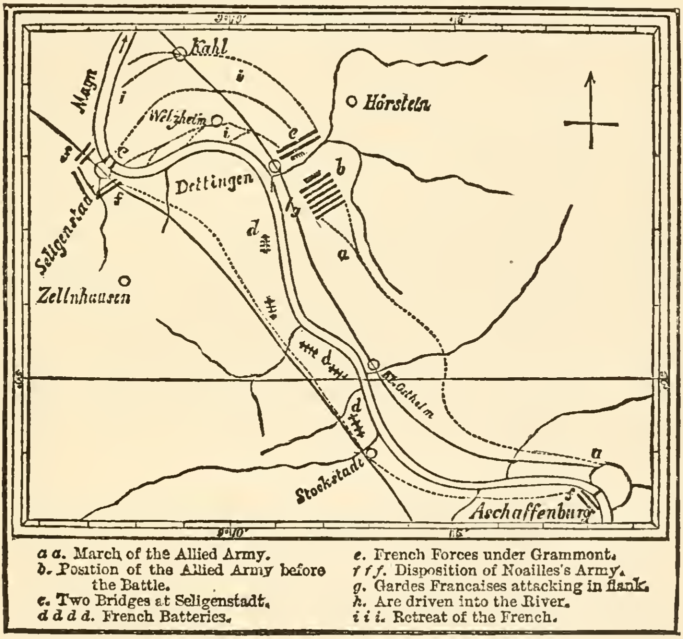
[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii. 14): compare Anonymous, *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (p. 64 n.); Henderson's *Life* of ditto; &c.


Main
Kahl
Hörstein
Welzheim
Dettingen
Seligenstadt
Zellnhausen
Kl. Ostheim
Stockstadt
Aschaffenburg
a a. March of the Allied Army.
b. Position of the Allied Army before the Battle.
c. Two Bridges at Seligenstadt.
d d d d. French Batteries.
e. French Forces under Grammont.
f f f. Disposition of Noailles's Army.
g. Gardes Francaises attacking in flank.
h. Are driven into the River.
i i i. Retreat of the French.

"They stayed on the ground till 10 at night; settling, or trying to settle, many things. The Surgeons were busy as bees, but able for Officers only; — 'Dress *him* first!' said the glorious Duke of Cumberland, pointing to a young Frenchman [Excellency Fénelon's Son, grand-nephew of *Télémaque*] who was worse wounded than his Highness. Quite in the

Philip-Sydney fashion; which was much taken notice of. 'All this while, we had next to nothing to eat' (says one informant). — Ten P.M.: after which, leaving a polite Letter to Noailles, 'That he would take care of our Wounded, and bury our Slain as well as his own,' we march [through a pour of rain] to Hanau, where our victuals are, and 12,000 new Hessians and Hanoverians by this time.

"Noailles politely bandaged the Wounded, buried the Dead. Noailles, gathering his scattered battalions, found that he had lost 2,659 men; no ruinous loss to him, — the Enemy's being at least equal, and all his Wounded fallen Prisoners of War. No ruinous loss to Noailles, had it not been the loss of Victory, — which was a sore blow to French feeling; and, adding itself to those Broglio disgraces, a new discouragement to Most Christian Majesty. Victory indisputably lost: — but is it not Grammont's blame altogether? Grammont bears it, as we saw; and it is heavily laid on him. But my own conjecture is, forty thousand enraged people, of English and other Platt-Teutsch type, would have been very difficult to pin up, into captivity or death instead of breakfast, in that manner: and it is possible if poor Grammont had not mistaken, some other would have done so, and the hungry Baresarks (their blood fairly up, as is evident) would have ended in getting through."[1]

This was all the Fighting that King George got of his Pragmatic Army; the gain from conquest made by it was,

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[1] Espagnac, i. 193; *Guerre de Bohème*, i. 231. — *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. (for 1743), pp. 328–481; — containing Carteret's Despatch from the field; followed by many other Letters and indistinct Narrations from Officers present (p. 434, "Plan of the Battle," blotchy, indecipherable in parts, but essentially rather true), — is worth examining. See likewise Anonymous, *Memoirs of the late Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1767; the Author an ignorant, much-adoring military man, who has made some study, and is not so stupid as he looks), pp. 56–78; and Henderson (ignorant he too, much-adoring, and not military), *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1766), pp. 32–48. Noailles's Official Account (ingenuously at a loss what to say), in *Campagnes*, ii. *b*, 242–253, 306–310. *Œuvres de Frédéric* iii. 11–14 (incorrect in many of the *details*).

That it victoriously struggled back to its bread-cupboard. Stair, about two months hence, in the mere loitering and higgling that there was, quitted the Pragmatic; magnanimously silent on his many wrongs and disgusts, desirous only of "returning to the plough," as he expressed himself. The lofty man; wanted several requisites for being a Marlborough; wanted a Sarah Jennings, as the preliminary of all! — We will not attend the lazy movements and procedures of the Pragmatic Army farther; which were of altogether futile character, even in the temporary Gazetteer estimate; and are to be valued at zero, and left charitably in oblivion by a pious posterity. Stair, the one brightish-looking man in it, being gone, there remain Majesty with his D'Ahrembergs, Neippergs, and the Martial Boy; Generals Cope, Hawley, Wade, and many of leaden character, remain: — let the leaden be wrapped in lead.

It was not a successful Army, this Pragmatic. Dettingen itself, in spite of the rumoring of Gazetteers and temporary persons, had no result, — except the extremely bad one, That it inflated to an alarming height the pride and belligerent humor of his Britannic, especially of her Hungarian Majesty; and made Peace more difficult than ever. That of getting Ostein, with his Austrian leanings, chosen Kur-Mainz, — that too turned out ill: and perhaps, in the course of the next few months, we shall judge that, had Ostein leant *against* Austria, it had been better for Austria and Ostein. Of the Pragmatic Army, silence henceforth, rather than speech! —

One thing we have to mark, his Britannic Majesty, commander of such an Army, — and of such a Purse, which is still more stupendous, — has risen, in the Gazetteer estimate and his own, to a high pitch of importance. To be Supreme Jove of Teutschland, in a manner; and acts, for the present Summer, in that sublime capacity. Two Diplomatic feats of his, — one a Treaty done and tumbled down again, the other a Treaty done and let stand ("Treaty of Worms," and "Conferences," or *Non*-Treaty "of Hanau"), — are of moment in this History and that of the then World. Of these two Transactions, due both of them to such an Army and such a Purse, we shall have to take some notice by and by; the rest shall belong to Night and her leaden sceptre — much good may they do her!

Some ten days after Dettingen, Broglio (who was crackling off from Donauwörth, in view of the Lines of Schellenberg, that very 27th of June) ended his retreat to the Rhine Countries; "glorious," though rather swift, and eaten into by the Tolpatcheries of Prince Karl. "July 8th, at Wimpfen" (in the Neckar Region, some way South of Dettingen), Broglio delivers his troops to Maréchal de Noailles's care; and, next morning, rushes off towards Strasburg, and quiet Official life, as Governor there.

"The day after his arrival," says Friedrich, "he gave a grand ball in Strasburg:"[1] "Behold your conquering hero safe again, my friends!" An ungrateful Court judged otherwise of the hero. Took his Strasburg Government from him, gave it to Maréchal de Coigny; ordered the hero to his Estates in the Country, Normandy, if I remember; — where he soon died of apoplexy, poor man; and will trouble none of us again. "A man born for surprises," said Friedrich long since, in the Strasburg Doggerel. Lost his indispensable garnitures, at the Ford of Secchia once; and now, in these last twelve months, is considered to have done a series of blustery explosions, derogatory to the glory of France, and ruinous to that sublime Belleisle Enterprise for one thing.

A ruined Enterprise that, at any rate; seldom was Enterprise better ruined. Here, under Broglio, amid the titterings of mankind, has the tail of the Oriflamme gone the same bad road as its head did; — into zero and outer darkness; leaving the expenses to pay. Like a mad tavern-brawl of one's own raising, the biggest that ever was. Has cost already, I should guess, some 80,000 French drilled Men, paid down, on the nail, to the inexorable Fates: and of coined Millions, — how many? In subsidies, in equipments, in waste, in loss and wreck: Dryasdust could not have told me, had he tried. And then the breakages, damages still chargeable; the probable after-clap?

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 10.

For you cannot quite gratuitously tweak people by the nose, in your wanton humor, over your wine! — One willing man, or Most Christian Majesty, can at any time begin a quarrel; but there need always two or more to end it again.

Most Christian Majesty is not so sensible of this fact as he afterwards became; but what with Broglio and the extinct Oriflamme, what with Dettingen and the incipient Pragmatic, he is heartily disgusted and discouraged; and wishes he had not thought of cutting Germany in Four. July 26th, Most Christian Majesty applies to the German Diet; signifying "That he did indeed undertake to help the Kaiser, according to treaties; but was the farthest in the world from meaning to invade Germany, on his own score. That he had and has no quarrel, except with Austria as Kaiser's enemy; and is ready to be friends even with Austria. And now indeed intends to withdraw his troops wholly from the German territory. And can therefore hope that all unpleasantness will cease, between the German Nation and him; and that perhaps the Kaiser will be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary on softer terms than at one time seemed likely. If only the animosities of sovereign persons would assuage themselves, and each of us would look without passion at the issue really desirable for him!"[1]

That is now, 26th July, 1743, King Louis's story for himself to the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire, Teutsch by Nation, sitting at Frankfurt in rather disconsolate circumstances. The Diet naturally answered, "*Ja wohl, Ja wohl,*" in intricate official language, — nobody need know what the Diet answered. But what the Hungarian Majesty answered, strong and high in such Britannic backing, — this was of such unexpected tone, that it fixed everybody's attention; and will very specially require to be noted by us, in the course of a week or two.

We said, her Hungarian Majesty was getting crowned in Bohemia, getting personally homaged in Upper Austria, about to get vice-homaged in Bavaria itself, — nothing but glorious pomp, but loyalty loudly vocal, in Prag, in Linz and the once-afflicted Countries; at her return to Vienna, she has met the news of Dettingen; and is ready to strike the stars with her sublime head. "My little Paladin become Supreme Jove, too: aha!"

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[1] Espagnac, i. 200. Adelung, iii. *b*, 199 (26th July); Ib. 201 (the Answer to it, 16th August).

Britannic Majesty holds his Conferences of Hanau.

Britannic Majesty stayed two whole months in Hanau, brushing himself up again after that fierce bout; and considering, with much dubitation, What is the next thing? "Go in upon Noailles [who is still hanging about here, with Broglio coming on in the exploded state]; wreck Broglio and him! Go in upon the French!" so urges Stair always: rash Stair, urgent to the edge of importunity; English Officers and Martial Boy urgently backing Stair; while the Hanoverian Officers and Martial Parent are steady to the other view. So that, in respect of War, the next thing, for two months coming, was absolutely nothing, and to the end of the Campaign was nothing worth a moment's notice from us. But on the Diplomatic side, there were two somethings, *Conferences at Hanau* with poor Kaiser Karl, and *Treaty at Worms* with the King of Sardinia; which — as *minus* quantities, or things less than nothing — turned out to be highly considerable for his Britannic Majesty and us.

Hanau, 7th July–1st August, 1743. "Poor Kaiser Karl had left Augsburg June 26th, — while his Broglio was ferrying at Donauwörth, and his Seckendorf treatying for Armistice at Nieder-Schönfeld, — the very day before Dettingen. What a piece of news to him, that Dettingen, on his return to Frankfurt!

"A few days after Dettingen, July 3d, Noailles, who is still within call, came across to see this poor stepson of Fortune; gives piteous account of him, if any one were now curious on that head: How he bitterly complains of Broglio, of the no-subsidies sent, and is driven nearly desperate; — not a penny in his pocket, beyond all. Upon which latter clause Noailles munificently advanced him a £6,000. 'Draught of 40,000 crowns, in my own name; which doubtless the King, in his compassion, will see good to sanction.'[1] His feelings on the loss of Dettingen may be pictured. But he had laid his account with such things; — prepared for the worst, since that Interview with Broglio and Conti; one plan now left, 'Peace, cost what it will!'

"The poor Kaiser had already, as we saw, got into hopes of bargaining with his Britannic Majesty; and now he instantly sets about it, while Hanau is victorious head-quarters. Britannic Majesty is not himself very forward; but Carteret, I rather judge, had taken up the notion; and on his Majesty's and Carteret's part, there is actually the wish and attempt to pacificate the Reich; to do something tolerable for the poor Kaiser, as well as satisfactory to the Hungarian Majesty, — satisfactory, or capable of being (by the Purse-holder) insisted on as such.

"And so the Landgraf of Hessen, excellent Wilhelm, King George's friend and gossip, is come over to that little Town of Hanau, which is his own, in the Schloss of which King George is lodged: and there, between Carteret and our Landgraf, — the King of Prussia's Ambassador (Herr Klinggräf), and one or two selectly zealous Official persons, assisting or watching, — we have 'Conferences of Hanau' going on; in a zealous fashion; all parties eager for Peace to Kaiser and Reich, and in good hope of bringing it about. The wish, ardent to a degree, had been the Kaiser's first of all. The scheme, I guess, was chiefly of Carteret's devising; who, in his magnificent mind, regardless of expense, thinks it may be possible, and discerns well what a stroke it will be for the Cause of Liberty, and how glorious for a Britannic Majesty's Adviser in such circumstances. July 7th, the Conferences began; and, so frank and loyal were the parties, in a week's time matters were advanced almost to completion, the fundamental outlines of a bargain settled, and almost ready for signing.

"'Give me my Bavaria again!' the Kaiser had always said:

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[1] *Campagnes de Noailles* (Amsterdam, 1760: this is a Sequel, or rather *vice versâ*, to that which we have called *Des Trois Maréchaux*, being of the same Collection), i. 316–328.

'I am Head of the Reich, and have nothing to live upon!' On one preliminary, Carteret had always been inexorable: 'Have done with your French auxiliaries; send every soul of them home; the German soil once cleared of them, much will be possible; till then nothing.' *Kaiser:* 'Well, give me back my Bavaria; my Bavaria, and something suitable to live upon, as Head of the Reich: some decent Annual Pension, till Bavaria come into paying condition, — cannot you, who are so wealthy? And Bavaria might be made a Kingdom, if you wished to do the handsome thing. I will renounce my Austrian Pretensions, quit utterly my French Alliances; consent to have her Hungarian Majesty's august Consort made King of the Romans [which means Kaiser after me], and in fact be very safe to the House of Austria and the Cause of Liberty.' To all this the thrice-unfortunate gentleman, titular Emperor of the World, and unable now to pay his milk-scores, is eager to consent. To continue crossing the Abysses on bridges of French rainbow? Nothing but French subsidies to subsist on; and these how paid, — Noailles's private pocket knows how! 'I consent,' said the Kaiser; 'will forgive and forget, and bygones shall be bygones all round!' 'Fair on his Imperial Majesty's part,' admits Carteret; 'we will try to be persuasive at Vienna. Difficult, but we will try.' In a week matters had come to this point; and the morrow, July 15th, was appointed for signing. Most important of Protocols, foundation-stone of Peace to Teutschland; King Friedrich and the impartial Powers approving, with Britannic George and drawn sword presiding.

"King Friedrich approves heartily; and hopes it will do. Landgraf Wilhelm is proud to have saved his Kaiser, — who so glad as the Landgraf and his Kaiser? Carteret, too, is very glad; exulting, as he well may, to have composed these world-deliriums, or concentrated them upon peccant France, he with his single head, and to have got a value out of that absurd Pragmatic Army, after all. A man of magnificent ideas; who hopes 'to bring Friedrich over to his mind;' to unite poor Teutschland against such Oriflamme Invasions and intolerable interferences, and to settle the account of France for a long while. He is the only English Minister who speaks German, knows German situations, interests, ways; or has the least real understanding of this huge German Imbroglio in which England is voluntarily weltering. And truly, had Carteret been King of England, which he was not, — nay, had King Friedrich ever got to understand, instead of misunderstand, what Carteret *was*, — here might have been a considerable affair!

"But it now, at the eleventh hour, came upon magnificent Carteret, now seemingly for the first time in its full force, That he Carteret was not the master; that there was a bewildered Parliament at home, a poor peddling Duke of Newcastle leader of the same, with his Lords of the Regency, who could fatally put a negative on all this, unless they were first gained over. On the morrow, July 15th, Carteret, instead of signing, as expected, has to — purpose a fortnight's delay till he consult in England! Absolutely would not and could not sign, till a Courier to England went and returned. To Landgraf Wilhelm's, to Klinggräf's and the Kaiser's very great surprise, disappointment and suspicion. But Carteret was inflexible: 'will only take a fortnight,' said he; 'and I can hope all will yet be well!'

"The Courier came back punctually in a fortnight. His Message was presented at Hanau, August 1st, — and ran conclusively to the effect: 'No! We, Noodle of Newcastle, and my other Lords of Regency, do not consent; much less, will undertake to carry the thing through Parliament: By no manner of means!' So that Carteret's lately towering Affair had to collapse ignominiously, in that manner; poor Carteret protesting his sorrow, his unalterable individual wishes and future endeavors, not to speak of his Britannic Majesty's, — and politely pressing on the poor Kaiser a gift of £15,000 (first weekly instalment of the 'Annual Pension' that *had*, in theory, been set apart for him); which the Kaiser, though indigent, declined.[1]

"The disgust of Landgraf Wilhelm was infinite; who, honest man, saw in all this merely an artifice of Carteret's, To undo the Kaiser with his French Allies, to quirk him out of his poor help from the French, and have him at their mercy. 'Shame on it!' cried Landgraf Wilhelm aloud, and many others less aloud, Klinggräf and King Friedrich among them: 'What a Carteret!' The Landgraf turned away with indignation from perfidious England; and began forming quite opposite connections. 'You shall not even have my hired 6,000, you perfidious! Thing done with such dexterity of art, too!' thought the Landgraf, — and continued to think, till evidence turned up, after many months.[1] This was Friedrich's opinion too, — permanently, I believe; — and that of nearly all the world, till the thing and the Doer of the thing were contemptuously forgotten. A piece of Machiavelism on the part of Carteret and perfidious Albion, — equal in refined cunning to that of the Ships with foul bottom, which vanished from Cadiz two years ago, and were admired with a shudder by Continental mankind who could see into millstones!

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 206, 209–212; see Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham* (London, 1829), i. 75, 469.

"This is the second stroke of Machiavellian Art by those Islanders, in their truly vulpine method. Stroke of Art important for this History; and worth the attention of English readers, — being almost of pathetic nature, when one comes to understand it! Carteret, for this Hanau business, had clangor enough to undergo, poor man, from Germans and from English; which was wholly unjust. 'His trade,' say the English — (or used to say, till they forgot their considerable Carteret altogether) — 'was that of rising in the world by feeding the mad German humors of little George; a miserable trade.' Yes, my friends; — but it was not quite Carteret's, if you will please to examine! And none say, Carteret did not do his trade, whatever it was, with a certain greatness, — at least till habits of drinking rather took him. Poor man: impatient, probably, of such fortune long continued! For he was thrown out, next Session of Parliament, by Noodle of Newcastle, on those strange terms; and never could get in again, and is now forgotten; and there succeeded him still more mournful phenomena, — said Noodle or the poor Pelhams, namely, — of whom, as of strange minus quantities set to manage our affairs, there is still some dreary remembrance in England. Well!" —

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[1] *Carteret Papers* (in British Museum), Additional MSS. No. 22,529 (May, 1743–January, 1745); in No. 22,527 (January–September, 1742) are other Landgraf-Wilhelm pieces of Correspondence.

Carteret, though there had been no Duke of Newcastle to run athwart this fine scheme, would have had his difficulties in making her Hungarian Majesty comply. Her Majesty's great heart, incurably grieved about Silesia, is bent on having, if not restoration one day, which is a hope she never quits, at any rate some ample (cannot be too ample) equivalent elsewhere. On the Hanau scheme, united Teutschland, with England for soul to it, would have fallen vigorously on the throat of France, and made France disgorge: Lorraine, Elsass, the Three Bishoprics, — not to think of Burgundy, and earlier plunders from the Reich, — here would have been "cut and come again" for her Hungarian Majesty and everybody! — But Diana, in the shape of his Grace of Newcastle, intervenes; and all this has become chimerical and worse.

It was while Carteret's courier was gone to England and not come back, that King Louis made the above-mentioned mild, almost penitent, Declaration to the Reich, "Good people, let us have Peace; and all be as we were! I, for my share, wish to be out of it; I am for home!" And, in effect, was already home; every Frenchman in arms being, by this time, on his own side of the Rhine, as we shall presently observe.

For, the same day, July 26th, while that was going on at Frankfurt, and Carteret's return-courier was due in five days, his Britannic Majesty at Hanau had a splendid visit, — tending not towards Peace with France, but quite the opposite way. Visit from Prince Karl, with Khevenhüller and other dignitaries; doing us that honor "till the evening of the 28th." Quitting their Army, — which is now in these neighborhoods (Broglio well gone to air ahead of it; Noailles too, at the first sure sniff of it, having rushed double-quick across the Rhine), — these high Gentlemen have run over to us, for a couple of days, to "congratulate on Dettingen;" or, better still, to consult, face to face, about ulterior movements. "Follow Noailles; transfer the seat of war to France itself? These are my orders, your Majesty. Combined Invasion of Elsass: what a slash may be made into France [right handselling of your Carteret Scheme] this very year!" "Proper, in every case!" answers the Britannic Majesty; and engages to cooperate. Upon which Prince Karl — after the due reviewing, dinnering, ceremonial blaring, which was splendid to witness[1] — hastens back to his Army (now lying about Baden Durlach, 70,000 strong); and ought to be swift, while the chance lasts.

Hungarian Majesty answers, in the Diet, that French Declaration, "Make Peace, good People; I wish to be out of it!" — in an ominous manner.

These are fine prospects, in the French quarter, of an equivalent for Schlesien; — very fine, unless Diana intervene! Diana or not, French prospects or not, her Hungarian Majesty fastens on Bavaria with uncommon tightness of fist, now that Bavaria is swept clear; well resolved to keep Bavaria for equivalent, till better come. Exacts, by her deputy, Homage from the Population there; strict Oath of Fealty to *her;* poor Kaiser protesting his uttermost, to no purpose; Kaiser's poor Printer (at Regensburg, which is in Bavaria) getting "tried and hanged" for printing such Protest! "She draughts forcibly the Bavarian militias into her Italian Army;" is high and merciless on all hands; — in a word, throttles poor Bavaria, as if to the choking of it outright. So that the very Gazetteers in foreign places gave voice, though Bavaria itself, such a grasp on the throat of it, was voiceless. Seckendorf's poor Bargain for neutrality as a Bavarian Reichs-Army, her Hungarian Majesty disdains to confirm; to confirm, or even to reject; treats Seckendorf and his Bavarian Army little otherwise than as a stray dog which she has not yet shot. And truly the old Feldmarschall lies at Wembdingen, in most disconsolate moulting condition; little or nothing to live upon; —

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[1] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland,* pp. 85, 86.

the English, generous creatures, had at one time flung him something, fancying the Armistice might be useful; but now it must be the French that do it, if anybody![1]

Hanau Conferences having failed, these things do not fail. Kaiser Karl is become tragical to think of. A spectacle of pity to Landgraf Wilhelm, to King Friedrich, and serious onlookers; — and perhaps not of pity only, but of "pity and fear" to some of them! — sullen Austria taking its sweet revenges, in this fashion. Readers who will look through these small chinks, may guess what a world-welter this was; and how Friedrich, gazing into phase on phase of it, as into Oracles of Fate, which to him they were, had a History, in these months, that will now never be known.

August 16th came out her Hungarian Majesty's Response to that mild quasi-penitent Declaration of King Louis to the Reich; and much astonished King Louis and others, and the very Reich itself. "Out of it?" says her Hungarian Majesty (whom we with regret, for brevity's sake, translate from Official into vulgate): "His Most Christian Majesty wishes to be out of it: — Does not he, the (what shall I call him) Crowned Housebreaker taken in the fact? You shall get out of it, please Heaven, when you have made compensation for the damage done; and till then not, if it please Heaven!" And in this strain (lengthily Official, though indignant to a degree) enumerates the wanton unspeakable mischiefs and outrages which Austria, a kind of sacred entity guaranteed by Law of Nature and Eleven Signatures of Potentates, has suffered from the Most Christian Majesty, — and will have compensation for, Heaven now pointing the way![2]

A most portentous Document; full of sombre emphasis, in sonorous snuffling tone of voice; enunciating, with inflexible purpose, a number of unexpected things: very portentous to his Prussian Majesty among others. Forms a turning-point or crisis both in the French War, and in his Prussian Majesty's History; and ought to be particularly noted and dated by the careful reader. It is here that we first publicly hear tell of Compensation, the necessity Austria will have of Compensation, — Austria does not say expressly for Silesia, but she says and means for loss of territory, and for all other losses whatsoever: "Compensation for the past, and security for the future; that is my full intention," snuffles she, in that slow metallic tone of hers, irrevocable except by the gods.

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 204 ("22d August"), 206, &c.

[2] *In extenso* in Adelung, iii. *b*, 201 et seqq.

"Compensation for the past, Security for the future:" Compensation? what does her Hungarian Majesty mean? asked all the world; asked Friedrich, the now Proprietor of Silesia, with peculiar curiosity! It is the first time her Hungarian Majesty steps articulately forward with such extraordinary Claim of Damages, as if she alone had suffered damage; — but it is a fixed point at Vienna, and is an agitating topic to mankind in the coming months and years. Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics; there would be a fine compensation. Then again, what say you to Bavaria, in lieu of the Silesia lost? You have Bavaria by the throat; keep Bavaria, you. Give "Kur-Baiern, Kaiser as they call him," something in the Netherlands to live upon? Will be better out of Germany altogether, with his French leanings. Or, give him the Kingdom of Naples, — if once we had conquered it again? These were actual schemes, successive, simultaneous, much occupying Carteret and the high Heads at Vienna now and afterwards; which came all to nothing; but should were it not impossible, be held in some remembrance by readers.

Another still more unexpected point comes out here, in this singular Document, publicly for the first time: Austria's feelings in regard to the Imperial Election itself. Namely, That Austria considers, and has all along considered, the said Election to be fatally vitiated by that Exclusion of the Bohemian Vote; to be in fact nullified thereby; and that, to her clear view, the present so-called Kaiser is an imaginary quantity, and a mere Kaiser of French shreds and patches! "*Der seyn-sollende Kaiser*," snuffles Austria in one passage, "Your Kaiser as you call him;" and in another passage, instead of "Kaiser," puts flatly "Kur-Baiern." This is a most extraordinary doctrine to an Electoral Romish Reich! Is the Holy Romish Reich to *declare* itself an "Enchanted Wiggery," then, and do suicide, for behoof of Austria? —

"August 16th, this extraordinary Document was delivered to the Chancery of Mainz; and September 23d, it was, contrary to expectation, brought to *Dictatur* by said Chancery," — of which latter phrase, and phenomenon, here is the explanation to English readers.

Had the late Kur-Mainz (general Arch-Chairman, Speaker of the Diet) been still in office and existence, certainly so shocking a Document had never been allowed "to come to *Dictatur*," — to be *dictated* to the Reich's Clerks; to have a first reading, as we should call it; or even to lie on the table, with a theoretic chance that way. But Austria, thanks to our little George and his Pragmatic Armament, had got a new Kur-Mainz; — by whom, in open contempt of impartiality, and in open leaning for Austria with all his weight, it was duly forwarded to Dictature; brought before an astonished Diet (*Reichstag*), and endlessly argued of in Reichstag and Reich, — with small benefit to Austria, or the new Kur-Mainz. Wise kindness to Austria had been suppression of this Piece, not bringing of it to Dictature at all: but the new Kur-Mainz, called upon, and conscious of face sufficient, had not scrupled. "Shame on you, partial Arch-Chancellor!" exclaims all the world. — "Revoke such shamefully partial Dictature?" this was the next question brought before the Reich. In which, Kur-Hanover (Britannic George) was the one Elector that opined, No. Majority conclusive; though, as usual, no settlement attainable. This is the famous "*Dictatur-Sache* (Dictature Question)," which rages on us, for about eleven months to come, in those distracted old Books; and seems as if it would never end. Nor is there any saying when it would have ended; — had not, in August, 1744, something else ended, the King of Prussia's patience, namely; which enabled *it* to end, on the Kaiser's then order![1]

It must be owned, in general, the conduct of Maria Theresa to the Reich, ever since the Reich had ventured to reject her

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 201, iv. 198, &c.

Husband as Kaiser, and prefer another, was all along of a high nature; till now it has grown into absolute contumacy, and a treating of the Reich's elected Kaiser as a merely chimerical personage. No law of the Reich had been violated against her Hungarian Majesty or Husband: "What law?" asked all judges. Vicarius Kur-Sachsen sat in committee, hatching for many months that Question of the Kur-Böhmen Vote; and by the prescribed methods, brought it out in the negative, — every formality and regularity observed, and nobody but your Austrian Deputy protesting upon it, when requested to go home. But the high Maria had a notion that the Reich belonged to her august Family and her; and that all Elections to the contrary were an inconclusive thing, fundamentally void every one of them.

Thus too, long before this, in regard to the *Reichs-Archiv* Question. The Archives and indispensablest Official Records and Papers of the Reich, — these had lain so long at Vienna, the high Maria could not think of giving them up. "So difficult to extricate what Papers are Austrian specially, from what are Austrian-Imperial; — must have time!" answered she always. And neither the Kaiser's more and more pressing demands, nor those of the late Kur-Mainz, backed by the Reich, and reiterated month after month and year after year, could avail in the matter. Mere angry correspondences, growing ever angrier; — the Archives of the Reich lay irrecoverable at Vienna, detained on this pretext and on that: nor were they ever given up; but lay there till the Reich itself had ended, much more the Kaiser Karl VII.! These are high procedures.

As if the Reich had been one's own chattel; as if a Non-Austrian Kaiser were impossible, and the Reich and its laws had, even Officially, become phantasmal! That, in fact, was Maria Theresa's inarticulate inborn notion; and gradually, as her successes on the field rose higher, it became ever more articulate; till this of "the *seyn-sollende* Kaiser" put a crown on it. Justifiable, if the Reich with its Laws were a chattel, or rebellious vassal, of Austria; not justifiable otherwise. "Hear ye?" answered almost all the Reich (eight Kurfürsts, with the one exception of Kur-Hanover, as we observed): "Our solemnly elected Kaiser, Karl VII., is a thing of quirks and quiddities, of French shreds and patches; at present, it seems, the Reich has no Kaiser at all; and will go ever deeper into anarchies and unnamabilities, till it proceed anew to get one, — of the right Austrian type!" — The Reich is a talking entity: King Friedrich is bound rather to silence, so long as possible. His thoughts on these matters are not given; but sure enough they were continual, too intense they could hardly be. "Compensation;" "The Reich as good as mine:" Whither is all this tending? Walrave and those Silesian Fortifyings, — let Walrave mind his work, and get it perfected!

Britannic Majesty goes home.

The "Combined Invasion of Elsass" — let us say briefly, overstepping the order of date, and still for a moment leaving Friedrich — came to nothing, this year. Prince Karl was 70,000; Britannic George (when once those Dutch, crawling on all summer, had actually come up) was 66,000, — nay 70,000; Karl having lent him that beautiful cannibal gentleman, "Colonel Mentzel and 4,000 Tolpatches," by way of edge-trimming. Karl was to cross in Upper Elsass, in the Strasburg parts; Karl once across, Britannic Majesty was to cross about Mainz, and co-operate from Lower Elsass. And they should have been swift about it; and were not! All the world expected a severe slash to France; and France itself had the due apprehension of it: but France and all the world were mistaken, this time.

Prince Karl was slow with his preparations; Noailles and Coigny (Broglio's successor) were not slow; "raising batteries everywhere," raising lines, "10,000 Elsass Peasants," and what not; — so that, by the time Prince Karl was ready (middle of August), they lay intrenched and minatory at all passable points; and Karl could nowhere, in that Upper-Rhine Country, by any method, get across. Nothing got across; except, once or twice for perhaps a day, Butcher Trenck and his loose kennel of Pandours; who went about, plundering and rioting, with loud rodomontade, to the admiration of the Gazetteers, if of no one else.

Nor was George's seconding of important nature; most dubitative, wholly passive, you would rather say, though the River, in his quarter, lay undefended. He did, at last, cross the Rhine about Mainz; went languidly to Worms, — did an ever-memorable *Treaty of Worms* there, if no fighting there or elsewhere. Went to Speyer, where the Dutch joined him (sadly short of number stipulated, had it been the least matter); — was at Germersheim, at what other places I forget; manœuvring about in a languid and as if in an aimless manner, at least it was in a perfectly ineffectual one. Mentzel rode gloriously to Trarbach, into Lorraine; stuck up Proclamation, "Hungarian Majesty come, by God's help, for her own again," and the like; — of which Document, now fallen rare, we give textually the last line: "And if any of you *don't* [don't sit quiet at least], I will," to be brief, "first cut off your ears and noses, and then hang you out of hand." The singular Champion of Christendom, famous to the then Gazetteers![1] Nothing farther could George, with his Dutch now adjoined, do in those parts, but wriggle slightly to and fro without aim; or stand absolutely still, and eat provision (great uncertainty and discrepancy among the Generals, and Stair gone in a huff[2]), — till at length the "Combined Pragmatic Troops" returned to Mainz (October 11th); and thence, dreadfully in ill-humor with each other, separated into their winter-quarters in the Netherlands and adjacent regions.

Prince Karl tried hard in several places; hardest at Alt-Breisach, far up the River, with Swabian Freiburg for his place of arms; — an Austrian Country all that, "Hither Austria," Swabian Austria. There, at Alt-Breisach, lay Prince Karl (24th August–3d September), his left leaning on that venerable sugar-loaf Hill, with the towers and ramparts on the top of it; looking wistfully into Alsace, if there were no way of getting at it. He did get once half-way across the River, lodging himself in an Island called Rheinmark; but could get no farther, owing to the Noailles-Coigny preparations for him. Called a Council of War; decided that he had not Magazines, that it was too late in the season; and marched home again (October 12th) through the Schwabenland; leaving, besides the strong Garrison of Freiburg, only Trenck with 12,000 Pandours to keep the Country open for us, against next year. Britannic Majesty, as we observed, did then, almost simultaneously, in like manner march home;[1] — one goal is always clear when the day sinks: Make for your quarters, for your bed.

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[1] In Adelung (iii. *b*, 193) the Proclamation at large. I have, or once had, a *Life of Mentzel* (Dublin, I think, 1744), "price twopence," — dear at the money.

[2] Went, "August 27th, by Worms" (Henderson, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 48), just while his Majesty was beginning to cross.

Prince Karl was gloriously wedded, this Winter, to her Hungarian Majesty's young Sister; — glorious meed of War; and, they say, a union of hearts withal; — Wife and he to have Brussels for residence, and be "Joint-Governors of the Netherlands" henceforth. Stout Khevenhüller, almost during the rejoicings, took fever, and suddenly died; to the great sorrow of her Majesty, for loss of such a soldier and man.[2] Britannic Majesty has not been successful with his Pragmatic Army. He did get his new Kur-Mainz, who has brought the Austrian Exorbitancy to a first reading, and into general view. He did get out of the Dettingen mouse-trap; and, to the admiration of the Gazetteer mind, and (we hope) envy of Most Christian Majesty, he has, regardless of expense, played Supreme Jove on the German boards for above three months running. But as to Settlement of the German Quarrel, he has done nothing at all, and even a good deal less! Let me commend to readers this little scrap of Note; headed, "*Methods of Pacificating Germany:* —

"1°. There is one ready method of pacificating Germany: That his Britannic Majesty should firmly button his breeches-pocket, 'Not one sixpence more, Madam!' — and go home to his bed, if he find no business waiting him at home. Has not he always the *Ear-of-Jenkins* Question, and the Cause of

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 192, 215; Anonymous, *Cumberland*, p. 121.

[2] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, pp. 94, 45.

Liberty in that succinct form! But, in Germany, sinews of war being cut, law of gravitation would at once act; and exorbitant Hungarian Majesty, tired France, and all else, would in a brief space of time lapse into equilibrium, probably of the more stable kind.

"2°. Or, if you want to save the Cause of Liberty on a grand scale, there are those *Hanau Conferences*, — Carteret's magnificent scheme: A united Teutschland (England inspiring it), to rush on the throat of France, for 'Compensation,' for universal salving of sores. This second method, Diana having intervened, is gone to water, and even to poisoned water. So that,

"3°. There was nothing left for poor Carteret but a *Treaty of Worms* (concerning which, something more explicit by and by): A Teutschland (the English, doubly and trebly inspiring it, as surely they will now need!) to rush as aforesaid, in the *dis*united and indeed nearly internecine state. Which third method — unless Carteret can conquer Naples for the Kaiser, stuff the Kaiser into some satisfactory 'Netherlands' or the like, and miraculously do the unfeasible (Fortune perhaps favoring the brave) — may be called the unlikely one! As poor Carteret probably guesses, or dreads; — had he now any choice left. But it was love's last shift! And, by aid of Diana and otherwise, that is the posture in which, at Mainz, 11th October, 1743, we leave the German Question."

"Compensation," from France in particular, is not to be had gratis, it appears. Somewhere or other it must be had! Complaining once, as she very often does, to her Supreme Jove, Hungarian Majesty had written: "Why, oh, why did you force me to give up Silesia!" — Supreme Jove answers (at what date I never knew, though Friedrich knows it, and "has copy of the Letter"): "Madam, what was good to give is good to take back (*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre*)!"[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 27.

CHAPTER VI.

VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

In the last days of August, there appears at Berlin M. de Voltaire, on his Fourth Visit: — thrice and four times welcome; though this time, privately, in a somewhat unexpected capacity. Come to try his hand in the diplomatic line; to sound Friedrich a little, on behalf of the distressed French Ministry. That, very privately indeed, is Voltaire's errand at present; and great hopes hang by it for Voltaire, if he prove adroit enough.

Poor man, it had turned out he could not get his Academy Diploma, after all, — owing again to intricacies and heterodoxies. King Louis was at first willing, indifferent; nay the Châteauroux was willing: but orthodox parties persuaded his Majesty; wicked Maurepas (the same who lasted till the Revolution time) set his face against it; Maurepas, and *Anc.* de Mirepoix (whom they wittily call "*Ane*" or Ass of Mirepoix, that sour opaque creature, lately monk), were industrious exceedingly; and put veto on Voltaire. A stupid Bishop was preferred to him for filling up the Forty. Two Bishops magnanimously refused; but one was found with ambitious stupidity enough: Voltaire, for the third time, failed in this small matter, to him great. Nay, in spite of that kiss in *Mérope*, he could not get his *Mort de César* acted; cabals rising; *Ancien* de Mirepoix rising; Orthodoxy, sour Opacity prevailing again. To Madame and him (though finely caressed in the Parisian circles) these were provoking months; — enough to make a man forswear Literature, and try some other Jacob's-Ladder in this world. Which Voltaire had actual thoughts of, now and then. We may ask, Are these things of a nature to create love of the Hierarchy in M. de Voltaire? "Your Academy is going to be a Seminary of Priests," says

Friedrich. The lynx-eyed animal, — anxiously asking itself, "Whitherward, then, out of such a mess?" — walks warily about, with its paws of velvet; but has, *in posse*, claws under them, for certain individuals and fraternities.

Nor, alas, is the Du Châtelet relation itself so celestial as it once was. Madame has discovered, think only with what feelings, that this great man does not love her as formerly! The great man denies, ready to deny on the Gospels, to her and to himself; and yet, at bottom, if we read with the microscope, there are symptoms, and it is not deniable. How should it? Leafy May, hot June, by degrees comes October, sere, yellow; and at last, a quite leafless condition, — not Favonius, but gray Northeast, with its hail-storms (jealousies, barren cankered gusts), your main wind blowing. "*Emilie fait de l'Algèbre*," sneers he once, in an inadvertent moment, to some Lady-friend: "Emilie doing? Emilie is doing Algebra; that is Emilie's employment, — which will be of great use to her in the affairs of Life, and of great charm in Society."[1] Voltaire (if you read with the microscope) has, on this side also, thoughts of being off. "Off on this side?" Madame flies mad, becomes Megæra, at the mention or suspicion of it! A jealous, high-tempered Algebraic Lady. They have had to tell her of this secret Mission to Berlin; and she insists on being the conduit, all the papers to pass through her hands here at Paris, during the great man's absence. Fixed northeast; that is, to appearance, the domestic wind blowing! And I rather judge, the great man is glad to get away for a time.

This Quasi-Diplomatic Speculation, one perceives, is much more serious, on the part both of Voltaire and of the Ministry, than any of the former had been. And, on Voltaire's part, there glitter prospects now and then of something positively Diplomatic, of a real career in that kind, lying ahead for him. Fond hopes these! But among the new Ministers, since Fleury's death, are Amelot, the D'Argensons, personal friends, old school-fellows of the poor hunted man, who are willing he should have shelter from such a pack; and all French Ministers, clutching at every floating spar, in this their general shipwreck in Germany, are aware of the uses there might be in him, in such crisis. "Knows Friedrich; might perhaps have some power in persuading him, — power in spying him at any rate. Unless Friedrich do step forward again, what is to become of us!" — The mutual hintings, negotiatings, express interviews, bargainings and secret-instructions, dimly traceable in Voltaire's *Letters*, had been going on perhaps since May last, time of those *Academy* failures, of those Broglio Despatches from the Donau Countries, "No staying here, your Majesty!" — and I think it was, in fact, about the time when Broglio blew up like gunpowder and tumbled home on the winds, that Voltaire set out on his mission. "Visit to Friedrich," they call it; — "invitation" from Friedrich there is, or can, on the first hint, at any point of the Journey be.

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[1] Letter of Voltaire "To Madame Chambonin," end of 1742 (*Œuvres*, Edition in 40 vols., Paris, 1818, xxxii. 148); — is *missed* in the later Edition (97 vols., Paris, 1837), to which our habitual reference is.

Voltaire has lingered long on the road; left Paris, middle of June;[1] but has been exceedingly exerting himself, in the Hague, at Brussels, and wherever else present, in the way of forwarding his errand. Spying, contriving, persuading; corresponding to right and left, — corresponding, especially much, with the King of Prussia himself, and then with "M. Amelot, Secretary of State," to report progress to the best advantage. There are curious elucidative sparks, in those Voltaire Letters, chaotic as they are; small sparks, elucidative, confirmatory of your dull History Books, and adding traits, here and there, to the Image you have formed from them. Yielding you a poor momentary comfort; like reading some riddle of no use; like light got incidentally, by rubbing dark upon dark (say Voltaire flint upon Dryasdust gritstone), in those labyrinthic catacombs, if you are doomed to travel there. A mere weariness, otherwise, to the outside reader, hurrying forward, — to the light French Editor, who can pass comfortably on wings or balloons![2]

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[1] His Letters (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 42, 48).

[2] *Œuvres*, lxxiii. pp. 40–138. Clogenson, a Dane (whose Notes, signed "Clog.," are in all tolerable recent Editions), has, alone among the Commentators of Voltaire's *Letters*, made some real attempt towards explaining the

Voltaire's assiduous finessings with the Hague Diplomatist People, or with their Secretaries if bribable; nay, with the Dutch Government itself ("through channels which I have opened," — with infinitesimally small result); his spyings ("young Podewils," Minister here, Nephew of the Podewils we have known, "young Podewils in intrigue with a Dutch Lady of rank:" think of that, your Excellency); his preparatory subtle correspondings with Friedrich: his exquisite manœuvrings, and really great industries in the small way: — all this, and much else, we will omit. Impatient of these preludings, which have been many! Thus, at one point, Voltaire "took a *fluxion*" (catarrhal, from the nose only), when Friedrich was quite ready; then, again, when Voltaire was ready, and the fluxion off, Friedrich had gone upon his Silesian Reviews: in short, there had been such cross-purposes, tedious delays, as are distressing to think of; — and we will say only, that M. de Voltaire did actually, after the conceivable adventures, alight in the Berlin Schloss (last day of August, as I count); welcomed, like no other man, by the Royal Landlord there; — and that this is the Fourth Visit; and has (in strict privacy) weightier intentions than any of the foregoing, on M. de Voltaire's part.

Voltaire had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifulest way; and for seven or eight days, there was, at Berlin and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal; — a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire, "King visibly irritated," admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him! "Alas, your Majesty, mere excess of loyalty,

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many passages that are fallen unintelligible. "Clog.," travelling on foot, with his eyes open, is — especially on German-History points — incomparable and unique, among his French comrades going by balloon; and drops a rational or half-rational hint now and then, which is meritoriously helpful. Unhappily he is by no means *well*-read in that German matter, by no means always exact; nor indeed ever quite to be trusted without trial had.

submission, devotion, on my poor part! Deign to think, may not this too, — in the present state of my King, of my Two Kings, and of all Europe, — be itself a kind of spheral thing?" So that the aquiline lightning was but momentary; and abated to lambent twinklings, with something even of comic in them, as we shall gather. Voltaire had his difficulties with Valori, too; "What interloping fellow is this?" gloomed Valori. "A devoted secretary of your Excellency's; on his honor, nothing more!" answered Voltaire, bowing to the ground: — and strives to behave as such; giving Valori "these poor Reports of mine to put in cipher," and the like. Very slippery ice hereabouts for the adroit man! His reports to Amelot are of sanguine tone; but indicate, to the by-stander, small progress; ice slippery, and a twinkle of the comic. Many of them are lost (or lie hidden in the French Archives, and are not worth disinterring): but here is one, saved by Beaumarchais and published long afterwards, which will sufficiently bring home the old scene to us. In the Palace of Berlin or else of Potsdam (date must be, 6th–8th September, 1743), Voltaire from his Apartment hands in a "Memorial" to Friedrich; and gets it back with Marginalia, — as follows:

"Would your Majesty be pleased to have the kind condescension (*assez de bonté*) to put on the margin your reflections and orders."

Memorial by Voltaire.	*Marginalia by Friedrich.*
"1°. Your Majesty is to know that the Sieur Bassecour [signifies *Backyard*], chief Burghermaster of Amsterdam, has come lately to beg M. de la Ville, French Minister there, to make Proposals of Peace. La Ville answered, If the Dutch had offers to make, the King his master could hear them.	"1°. This Bassecour, or Backyard, seems to be the gentleman that has charge of fattening the capons and turkeys for their High Mightinesses?
"2°. Is it not clear that the Peace Party will infallibly carry it, in Holland, — since Bassecour, one of the most determined for War,	"2°. I admire the wisdom of France; but God preserve me from ever imitating it!

begins to speak of Peace? Is it not clear that France shows vigor and wisdom?	
"3°. In these circumstances, if your Majesty took the tone of a Master, gave example to the Princes of the Empire in assembling an Army of Neutrality, — would not you snatch the sceptre of Europe from the hands of the English, who now brave you, and speak in an insolent revolting manner of your Majesty, as do, in Holland also, the party of the Bentincks, the Fagels, the Opdams? I have myself heard them, and am reporting nothing but what is very true.	"3°. This would be finer in an ode than in actual reality. I disturb myself very little about what the Dutch and English say, the rather as I understand nothing of those dialects (*patois*) of theirs.
"4°. Do not you cover yourself with an immortal glory in declaring yourself, with effect, the protector of the Empire? And is it not of most pressing interest to your Majesty, to hinder the English from making your Enemy the Grand-Duke [Maria Theresa's Husband] King of the Romans?	"4°. France has more interest than Prussia to hinder that. Besides, on this point, dear Voltaire, you are ill informed. For there can be no Election of a King of the Romans without the unanimous consent of the Empire; — so, you perceive, that always depends on me.
"5°. Whoever has spoken but a quarter of an hour to the Duke d'Ahremberg [who spilt Lord Stair's fine enterprises lately, and reduced them to a *Dettingen*, or a getting into the mouse-trap and a getting out], to the Count Harrach [important Austrian Official], Lord Stair, or any of the partisans of Austria, even for a quarter of an hour [as I have often done], has heard them say, That they burn with desire to open the campaign	"5°. *On les y recevra,* *Biribi,* *A la façon de Barbari,* *Mon ami.*[1] We will receive them, Twiddledee, In the mode of Barbary, Don't you see?

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[1] Form of Song, very fashionable at Paris (see Barbier *sæpius*) in those years: "*Biribi,*" I believe, is a kind of lottery-game.

in Silesia again. Have you in that case, Sire, any ally but France? And, however potent you are, is an ally useless to you? You know the resources of the House of Austria, and how many Princes are united to it. But will they resist your power, joined to that of the House of Bourbon?	
"6°. If you were but to march a body of troops to Cleves, do not you awaken terror and respect, without apprehension that any one dare make war on you? Is it not, on the contrary, the one method of forcing the Dutch to concur, under your orders, in the pacification of the Empire, and re-establishment of the Emperor, who will thus a second time be indebted to you for his throne, and will aid in the splendor of yours?	"6°. *Vous voulez qu'en vrai dieu de la machine,* "You will have me as theatre-god, then, "*J'arrive pour te dénouement?* "Swoop in, and produce the catastrophe? "*Qu'aux Anglais, aux Pandours, à ce peuple insolent,* "*J'aille donner la discipline?* — "Tame to sobriety those English, those Pandours, and obstreperous people? "*Mais examinez mieux ma mine;* "Examine the look of me better; "*Je ne suis pas assez méchant!* "I have not surliness enough.
"7°. Whatever resolution may be come to, will your Majesty deign to confide it to me, and impart the result, — to your servant, to him who desires to pass his life at your Court? May I have the honor to accompany your Majesty to Baireuth; and if your goodness go so far, would you please to declare it, that I may have time to prepare for the journey? One favorable word written to me in the Letter on that occasion [word favorable to France, ostensible to M. Amelot and the most Christian Majesty], one word would suffice to procure	"7°. If you like to come to Baireuth, I shall be glad to see you there, provided the journey don't derange your health. It will depend on yourself, then, to take what measures you please. [And about the ostensible *word*, — Nothing!]

me the happiness I have, for six years, been aspiring to, of living beside you." Oh, send it!	
"8°. During the short stay I am now to make, if I could be made the bearer of some news agreeable to my Court, I would supplicate your Majesty to honor me with such a commission. [This does not want for impudence, Monsieur! Friedrich answers, from aloft!]	"8°. I am not in any connection with France; I have nothing to fear nor to hope from France. If you would like, I will make a Panegyric on Louis XV. without a word of truth in it: but as to political business, there is, at present, none to bring us together; and neither is it I that am to speak first. When they put a question to me, it will be time to reply: but you, who are so much a man of sense, you see well what a ridiculous business it would be if, without ground given me, I set to prescribing projects of policy to France, and even put them on paper with my own hand!
"9°. Do whatsoever you may please, I shall always love your Majesty with my whole heart."	"9°. I love you with all my heart; I esteem you: I will do all to have you, except follies, and things which would make me forever ridiculous over Europe, and at bottom would be contrary to my interests and my glory. The only commission I can give you for France, is to advise them to behave with more wisdom than they have done hitherto. That Monarchy is a body with much strength, but without soul or energy (*nerf*)."

And so you may give it to Valori to put in cipher, my illustrious Messenger from the Spheres.[1]

Worth reading, this, rather well. Very kingly, and characteristic of the young Friedrich. Saved by Beaumarchais, who did not give it in his famous Kehl Edition of *Voltaire,* but "had it in Autograph ever after, and printed it in his *Décade Philosophique,* 10 Messidor, An vii. [Summer, 1799]: Beaumarchais had several other Pieces of the same sort;" which, as bits of contemporary photographing, one would have liked to see.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxiii. 101–105 (see Ib. ii. 55); *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 141–144.

Friedrich visits Baireuth: on a particular errand; — Voltaire attending, and privately reporting.

This "*Biribi*" Document, I suppose to have been delivered perhaps on the 7th; and that Friedrich *had* it, but had not yet answered it, when he wrote the following Letter: —

"*Potsdam, 8th September,* 1743 [Friedrich to Voltaire]. — I dare not speak to a son of Apollo about horses and carriages, relays and such things; these are details with which the gods do not concern themselves, and which we mortals take upon us. You will set out on Monday afternoon, if you like the journey, for Baireuth, and you will dine with me in passing, if you please [at Potsdam here].

"The rest of my *Mémoire* [Paper before given?] is so blurred and in so bad a state, I cannot yet send it you. — I am getting Cantos 8 and 9 of *La Pucelle* copied; I at present have Cantos 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 and 9: I keep them under three keys, that the eye of mortal may not see them.

"I hear you supped yesternight in good company [great gathering in some high house, gone all asunder now];

> "The finest wits of the Canton
> All collected in your name,
> People all who could not but be pleased with you,
> All devout believers in Voltaire,
> Unanimously took you
> For the god of their Paradise.

"'Paradise,' that you may not be scandalized, is taken here in a general sense for a place of pleasure and joy. See the 'remark' on the last verse of the *Mondain.*"[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 144; Voltaire, lxxiii. 100 (scandalously *mis*-dated in Edition 1818, xxxix. 466). As to *Mondain,* and "remark" upon it, — the ghost of what was once a sparkle of successful coterie-speech and epis-

Voltaire is to go upon the Baireuth Journey, then, according to prayer. Whether Voltaire ever got that all-important "word which he could show," I cannot say: though there is some appearance that Friedrich may have dashed off for him the Panegyric of Louis, in these very hours, to serve his turn, and have done with him. Under date 7th September, day before the Letter just read, here are snatches from another to the same address: —

"*Potsdam, 7th September*, 1743 [Friedrich to Voltaire]. — You tell me so much good of France and of its King, it were to be wished all Sovereigns had subjects like you, and all Commonwealths such citizens, — [you can show that, I suppose ?] What a pity France and Sweden had not had Military Chiefs of your way of thinking! But it is very certain, say what you will, that the feebleness of their Generals, and the timidity of their counsels, have almost ruined in public repute two Nations which, not half a century ago, inspired terror over Europe." — . . . "Scandalous Peace, that of Fleury, in 1735; abandoning King Stanislaus, cheating Spain, cheating Sardinia, to get Lorraine! And now this manner of abandoning the Emperor [respectable Karl VII. of your making]; sacrificing Bavaria; and reducing that worthy Prince to the lowest poverty, — poverty, I say not, of a Prince, but into the frightfulest state for a private man!" Ah, Monsieur.

"And yet your France is the most charming of Nations; and if it is not feared, it deserves well to be loved. A King worthy to command it, who governs sagely, and acquires for himself the esteem of all Europe, — [there, won't that do!] may restore its ancient splendor, which the Broglios, and so many others even more inept, have a little eclipsed. That is assuredly a work worthy of a Prince endowed with such gifts! To reverse the sad posture of affairs, nobly repairing what others have spoiled; to defend his country against furious enemies, reducing them to beg Peace, instead of scornfully

tolary allusion, — take this: "In the *Mondain* Voltaire had written, '*Le Paradis terrestre est où je suis;*' and as the Priests made outcry, had with airs of orthodoxy explained the phrase away," — as Friedrich now affects to do; obliquely quizzing, in the Friedrich manner.

rejecting it when offered: never was more glory acquirable by any King! I shall admire whatsoever this great man [*ce grand homme*, Louis XV., not yet visibly tending to the dung-heap, let us hope better things!] may achieve in that way; and of all the Sovereigns of Europe none will be less jealous of his success than I:" — there, my spheral friend, show that![1]

Which the spheral friend does. Nor was it "irony," as the new Commentators think; not at all; sincere enough, what you call sincere; — Voltaire himself had a nose for "irony"! This was what you call sincere Panegyric in liberal measure; why be stingy with your measure? It costs half an hour: it will end Voltaire's importunities; and so may, if anything, oil the business-wheels withal. For Friedrich foresees business enough with Louis and the French Ministries, though he will not enter on it with Voltaire. This Journey to Baireuth and Anspach, for example, this is not for a visit to his Sisters, as Friedrich labels it; but has extensive purposes hidden under that title, — meetings with Franconian Potentates, earnest survey, earnest consultation on a state of things altogether grave for Germany and Friedrich; though he understands whom to treat with about it, whom to answer with a "*Biribi, mon ami*." That Austrian Exorbitancy of a message to the Diet has come out (August 16th, and is struggling to *Dictatur*); the Austrian procedures in Baiern are in their full flagrancy: Friedrich intends trying once more, Whether, in such crisis, there be absolutely no "Union of German Princes" possible; nor even of any two or three of them, in the "Swabian and Franconian Circles," which he always thought the likeliest?

The Journey took effect, Tuesday, 10th September[2] (not the day before, as Friedrich had been projecting); went by Halle, straight upon Baireuth; and ended there on Thursday. As usual, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were of it; Voltaire failed not to accompany. What the complexion of it was, especially what Friedrich had meant by it, and how ill he succeeded, will perhaps be most directly visible through the following compressed Excerpts from Voltaire's long *Letter* to Secretary Amelot on the subject, — if readers will be diligent with them. Friedrich, after four days, ran across to Anspach on important business; came back with mere failure, and was provokingly quite silent on it; stayed at Baireuth some three days more; thence home by Gotha (still on "Union" business, still mere failure), by Leipzig, and arrived at Potsdam, September 25th; — leaving Voltaire in Wilhelmina's charmed circle (of which unhappily there is not a word said), for about a week more. Voltaire, directly on getting back to Berlin, "resumes the thread of his journal" to Secretary Amelot; that is, writes him another long Letter: —

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 139: see, for what followed, *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 129 (report to Amelot, 27th October).

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 93.

Voltaire (from Berlin, 3d October, 1743) *to Secretary Amelot.*

". . . The King of Prussia told me at Baireuth, on the 13th or 14th of last month, He was glad our King had sent the Kaiser money;" — useful that, at any rate; Noailles's £6,000 would not go far. "That he thought M. le Maréchal de Noailles's explanation [of a certain small rumor, to the disadvantage of Noailles in reference to the Kaiser] was satisfactory: 'but,' added he, 'it results from all your secret motions that you are begging Peace from everybody, and there may have been something in this rumor, after all.'

"He then told me he was going over to Anspach, to see what could be done for the Common Cause [Kaiser's and Ours]; that he expected to meet the Bishop of Würzburg there; and would try to stir the Frankish and Swabian Circles into some kind of Union. And, at setting off [from Baireuth, September 16th, on this errand], he promised his Brother-in-law the Margraf, He would return with great schemes afoot, and even with great success;" which proved otherwise, to a disappointing degree.

". . . The Margraf of Anspach did say he would join a Union of Princes in favor of the Kaiser, if Prussia gave example. But that was all. The Bishop of Würzburg," a feeble old creature, "never appeared at Anspach, nor even sent an apology; and Seckendorf, with the Imperial Army" —

Seckendorf, caged up at Wembdingen (whom Friedrich drove off from Anspach, twenty miles, to see and consult), was in a disconsolate moulting condition, and could promise or advise nothing satisfactory, during the dinner one took with him.[1] Four days running about on those errands had yielded his Prussian Majesty nothing. "Whilst he (Prussian Majesty) was on this Anspach excursion, the Margraf of Baireuth, who is lately made Field-marshal of his Circle, spoke much to me of present affairs: a young Prince, full of worth and courage, who loves the French, hates the Austrians," — and would fain make himself generally useful. "To whom I suggested this and that" (does your Lordship observe?), if it could ever come to anything.

"The King of Prussia, on returning to Baireuth [guess, 20th September], did not speak the least word of business to the Margraf: which much surprised the latter! He surprised him still more by indicating some intention to retain forcibly at Berlin the young Duke of Würtemberg, under pretext 'that Madam his Mother intended to have him taken to Vienna,' for education. To anger this young Duke, and drive his Mother to despair, was not the method for acquiring credit in the Circle of Swabia, and getting the Princes brought to unite!

"The Duchess of Würtemberg, who was there at Baireuth, by appointment, to confer with the King of Prussia, sent to seek me. I found her all dissolved in tears. 'Ah!' said she, — [But why is our dear Wilhelmina left saying nothing; invisible, behind the curtains of envious Chance, and only a skirt of them lifted to show us this Improper Duchess once more!] — 'Ah!' said she (the Improper Duchess, at sight of me), 'will the King of Prussia be a tyrant, then? To pay me for intrusting my Boys to him, and giving him two Regiments [for money down], will he force me to implore justice against him from the whole world? I must have my Child! He shall not go to Vienna; it is in his own Country that I will have him brought up beside me. To put my Son in Austrian hands? [unless, indeed, your Highness were driven into Financial or other straits?] You know if I love France; — if my design is not to pass the rest of my days there, so soon as my Son comes to majority!' Ohone, ohoo!

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[1] September 19th, "under a shady tree, after muster of the troops" (Rödenbeck, p. 93).

"In fine, the quarrel was appeased. The King of Prussia told me he would be gentler with the Mother; would restore the Son if they absolutely wished it; but that he hoped the young Prince would of himself like better to stay where he was." . . . — "I trust your Lordship will allow me to draw for those 300 ducats, for a new carriage. I have spent all I had, running about these four months. I leave this for Brunswick and homewards, on the evening of the 12th."[1] . . .

And so the curtain drops on the Baireuth Journey, on the Berlin Visit; and indeed, if that were anything, on Voltaire's Diplomatic career altogether. The insignificant Accidents, the dull Powers that be, say No. Curious to reflect, had they happened to say Yes: — "Go into the Diplomatic line, then, you sharp climbing creature, and become great by that method; *write* no more, you; write only Despatches and Spy-Letters henceforth!" — how different a world for us, and for all mortals that read and that do not read, there had now been!

Voltaire fancies he has done his Diplomacy well, not without fruit; and, at Brunswick, — cheered by the grand welcome he found there, — has delightful outlooks (might I dare to suggest them, Monseigneur?) of touring about in the German Courts, with some Circular *Hortatorium*, or sublime Begging-Letter from the Kaiser, in his hand; and, by witchery of tongue, urging Würtemberg, Brunswick, Baireuth, Anspach, Berlin, to compliance with the Imperial Majesty and France.[2] Would not that be sublime! But that, like the rest, in spite of one's talent, came to nothing. Talent? Success? Madame de Châteauroux had, in the interim, taken a dislike to M. Amelot; "could not bear his stammering," the fastidious Improper Female; flung Amelot overboard, — Amelot, and his luggage after him, Voltaire's diplomatic hopes included; and there was an end.

[1] Voltaire, lxxiii. 105–109.

[2] Ib. lxxiii. 133.

How ravishing the thing had been while it lasted, judge by these other stray symptoms; hastily picked up, partly at Berlin, partly at Brunswick; which show us the bright meridian, and also the blaze, almost still more radiant, which proved to be sunset. Readers have heard of Voltaire's Madrigals to certain Princesses; and must read these Three again, — which are really incomparable in their kind; not equalled in graceful felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect. At Berlin, Autumn 1743, Three consummate Madrigals: —

1. TO PRINCESS ULRIQUE.

"Souvent un peu de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge:
Cette nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais, Princesse, et j'osais vous le dire!
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire."

2. TO PRINCESSES ULRIQUE AND AMELIA.

"Si Pâris venait sur la terre
Pour juger entre vos beaux yeux,
Il couperait la pomme en deux,
Et ne produirait pas de guerre."

3. TO PRINCESSES ULRIQUE, AMELIA AND WILHELMINA.

"Pardon, charmante Ulrique; pardon, belle Amélie;
J'ai cru n'aimer que vous la reste de ma vie,
Et ne servir que sous vos lois;
Mais enfin j'entends et je vois
Cette adorable Sœur dont l'Amour suit les traces:
Ah, ce n'est pas outrager les Trois Grâces
Que de les aimer toutes trois!"[1]

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[1] 1. "A grain of truth is often mingled with the stupidest delusion. Yesternight, in the error of a dream, I had risen to the rank of king; I loved you, Princess, and had the audacity to say so! The gods, at my awakening, did not strip me wholly; my kingdom was all they took from me."

2. "If Paris [of Troy] came back to decide on the charms of you Two, he would halve the Apple, and produce no War."

3. "Pardon, charming Ulrique; beautiful Amelia, pardon: I thought I

Brunswick, 16*th October* (blazing sunset, as it proved, but brighter almost than meridian), *a Letter from Voltaire to Maupertuis* (still in France since that horrible Mollwitz-Pandour Business).

"In my wanderings I received the Letter where my dear Flattener of this Globe deigns to remember me with so much friendship. Is it possible that— . . . I made your compliments to all your friends at Berlin; that is, to all the Court." "Saw Dr. Eller decomposing water into elastic air [or thinking he did so, 1743]; saw the Opera of *Titus*, which is a masterpiece of music [by Friedrich himself, with the important aid of Graun]: it was, without vanity, a treat the King gave me, or rather gave himself; he wished I should see him in his glory.

"His Opera-House is the finest in Europe. Charlottenburg is a delicious abode: Friedrich does the honors there, the King knowing nothing of it. . . . One lives at Potsdam as in the Château of a French Seigneur who had culture and genius,— in spite of that big Battalion of Guards, which seems to me the terriblest Battalion in this world.

"Jordan is still the same,— *bon garçon et discret;* has his oddities, his 1,600 crowns (£240) of pension. D'Argens is Chamberlain, with a gold key at his breast-pocket, and 100 louis inside, payable monthly. Chasot [whom readers made acquaintance with at Philipsburg long since], instead of cursing his destiny, must have taken to bless it: he is Major of Horse, with income enough. And he has well earned it, having saved the King's Baggage at the last Battle of Chotusitz,"— what we did not notice, in the horse-charges and grand tumults of that scene.

"I passed some days [a fortnight in all] at Baireuth. Her Royal Highness, of course, spoke to me of you. Baireuth is

should love only you for the rest of my life, and serve under your laws only: but at last I hear and see this adorable Sister, whom Love follows as Page:— Ah, it is not offending the Three Graces to love them all three!"

—In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii.: No. 1 is, p. 292 (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 90-92, the *Answers* to it); No. 2 is, p. 320; No. 3, p. 321.

a delightful retreat, where one enjoys whatever there is agreeable in a Court, without the bother of grandeur. Brunswick, where I am, has another species of charm. 'T is a celestial Voyage this of mine, where I pass from Planet to Planet," — to tumultuous Paris; and, I do hope, to my unique Maupertuis awaiting me there at last.[1]

We have only to remark farther, that Friedrich had again pressed Voltaire to come and live with him, and choose his own terms; and that Voltaire (as a second string to his bow, should this fine Diplomatic one fail) had provisionally accepted. Provisionally; and with one most remarkable clause: that of leaving out Madame, — "imagining it would be less agreeable to you if I came with others (*avec d'autres*); and I own, that belonging to your Majesty alone, I should have my mind more at ease:"[2] — whew! And then to add a third thing: That Madame, driven half delirious, by these delays, and gyratings from Planet to Planet, especially by that last Fortnight at Baireuth, had rushed off from Paris, to seek her vagabond, and see into him with her own eyes: "Could n't help it, my angels!" writes she to the D'Argentals (excellent guardian angels, Monsieur and Madame; and, I am sure, *patient* both of them, as only *Monsieur* Job was, in the old case): "A whole fortnight [perhaps with madrigals to Princesses], and only four lines to me!" — and is now in bed, or lately was, at Lille, ill of slow fever (*petite fièvre*); panting to be upon the road again.[3]

Fancy what a greeting for M. de Voltaire, from those eyes *hagardes et louches;* and whether he mentioned that pretty little clause of going to Berlin "*without* others," or durst for the life of him whisper of going at all! After pause in the Brussels region, they came back to Paris "in December;"

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[1] Voltaire, lxxiii. 122–125.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 112, 116 (Proposal and Response, both of them "7th October," five days before leaving Berlin).

[3] *Lettres inédites de Madame du Chastelet à M. le Comte d'Argental* (Paris, 1806) p. 253. A curiously elucidative Letter this ("Brussels, 15th October, 1743"); a curious little Book altogether.

resigned, I hope, to inexorable Fate, — though with such Diplomatic and other fine prospects flung to the fishes, and little but *grédins* and confusions waiting you, as formerly.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY.

Though Friedrich went upon the bantering tone with Voltaire, his private thoughts in regard to the surrounding scene of things were extremely serious; and already it had begun to be apparent, from those Britannic-Austrian procedures, that some new alliance with France might well lie ahead for him. During Voltaire's visit, that extraordinary Paper from Vienna, that the Kaiser was no Kaiser, and that there must be "compensation" and satisfactory "assurance," had come into full glare of first-reading; and the *Dictatur-Sache*, and denunciation of an evidently partial Kur-Mainz, was awakening everywhere. Voltaire had not gone, when, — through Podewils Junior (probably with help of the improper Dutch female of rank), — Friedrich got to wit of another thing, not less momentous to him; and throwing fearful light on that of "compensation" and "assurance." This was the Treaty of Worms, — done by Carteret and George, September 13th, during those languid Rhine operations; Treaty itself not languid, but a very lively thing, to Friedrich and to all the world! Concerning which a few words now.

We have said, according to promise, and will say, next to nothing of Maria Theresa's Italian War; but hope always the reader keeps it in mind. Big war-clouds waltzing hither and thither, occasionally clashing into bloody conflict; Sardinian Majesty and Infant Philip both personally in the field, fierce men both: Traun, Browne, Lobkowitz, Lichtenstein, Austrians of mark, successively distinguishing themselves; Spain, too, and France very diligent; — Conti off thither, then in their turns Maillebois, Noailles: — high military figures, but remote; shadowy, thundering *in*audibly on this side and that; whom we must not mention farther.

"The notable figure to us," says one of my Notes, "is Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia; who is at the old trade of his Family, and shifts from side to side, making the war-balance vibrate at a great rate, now this scale now that kicking the beam. For he holds the door of the Alps, Bully Bourbon on one side of it, Bully Hapsburg on the other; and inquires sharply, "You, what will you give me? And you?" To Maria Theresa's affairs he has been superlatively useful, for these Two Years past; and truly she is not too punctual in the returns covenanted for. It appears to Charles Emanuel that the Queen of Hungary, elated in her high thought, underrates his services, of late; that she practically means to give him very little of those promised slices from the Lombard parts; and that, in the mean while, much too big a share of the War has fallen upon his poor hands, who should be doorholder only.

"Accordingly he grumbles, threatens: he has been listening to France, 'Bourbon, how much will you give me, then?' and the answer is such that he informs the Queen of Hungary and the Britannic Majesty, of his intention to close with Bourbon, since they on their side will do nothing considerable. George and his Carteret, not to mention the Hungarian Majesty at all, are thunder-struck at such a prospect; bend all their energies towards this essential point of retaining Charles Emanuel, which is more urgent even than getting Elsass. 'Madam,' they say to her Majesty, 'we cannot save Italy for you on other terms: Vigevanesco, Finale [which is Genoa's], part of Piacenza [when once got]: there must be some slice of the Lombard parts to this Charles Emanuel justly angry!' Whereat the high Queen storms, and in her high manner scolds little George, as if he were the blamable party, — pretending friendship, and yet abetting mere highway robbery or little better. And his cash paid Madam, and his Dettingen mouse-trap fought? 'Well, he has plenty of cash: — is it my Cause, then, or his Majesty's and Liberty's?' Posterity, in modern England, vainly endeavors to conceive this phenomenon; yet sees it to be undeniable.

"And so there is a Treaty of Worms got concocted, after infinite effort on the part of Carteret, Robinson too laboring and steaming in Vienna with boilers like to burst; and George gets it signed 13th September [already signed while Friedrich was looking into Seckendorf and Wembdingen, if Friedrich had known it]: to this effect, That Charles Emanuel should have annually, down on the nail, a handsome increase of Subsidy (£200,000 instead of £150,000) from England, and ultimately beyond doubt some thinnish specified slices from the Lombard parts; and shall proceed fighting for, not against; English Fleet co-operating, English Purse ditto, regardless of expense; with other fit particulars, as formerly.[1] Maria Theresa, very angry, looks upon herself as a martyr, nobly complying to suffer for the whim of England; and Robinson has had such labors and endurances, a steam-engine on the point of bursting is but an emblem of him. It was a necessary Treaty for the Cause of Liberty, as George and Carteret, and all English Ministries and Ministers (Diana of Newcastle very specially, in spite of Pitt and a junior Opposition Party) viewed Liberty. It was Love's last shift, — Diana having intervened upon those magnificent 'Conferences of Hanau' lately! Nevertheless Carteret was thrown out, next year, on account of it. And Posterity is unable to conceive it; and asks always of little George, What, in the name of wonder, had he to do there, fighting for or against, and hiring everybody he met to fight against everybody? A King with eyes somewhat *à fleur-de-tête:* yes; and let us say, his Nation, too, — which has sat down quietly, for almost a century back, under mountains of nonsense, inwardly nothing but dim Scepticism [except in the stomachic regions], and outwardly such a Trinacria of Hypocrisy [unconscious, for most part] as never lay on an honest giant Nation before, was itself grown much of a fool, and could expect no other kind of Kings.

"But the point intensely interesting to Friedrich in this Treaty of Worms was, That, in enumerating punctually the other Treaties, old and recent, which it is to guarantee, and stand upon the basis of, there is nowhere the least mention of Friedrich's *Breslau-and-Berlin Treaty;* thrice-important Treaty with her Hungarian Majesty on the Silesian matter! In settling all manner of adjoining and preceding matters, there is nothing said of Silesia at all. Singular indeed. Treaties enough, from that of Utrecht downward, are wearisomely mentioned here; but of the Berlin Treaty, Breslau Treaty, or any Treaty settling Silesia, — much less, of any Westminster Treaty, guaranteeing it to the King of Prussia, — there is not the faintest mention! Silesia, then, is not considered settled, by the high contracting parties? Little George himself, who guaranteed it, in the hour of need, little more than a year ago, considers it fallen loose again in the new whirl of contingencies? 'Patience, Madam: what was good to give is good to take!' On what precise day or month Friedrich got notice of this expressive silence in the Treaty of Worms, we do not know; but from that day — !"

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[1] Schöll, ii. 330–335; Adelung, iii. *b*, 222–226; Coxe, iii. 296.

Friedrich recollects another thing, one of many others: that of those "ulterior mountains," which Austria had bargained for as Boundary to Schlesien. Wild bare mountains; good for what? For invading Schlesien from the Austrian side; if for nothing else conceivable! The small riddle reads itself to him so, with a painful flash of light.[1] Looking intensely into this matter, and putting things together, Friedrich gets more and more the alarming assurance of the fate intended him; and that he will verily have to draw sword again, and fight for Silesia, and as if for life. From about the end of 1743 (as I strive to compute), there was in Friedrich himself no doubt left of it; though his Ministers, when he consulted them a good while afterwards, were quite incredulous, and spent all their strength in dissuading a new War; now when the only question was, How to do said War? "How to do it, to make ready for doing it? We must silently select the ways, the methods: silent, wary, — then at last swift; and the more like a lion-spring, like a bolt from the blue, it will be the better!" That is Friedrich's fixed thought.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 34.

The Problem was complicated, almost beyond example. The Reich, with a Kaiser reduced to such a pass, has its potentialities of help or of hindrance, — its thousand-fold formulas, inane mostly, yet not inane wholly, which interlace this matter everywhere, as with real threads, and with gossamer or apparent threads, — which it is essential to attend to. Wise head, that could discriminate the dead Formulas of such an imbroglio, from the not-dead; and plant himself upon the Living Facts that do lie in the centre there! "We cannot have a Reichs Mediation-Army, then? Nor a Swabian-Franconian Army, to defend their own frontier?" No; it is evident, none. "And there is no Union of Princes possible; no Party, anywhere, that will rise to support the Kaiser whom all Germany elected; whom Austria and foreign England have insulted, ruined and officially designated as non-extant?" Well, not quite No, none; *Yes* perhaps, in some small degree, — if Prussia will step out, with drawn sword, and give signal. The Reich has its potentialities, its formulas not quite dead; but is a sad imbroglio.

Definite facts again are mainly twofold, and of a much more central nature. Fact *first:* A France which sees itself lamentably trodden into the mud by such disappointments and disgraces; which, on proposing peace, has met insult and invasion; — France will be under the necessity of getting to its feet, and striking for itself; and indeed is visibly rising into something of determination to do it: — there, if Prussia and the Kaiser are to be helped at all, there lies the one real help. Fact *second:* Friedrich's feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member. Feelings, these, which are not "feigned" (as the English say), but real, and even indignant; and about these he can speak and plead freely. For himself and his Silesia, *through* the Kaiser, Friedrich's feelings are pungently real; — and they are withal completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them; the evident truth being, That neither he nor his Silesia would be in danger, were the Kaiser safe.

Friedrich's abstruse diplomacies, and delicate motions and handlings with the Reich, that is to say, with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's few friends in the Reich, and then again with the French, — which lasted for eight or nine months before closure (October, 1743 to June, 1744), — are considered to have been a fine piece of steering in difficult waters; but would only weary the reader, who is impatient for results and arrivals. Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke, — whose *History of Friedrich* consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled "*Astral Spirit*," or ghost-like fac-simile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through), of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatizings in this World, — will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite; and to him we refer such as are given that way.[1] "France and oneself, as *substance* of help; but, for many reasons, give it carefully a legal German *form* or coat:" that is Friedrich's method as to finding help. And he diligently prosecutes it; — and, what is still luckier, strives to be himself at all points ready, and capable of doing with a minimum of help from others.

Before the Year 1743 was out, Friedrich had got into serious Diplomatic Colloquy with France; suggesting, urging, proposing, hypothetically promising. "February 21st, 1744," he secretly despatched Rothenburg to Paris; who, in a shining manner, consults not only with the Amelots, Belleisles, but with the Châteauroux herself (who always liked Friedrich), and with Louis XV. in person: and triumphantly brings matters to a bearing. Ready here, on the French side; so soon as your Reich Interests are made the most of; so soon as your Patriotic "Union of Reich's Princes" is ready! In March, 1744, the Reich side of the Affair was likewise getting well forward ("we keep it mostly secret from the poor Kaiser, who is apt to blab"): — and on May 22d, 1744, Friedrich, with the Kaiser and Two other well-affected Parties (only two as yet, but we hope for more, and invite all and sundry), sign solemnly their "*Union of Frankfurt;*" famous little Fourfold outcome of so much diplomatizing.[2] For the well-affected Parties, besides Friedrich, and the Kaiser himself, were as yet Two only: Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, disgusted with the late Carteret astucities at Hanau, he is one (and hires, by and by, his poor 6,000 Hessians to the French and Kaiser, instead of to the English; which is all the help *he* can give); Landgraf Wilhelm, and for sole second to him the new Kur-Pfalz, who also has men to hire. New Kur-Pfalz: our poor *old* friend is dead; but here is a new one, Karl Philip Theodor by name, of whom we shall hear again long afterwards; who was wedded (in the Frankfurt-Coronation time, as readers might have noted) to a Grand-daughter of the old, and who is, like the old, a Hereditary Cousin of the Kaiser's, and already helps him all he can.

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[1] Ranke, *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte*, iii. 74–137.

[2] Ranke, ubi suprà (Treaty is in Adelung, iv. 103–105).

Only these Two as yet, though the whole Reich is invited to join; these, along with Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, do now, in their general Patriotic "Union," which as yet consists only of Four, covenant, in Six Articles, To, — in brief, to support Teutschland's oppressed Kaiser in his just rights and dignities; and to do, with the House of Austria, "all imaginable good offices" (not the least whisper of fighting) towards inducing said high House to restore to the Kaiser his Reichs-Archives, his Hereditary Countries, his necessary Imperial Furnishings, called for by every law human and divine: — in which endeavor, or innocently otherwise, if any of the contracting parties be attacked, the others will guarantee him, and strenuously help. "All imaginable good offices;" nothing about fighting anywhere, — still less is there the least mention of France; total silence on that head, by Friedrich's express desire. But in a Secret Article (to which France, you may be sure, will accede), it is intimated, "That the way of good offices having some unlikelihoods, it *may* become necessary to take arms. In which tragic case, they will, besides Hereditary Baiern (which is *in*alienable, fixed as the rocks, by Reichs-Law), endeavor to conquer, to reconquer for the Kaiser, his Kingdom of Böhmen withal, as a proper Outfit for Teutschland's Chief: and that, if so, his Prussian Majesty (who will have to do said conquest) shall, in addition to his Schlesien, have from it the Circles of Königsgrätz, Bunzlau and Leitmeritz for his trouble." This is the

Treaty of Union, Secret-Article and all; done at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, 22d May, 1744.

Done then and there; but no part of it made public, till August following,[1] (when the upshot had come); and the Secret Bohemian Article *not* then made public, nor ever afterwards, — much the contrary; though it was true enough, but inconvenient to confess, especially as it came to nothing. "A hypothetical thing, that," says Friedrich carelessly; "wages moderate enough, and proper to be settled beforehand, though the work was never done." To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier: this, as an occasional vague thought, or day-dream in high moments, was probably not new to Friedrich; and would have been very welcome to him, — had it proved realizable, which it did not. That this was "Friedrich's real end in going to War again," was at one time the opinion loudly current in England and other uninformed quarters; "but it is not now credible to anybody," says Herr Ranke; nor indeed worth talking of, except as a memento of the angry eclipses, and temporary dust-clouds, which rise between Nations, in an irritated uninformed condition.

Rapidly progressive in the rear of all this, which was its legalizing German *coat*, the French Treaty, which was the interior *substance*, or muscular tissue, perfected itself under Rothenburg; and was signed June 5th, 1774 (anniversary, by accident, of that First Treaty of all, "June 5th, 1741"); — sanctioning, by France, that Bohemian Adventure, if needful; minutely setting forth How, and under what contingencies, what efforts made and what successes arrived at, on the part of France, his Prussian Majesty shall take the field; and try Austria, not "with all imaginable good offices" longer, but with harder medicine. Of which Treaty we shall only say farther, commiserating our poor readers, That Friedrich considerably *more* than kept his side of it; and France very considerably *less* than hers. So that, had not there been punctual preparation at all points, and good self-help in Friedrich, Friedrich had come out of this new Adventure worse than he did!

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[1] "22d August 1744, by the Kaiser" (Adelung, iv. 154).

Long months ago, the French — as preliminary and rigorous *sine quâ non* to these Friedrich Negotiations — had actually started work, by "declaring War on Austria, and declaring War on England:" — Not yet at War, then, after so much killing? Oh no, reader; mere "Allies" of Belligerents, hitherto. These "Declarations" the French had made;[1] and the French were really pushing forward, in an attitude of indignant energy, to execute the same. As shall be noticed by and by. And through Rothenburg, through Schmettau, by many channels, Friedrich is assiduously in communication with them; encouraging, advising, urging; their affairs being in a sort his, ever since the signing of those mutual Engagements, May 22d, June 5th. And now enough of that hypothetic Diplomatic stuff.

War lies ahead, inevitable to Friedrich. He has gradually increased his Army by 18,000; inspection more minute and diligent than ever, has been quietly customary of late; Walrave's fortification works, impregnable or nearly so, the work at Neisse most of all, Friedrich had resolved to *see* completed, — before that French Treaty were signed. A cautious young man, though a rapid; vividly awake on all sides. And so the French-Austrian, French-English game shall go on; the big bowls bounding and rolling (with velocities, on courses, partly computable to a quick eye); — and at the right instant, and juncture of hits, not till that nor after that, a quick hand shall bowl in; with effect, as he ventures to hope. He knows well, it is a terrible game. But it is a necessary one, not to be despaired of; it is to be waited for with closed lips, and played to one's utmost! —

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[1] War on England, 15th March, 1744; on Austria, 27th April (Adelung, iv. 78, 90).

CHAPTER VIII.

PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND.

Friedrich, with the Spectre of inevitable War daily advancing on him, to him privately evident and certain if as yet to him only, neglects in no sort the Arts and business of Peace, but is present, always with vivid activity, in the common movement, serious or gay and festive, as the day brings it. During these Winter months of 1743, and still more through Summer 1744, there are important War-movements going on, — the French vehemently active again, the Austrians nothing behindhand, — which will require some slight notice from us soon. But in Berlin, alongside of all this, it is mere common business, diligent as ever, alternating with Carnival gayeties, with marryings, givings in marriage; in Berlin there goes on, under halcyon weather, the peaceable tide of things, sometimes in a high fashion, as if Berlin and its King had no concern with the foreign War.

The Plauen Canal, an important navigation-work, canal of some thirty miles, joining Havel to Elbe in a convenient manner, or even joining Oder to Elbe, is at its busiest: — "it was begun June 1st, 1743 [all hands diligently digging there, June 27th, while some others of us were employed at Dettingen, — think of it!], and was finished June 5th, 1745."[1] This is one of several such works now afoot. Take another miscellaneous item or two.

January, 1744, Friedrich appoints, and briefly informs all his People of it, That any Prussian subject who thinks himself aggrieved, may come and tell his story to the King's own self:[2] — better have his story in firm succinct state, I should imagine, and such that it will hold water, in telling it to the

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[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2192.

[2] "January, 1744" (Rödenbeck, i. 98).

King! But the King is ready to hear him; heartily eager to get justice done him. A suitable boon, such Permission, till Law-Reform take effect. And after Law-Reform had finished, it was a thing found suitable; and continued to the end, — curious to a British reader to consider!

Again: on Friedrich's birthday, 24th January, 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first Session. But of this, — in the absence of Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth, who is still in France, since that Mollwitz adventure; by and for behoof of whom, when he did return, and become "Perpetual First President," many changes were made, — I will not speak at present. Nor indeed afterwards, except on good chance rising; — the new Academy, with its Perpetual First President, being nothing like so sublime an object now, to readers and me, as it then was to itself and Perpetual President and Royal Patron! Vapid Formey is Perpetual Secretary; more power to him, as the Irish say. Poor Goldstick Pöllnitz is an Honorary Member; — absent at this time in Baireuth, where those giggling Marwitzes of Wilhelmina's have been contriving a marriage for the old fool. Of which another word soon, if we have time. Time cannot be spent on those dim small objects: but there are two Marriages of a high order, of purport somewhat Historical; there is Barberina the Dancer, throwing a flash through the Operatic and some other provinces: let us restrict ourselves to these, and the like of these, and be brief upon them.

The Succession in Russia, and also in Sweden, shall not be hostile to us: Two Royal Marriages, a Russian and a Swedish, are accomplished at Berlin, with such View.

Marriage First, of an eminently Historical nature, is altogether Russian, or German become Russian, though Friedrich is much concerned in it. We heard of the mad Swedish-Russian War; and how Czarina Elizabeth was kind enough to choose a Successor to the old childless Swedish King, — Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel by nature; who has had a sorry time in Sweden, but kept merry and did not mind it much, poor old soul. Czarina Elizabeth's one care was, That the Prince of Denmark should not be chosen to succeed, as there was talk of his being: Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all grasped in one firm hand (as in the old "Union-of-Calmar" times, only with better management), might be dangerous to Russia. "Don't choose him of Denmark!" said Elizabeth, the victorious Czarina; and made it a condition of granting Peace, and mostly restoring Finland, to the infatuated Swedes. The person they did choose, — satisfactory to the Czarina, and who ultimately did become King of Sweden, — was one Adolf Friedrich; a Holstein-Gottorp Prince, come of Royal kin, and cousinry to Karl XII.: he is "Bishop of Lübeck" or of Eutin, so styled; now in his thirty-third year; and at least drawing the revenues of that See, though I think, not ecclesiastically given, but living oftener in Hamburg, the then fashionable resort of those Northern Grandees. On the whole, a likely young gentleman; accepted by parties concerned; — and surely good enough for the Office as it now is. Of whom, for a reason coming, let readers take note, in this place.

Above a year before this time, Czarina Elizabeth, a provident female, and determined not to wed, had pitched upon her own Successor:[1] one Karl Peter Ulrich; who was also of the same Holstein-Gottorp set, though with Russian blood in him. His Grandfather was full cousin, and chosen comrade, to Karl XII.; got killed in Karl's Russian Wars; and left a poor Son dependent on Russian Peter the Great, — who gave him one of his Daughters; whence this Karl Peter Ulrich, an orphan, dear to his Aunt the Czarina. A Karl Peter Ulrich, who became tragically famous as Czar Peter Federowitz, or Czar Peter III., in the course of twenty years! His Father and Mother are both dead; loving Aunt has snatched the poor boy out of Holstein-Gottorp, which is a narrow sphere, into Russia, which is wide enough; she has had him converted to the Greek Church, named him Peter Federowitz, Heir and Successor; — and now, wishing to see him married, has earnestly consulted Friedrich upon it.

Friedrich is decidedly interested; would grudge much to see an Anti-Prussian Princess, for instance a Saxon Princess (one of whom is said to be trying), put into this important station! After a little thought, he fixes, — does the reader know upon whom? Readers perhaps, here and there, have some recollection of a Prussian General, who is Titular Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst on his own score; and is actual Commandant of Stettin in Friedrich's service, and has done a great deal of good fortification there and other good work. Instead of Titular, he has now lately, by decease of an Elder Brother, become Actual or Semi-Actual (a Brother joined with him in the poor Heirship); lives occasionally in the Schloss of Zerbst; but is glad to retain Stettin as a solid supplement. His Wife, let the reader note farther, is Sister to the above-mentioned Adolf Friedrich, "Bishop of Lübeck," now Heir-Apparent to Sweden, — in whom, as will soon appear, we are otherwise interested. Wife seems to me an airy flighty kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced, — weak evidently in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal: — but they have a Daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to: "Is not she the suitable one?" thinks Friedrich, in regard to this matter. "Her kindred is of the oldest, old as Albert the Bear; she has been frugally brought up, Spartan-like, though as a Princess by birth: let her cease skipping ropes on the ramparts yonder, with her young Stettin playmates; and prepare for being a Czarina of the Russias," thinks he. And communicates his mind to the Czarina; who answers, "Excellent! How did I never think of that myself?"

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[1] 7th November, 1742 (Michaelis, ii. 627).

And so, on or about New-year's day, 1744, while the Commandant of Stettin and his airy Spouse are doing Christmas at their old Schloss of Zerbst, there suddenly come Estafettes; Expresses from Petersburg, heralded by Express from Friedrich: — with the astonishing proposal, "Czarina wishing the honor of a visit from Madam and Daughter; no doubt, with such and such intentions in the rear."[1] Madam, nor Daughter, is nothing loath; — the old Commandant grumbles in his beard, not positively forbidding: and in this manner, after a Letter or two in imperfect grammar, Madam and Daughter appear in Carnival society at Berlin, charming objects both; but do not stay long; in fact, stay only till their moneys and arrangements are furnished them. Upon which, in all silence, they make for Petersburg, for Moscow; travel rapidly, arrive successfully, in spite of the grim season.[1] Conversion to the Greek Religion, change of name from Sophie-Frederike to Catherine-Alexiewna ("Let it be Catherine," said Elizabeth, "my dear mother's name!" — little brown Czarina's, whom we have seen): — all this was completed by the 12th of July following. And, in fine, next year (September 1st, 1745), Peter Federowitz and this same Catherine-Alexiewna, second-cousins by blood, were vouchsafed the Nuptial Benediction, and, with invocation of the Russian Heaven and Russian Earth, were declared to be one flesh,[2] — though at last they turned out to be *two fleshes*, as my reader well knows! Some eighteen or nineteen years hence, we may look in upon them again, if there be a moment to spare. This is Marriage first; a purely Russian one; built together and launched on its course, so to say, by Friedrich at Berlin, who had his own interest in it.

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[1] Friedrich's Letters to Madam of Zerbst (date of the first of them, 30th December, 1743), in *Œuvres*, xxv. 579–589.

Marriage Second, done at Berlin in the same months, was of still more interesting sort to Friedrich and us: that of Princess Ulrique to the above-named Adolf Friedrich, future King of Sweden. Marriage which went on preparing itself by the side of the other; and was of twin importance with it in regard to the Russian Question. The Swedish Marriage was not heard of, except in important whispers, during the Carnival time; but a Swedish Minister had already come to Berlin on it, and was busy first in a silent and examining, then in a speaking and proposing way. It seems, the Czarina herself had suggested the thing, as a counter-politeness to Friedrich; so content with him at this time. A thing welcome to Friedrich. And, in due course ("June, 1744"), there comes express Swedish Embassy, some Rödenskjold or Tessin, with a very shining train of Swedes, "To demand Princess Ulrique in marriage for our Future King."

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[1] "At Moscow, 7th (18th) February, 1744."

[2] Ranke, iii. 129; *Mémoires de Cathérine II.* (Catherine's own very curious bit of Autobiography; — published by Mr. Herzen, London, 1859), pp. 7–46.

To which there is assent, by no means denial, in the proper quarter. Whereupon, after the wide-spread necessary fuglings and preliminaries, there occurs (all by Procuration, Brother August Wilhelm doing the Bridegroom's part), "July 17th, 1744," the Marriage itself: all done, this last act, and the foregoing ones and the following, with a grandeur and a splendor — unspeakable, we may say, in short.[1] Fantastic Bielfeld taxes his poor rouged Muse to the utmost, on this occasion; and becomes positively wearisome, chanting the upholsteries of life; — foolish fellow, spoiling his bits of facts withal, by misrecollections, and even by express fictions thrown in as garnish. So that, beyond the general impression, given in a high-rouged state, there is nothing to be depended on. One Scene out of his many, which represents to us on those terms the finale, or actual Departure of Princess Ulrique, we shall offer, — with corrections (a few, not *all*); — having nothing better or other on the subject: —

"But, in fine, the day of departure did arrive," — eve of it did: 25th July, 1744; hour of starting to be 2 A.M. to-morrow. "The King had nominated Grand-Marshal Graf von Gotter [same Gotter whom we saw at Vienna once: King had appointed Gotter and two others; not to say that two of the Princess's Brothers, with her Sister the Margravine of Schwedt, were to accompany as far as Schwedt: six in all; though one's poor memory fails one on some occasions!] — to escort the Princess to Stralsund, where two Swedish Senators and different high Lords and Ladies awaited her. Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, judging by the movements of her own heart that the moment of separation would produce a scene difficult to bear, had ordered an Opera to divert our chagrin; and, instead of supper, a superb collation *en ambigu* [kind of supper-breakfast, I suppose], in the great Hall of the Palace. Her Majesty's plan was, The Princess, on coming from the

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* ii. 1045–1051.

Opera, should, almost on flight, taste a morsel; take her travelling equipment, embrace her kinsfolk, dash into her carriage, and go off like lightning. Herr Graf von Gotter was charged with executing this design, and with hurrying the departure.

"But all these precautions were vain. The incomparable Ulrique was too dear to her Family and to her Country, to be parted with forever, without her meed of tears from them in those cruel instants. On entering the Opera-Hall, I noticed everywhere prevalent an air of sorrow, of sombre melancholy. The Princess appeared in Amazon-dress [riding-habit, say], of rose-color trimmed with silver; the little vest, turned up with green-blue (*céladon*), and collar of the same; a little bonnet, English fashion, of black velvet, with a white plume to it; her hair floating, and tied with a rose-colored ribbon. She was beautiful as Love: but this dress, so elegant, and so well setting off her charms, only the more sensibly awakened our regrets to lose her; and announced that the hour was come, in which all this appeared among us for the last time. At the second act, young Prince Ferdinand [Youngest Brother, Father of the *Jena* Ferdinand] entered the Royal Box; and flinging himself on the Princess's neck with a burst of tears, said, 'Ah, my dear Ulrique, it is over, then; and I shall never see you more!' These words were a signal given to the grief which was shut in all hearts, to burst forth with the greatest vehemence. The Princess replied only with sobs; holding her Brother in her arms. The Two Queens could not restrain their tears; the Princes and Princesses followed the example: grief is epidemical; it gained directly all the Boxes of the first rank, where the Court and Nobility were. Each had his own causes of regret, and each melted into tears. Nobody paid the least attention farther to the Opera; and for my own share, I was glad to see it end.

"An involuntary movement took me towards the Palace. I entered the King's Apartments, and found the Royal Family and part of the Court assembled. Grief had reached its height; everybody had his handkerchief out; and I witnessed emotions quite otherwise affecting than those that Theatric Art can produce. The King had composed an Ode on the Princess's departure; bidding her his last adieus in the most tender and touching manner. It begins with these words:—

'*Partez, ma Sœur, partez;*
La Suède vous attend, la Suède
vous desire.'

'Go, my Sister, go;
Sweden waits you, Sweden
wishes you.'[1]

His Majesty gave it her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the Two Queens. [No, Monsieur, not then; it came to her hand the second evening hence, at Schwedt;[2] most likely not yet written at the time you fabulously give;—you foolish fantast, and "artist" of the *sham*-kind!]—The Princess threw her eyes on it, and fell into a faint [No, you Sham, not for *it*]: the King had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The Princes and Princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last, Gotter judged it time to put an end to this tragic scene. He entered the Hall, almost like Boreas in the Ballet of *The Rose;* that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two whirlwinds; clove the press, and snatched away the Princess from the arms of the Queen-Mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the Hall. All the world followed; the carriages were waiting in the court; and the Princess in a moment found herself in hers. I was in such a state, I know not how we got down stairs; I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madam the Margräfin von Schwedt, who had been named to attend the Princess to Stralsund [read Schwedt] on the Swedish frontier, this high Lady and the two Dames d'Atours who were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam; the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away,—and hid the adorable Ulrique from the eyes of King and Court, who remained motionless for some minutes, overcome by their feelings."[3]

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[1] Does not now exist (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 88, and ib. *Preface* p. xv).

[2] Her own Letter to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 372; "Schwedt, 28th July, 1744").

[3] Bielfeld, ii. 107-110.

We said this Marriage was like the other, important for Public Affairs. In fact, security on the Russian and Swedish side is always an object with Friedrich when undertaking war. "That the French bring about, help me to bring about, a Triple Alliance of Prussia, Russia, Sweden:" this was a thing Friedrich had bargained to see done, before joining in the War ahead: but by these Two Espousals Friedrich hopes he has himself as good as done it. Of poor Princess Ulrique and her glorious reception in Sweden (after near miss of shipwreck, in the Swedish Frigate from Stralsund), we shall say nothing more at present: except that her glories, all along, were much dashed by chagrins, and dangerous imminencies of shipwreck, — which latter did not quite overtake *her*, but did her sons and grandsons, being inevitable or nearly so, in that element, in the course of time.

Sister Amelia, whom some thought disappointed, as perhaps, in her foolish thought, she might a little be, was made Abbess of Quedlinburg, which opulent benefice had fallen vacant; and, there or at Berlin, lived a respectable Spinster-life, doubtless on easier terms than Ulrique's. Always much loved by her Brother, and loving him (and "taking care of his shirts," in the final times); noted in society, for her sharp tongue and ways. Concerning whom Thiébault and his Trenck romances are worth no notice, — if it be not with horsewhips on opportunity. *Scandalum Magnatum*, where your Magnates are *not* fallen quite counterfeit, was and is always (though few now reflect on it) a most punishable crime.

Glance at the Belligerent Powers; Britannic Majesty narrowly misses an Invasion that might have been dangerous.

Princess Ulrique was hardly yet home in Sweden, when her Brother had actually gone forth upon the Wars again! So different is outside from interior, now and then. "While the dancing and the marriage-festivities went on at Court, we, in private, were busily completing the preparations for a Campaign," dreamed of by no mortal, "which was on the point of being opened."[1] July 2d, three weeks before Princess Ulrique left, a certain Adventure of Prince Karl's in the Rhine Countries had accomplished itself (of which in the following Book); and Friedrich could discern clearly that the moment drew rapidly nigh.

On the French side of the War, there has been visible — since those high attempts of Britannic George and the Hungarian Majesty, contumeliously spurning the Peace offered them, and grasping evidently at one's Lorraines, Alsaces, and Three Bishoprics — a marked change; comfortable to look at from Friedrich's side. Most Christian Majesty, from the sad bent attitude of insulted repentance, has started up into the perpendicular one of indignation: "Come on, then!" — and really makes efforts, this Year, quite beyond expectation. "Oriflamme enterprises, private intentions of cutting Germany in Four; well, have not I smarted for them; as good as owned they were rather mad? But to have my apology spit upon; but to be myself publicly cut in pieces for them?"

March 15th, 1744, Most Christian Majesty did, as we saw, duly declare War against England; against Austria, April 26th: "England," he says, "broke its Convention of Neutrality (signed 27th September, 1741); broke said Convention [as was very natural, no term being set] directly after Maillebois was gone; England, by its Mediterranean Admirals and the like, has, to a degree beyond enduring, insulted the French coasts, harbors and royal Navy: We declare War on England." And then, six weeks hence, in regard to Austria: "Austria, refusing to make Peace with a virtuous Kaiser, whom we, for the sake of peace, had magnanimously helped, and then magnanimously ceased to help; — Austria refuses peace with him or us; on the contrary, Austria attempts, and has attempted, to invade France itself: We therefore, on and from this 26th of April, 1744, let the world note it, are at War with Austria."[2] Both these promises to Friedrich are punctually performed.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 41.

[2] In *Adelung*, iv. 78, 90, the two Manifestoes given.

Nor, what is far more important, have the necessary preparations been neglected; but are on a quite unheard-of scale. Such taxing and financiering there has been, last Winter: — tax on your street-lamp, on your fire-wood, increased excise on meat and eatables of all kinds: Be patient, ye poor; consider *gloire,* and an *Oriflamme* so trampled on by the Austrian Heathen! Eatables, street-lamps, do I say? There is £36,000, raised by a tax on — well, on *garderobes* (not translated)! A small help, but a help: *non olet, non oleat.* To what depths has Oriflamme come down! — The result is, this Spring of 1744, indignant France does, by land, and even by sea, make an appearance calculated to astonish Gazetteers and men. Land-forces 160,000 actually on foot: 80,000 (grows at last into 100,000, for a little while) as "Army of the Netherlands," — to prick into Austria, and astonish England and the Dutch Barrier, in that quarter. Of the rest, 20,000 under Conti are for Italy; 60,000 (by degrees 40,000) under Coigny for defence of the Rhine Countries, should Prince Karl, as is surmisable, make new attempts there.[1]

And besides all this, there are Two strong Fleets, got actually launched, not yet into the deep sea, but ready for it: one in Toulon Harbor, to avenge those Mediterranean insults; and burst out, in concert with an impatient Spanish Fleet (which has lain blockaded here for a year past), on the insolent blockading English: which was in some sort done.[2] The other strong Fleet, twenty sail of the line, under Admiral Roquefeuille, is in Brest Harbor, — intended for a still more delicate operation; of which anon. Surely King Friedrich ought to admit that these are fine symptoms? King Friedrich has freely done so, all along; intending to strike in at the right moment. Let us see, a little, how things have gone; and how the right moment has been advancing in late months.

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[1] Adelung, iv. 78; Espagnac, ii. 3.

[2] "19th February, 1744," French and Spanish Fleets run out; 22d Feb. are attacked by Matthews and Lestock; are rather beaten, not beaten nearly enough (Matthews and Lestock blaming one another, Spaniards and French ditto, ditto: Adelung, iv. 32–35); with the endless janglings, correspondings, court-martialings that ensue (Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs,* i. 197 et seqq.; *Gentleman's Magazine,* and Old Newspapers, for 1744; &c. &c).

January 17*th*, 1744, There landed at Antibes on French soil a young gentleman, by name "Conte di Spinelli," direct from Genoa, from Rome; young gentleman seemingly of small importance, but intrinsically of considerable; who hastened off for Paris, and there disappeared. Disappeared into subterranean consultations with the highest Official people; intending reappearance with emphasis at Dunkirk, a few weeks hence, in much more emphatic posture. And all through February there is observable a brisk diligence of War-preparation, at Dunkirk: transport-ships in quantity, finally four war-ships; 15,000 chosen troops, gradually marching in; nearly all on board, with their equipments, by the end of the month.

Clearly an Invading Army intended somewhither, England judges too well whither. Anti-English Armament; to be led by, whom thinks the reader? That same "Conte di Spinelli," who is Charles Edward the Young Pretender, — Comte de Saxe commanding under him! This is no fable; it is a fact, somewhat formidable; brought about, they say, by one Cardinal Tencin, an Official Person of celebrity in the then Versailles world; who owes his red hat (whatever such debt really be) to old Jacobite influence, exerted for him at Rome; and takes this method of paying his debt and his court at once. Gets, namely, his proposal, of a Charles-Edward Invasion of England, to dovetail in with the other wide artilleries now bent on little George in the way we see. Had not little George better have stayed at home out of these Pragmatic Wars? Fifteen thousand, aided by the native Jacobite hosts, under command of Saxe, — a Saxe against a Wade is fearful odds, — may make some figure in England! We hope always they will not be able to land. Imagination may conceive the flurry, if not of Britannic mankind, at least of Britannic Majesty and his Official People, and what a stir and din they made: — of which this is the compressed upshot.

"*Saturday*, 1*st March*, 1744. For nearly a week past, there has been seen hanging about in the Channel, and dangerously hovering to and fro [had entered by the Land's-End, was first noticed on Sunday last "nigh the Eddistone"] a considerable French Fleet, sixteen great ships; with four or five mor probably belonging to it, which now lie off Dunkirk: the intention of which is too well known in high quarters. This is the grand Brest Fleet, Admiral Roquefeuille's; which believes it can command the Channel, in present circumstances, the English Channel-Fleets being in a disjoined condition, — till Comte de Saxe, with his Charles-Edward and 15,000, do ship themselves across! Great alarm in consequence; our War-forces, 40,000 of them, all in Germany; not the least preparation to receive an Invasive Armament. Comte de Saxe is veritably at Dunkirk, since Saturday, March 1st: busy shipping his 15,000; equipments mostly shipped, and about 10,000 of the men: all is activity there; Roquefeuille hanging about Dungeness, with four of his twenty great ships detached for more immediate protection of Saxe and those Dunkirk industries. To meet which, old Admiral Norris, off and on towards the Nore and the Forelands, has been doing his best to rally force about him; hopes he will now be match for Roquefeuille: — but if he should not?

"*Thursday, 6th March.* Afternoon of March 5th, old Admiral Norris, hoping he was at length in something like equality, 'tided it round the South Foreland;' saw Roquefeuille hanging, in full tale, within few miles; — and at once plunged into him? No, reader; not at once, nor indeed at all. A great sea-fight was expected; but our old Norris thought it late in the day; — and, in effect, no fight proved needful. Daylight was not yet sunk, when there rose from the north-eastward a heavy gale; blew all night, and by six next morning was a raging storm; had blown Roquefeuille quite away out of those waters (fractions of him upon the rocks of Guernsey); had tumbled Comte de Saxe's Transports bottom uppermost (so to speak), in Dunkirk Roads; — and, in fact, had blown the Enterprise over the horizon, and relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner.

"M. le Comte de Saxe — who had, by superhuman activity, saved nearly all his men, in that hideous topsy-turvy of the Transports and munitions — returned straightway, and much more M. le Comte de Spinelli with him, to Paris. Comte de Saxe was directly thereupon made Maréchal de France; appointed to be Colleague of Noailles in the ensuing Netherlands Campaign. 'Comte de Spinelli went to lodge with his Uncle, the Cardinal Grand-Almoner Fitz-James' [a zealous gentleman, of influence with the Holy Father], and there in privacy to wait other chances that might rise. 'The 1,500 silver medals, that had been struck for distribution in Great Britain,' fell, for this time, into the melting-pot again.[1]

"Great stir, in British Parliament and Public, there had latterly been on this matter: Arrestment of suspected persons, banishment of all Catholics ten miles from London; likewise registering of horses (to gallop with cannon whither wanted); likewise improvising of cavalry regiments by persons of condition, 'Set our plush people on our coach-horses; there!' [Yes, *there* will be a Cavalry, — inferior to General Ziethen's!]; and were actually drilling them in several places, when that fortunate blast of storm (March 6th) blew everything to quiet again. Field-marshal Earl of Stair, in regard to the Scottish populations, had shown a noble magnanimity; which was recognized: and a General Sir John Cope rode off, post-haste, to take the chief command in that Country; — where, in about eighteen months hence, he made a very shining thing of it!" — Take this other Cutting from the Old Newspapers: —

"*Friday*, 31*st* (20*th*) *March*, 1744, A general press began for recruiting his Majesty's regiments, and manning the Fleet; when upwards of 1,000 men were secured in the jails of London and Westminster; being allowed sixpence a head per diem, by the Commissioners of the Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found fit for his Majesty's service. The same method was taken in each County." Press ceases; enough being got, — press no more till farther order: 5th (16th) June.[2]

Britannic Majesty shaken by such omens, does not in person visit Germany at all this Year; nor, by his Deputies, at all shine on the fields of War as lately. He, his English and he, did indeed come down with their cash in a prompt and manful manner, but showed little other activity this year. Their troops were already in the Netherlands, since Winter last; led now by a Field-marshal Wade, of whom one has heard; to whom joined themselves certain Austrians, under Duc d'Ahremberg, and certain Dutch, under some other man in cocked-hat: the whole of whom, under Marshal Wade's chief guidance, did as good as nothing whatever. "Inferior in force!" cried Marshal Wade; an indolent incompetent old gentleman, frightful to see in command of troops: "inferior in force!" cried he, which was not at first quite the case. And when, by additions to himself, and deductions (of a most unexpected nature) from his Enemy, he had become nearly double in force, it was all the same: Marshal Wade (against whom indeed was Maréchal de Saxe, now in sole command, as we shall see) took shelter in safe places, witnessing therefrom the swift destruction of the Netherlands, and would attempt nothing. Which indeed was perhaps prudent on the Marshal's part. Much money was spent, and men enough did puddle themselves to death on the clay roads, or bivouacking in the safe swamps; but not the least stroke of battle was got out of them under this old Marshal. Had perhaps "a divided command, though nominal Chief," poor old gentleman; — yes, and a head that understood nothing of his business withal. One of those same astonishing "Generals" of the English, now becoming known in Natural History; the like of whom, till within these hundred and fifty years, were not heard of among sane Nations. Saxe *versus* Wade is fearful odds. To judge by the way Saxe has of handling Wade, may not we thank Heaven that it was not *here* in England the trial came on! Lift up both your hands, and bless — not General Wade, quite yet.

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[1] Tindal, xxi. 22 (mostly a puddle of inaccuracies, as usual); Espagnac, i. 213; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 106, &c.; Barbier, ii. 382, 385, 388.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744, pp. 226, 333.

The young Duke of Würtemberg gets a valedictory Advice; and Pöllnitz a ditto Testimonial (February 6th; April 1st, 1744).

February 7th, 1744, Karl Eugen, the young Duke of Würtemberg, — Friedrich having got, from the Kaiser, due Dispensation (*venia ætatis*) for the young gentleman, and had him declared Duke Regnant, though only sixteen, — quitted Berlin with great pomp, for his own Country, on that errand. Friedrich had hoped hereby to settle the Würtemberg matters on a good footing, and be sure of a friend in Würtemberg to the Kaiser and himself. Which hope, like everybody's hopes about this young gentleman, was entirely disappointed; said young gentleman having got into perverse, haughty, sulky, ill-conditioned ways, and made a bad Life and Reign of it, — better to lie mostly hidden from us henceforth, at least for many years to come. The excellent Parting Letter which Friedrich gave him got abroad into the world; was christened the *Mirror of Princes*, and greatly admired by mankind. It is indeed an almost faultless Piece of its kind; comprising, in a flowing yet precise way, with admirable frankness, sincerity, sagacity, succinctness, a Whole Duty of Regnant Man;[1] — but I fear it would only weary the reader; perfect *advice* having become so plentiful in our Epoch, with little but "pavement" to a certain Locality the consequence! —

There is, of the same months, a *Testimonial to Pöllnitz*, which also got abroad and had its celebrity: this, as specimen of Friedrich on the comic side, will perhaps be less afflicting; and it will rid us of Pöllnitz, poor soul, on handsome terms.

Goldstick Pöllnitz is at Baireuth in these months; fallen quite disconsolate since we last heard of him. His fine marriage went awry, — rich lady, very wisely, drawing back; — and the foolish old creature has decided on *re*changing his religion; which he has changed already thrice or so, in his vagabond straits; for the purpose of "retiring to a convent" this time. Friedrich, in candid brief manner, rough but wise, and not without some kindness for an old dog one is used to, has answered, "Nonsense; that will never do!" But Pöllnitz persisting; formally demanding leave to demit, and lay down the goldstick, with that view, — Friedrich does at length send him Certificate of Leave; "which is drawn out with all the forms, and was despatched through Eichel to the proper Board;" but which bears date *April First*, and though officially valid, is of quizzical nature: — perhaps already known to some readers; having got into the Newspapers, and widely abroad, at a subsequent time. As authentic sample of Friedrich in that kind, here it accurately is, with only one or two slight abridgments, which are indicated: —

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[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 4–7.

"Whereas the Baron de Pöllnitz, born at Berlin [at Köln, if it made any matter], of honest parents so far as We know, — after having served Our Grandfather as Gentleman of the Chamber, Madam d'Orleans [wicked Regent's Mother, a famed German Lady] in the same rank, the King of Spain in quality of Colonel, the deceased Kaiser in that of Captain of Horse, the Pope as Chamberlain, the Duke of Brunswick as Chamberlain, Duke of Weimar as Ensign, our Father as Chamberlain, and, in fine, Us as Grand Master of the Ceremonies," — has, in spite of such accumulation of honors, become disgusted with the world; and requests a Parting Testimony, to support his good reputation, —

"We, remembering his important services to the House, in diverting for nine years long the late King our Father, and doing the honors of our Court during the now Reign, cannot refuse such request; but do hereby certify, That the said Baron has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our Court; but has always maintained gentlemanly behavior, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the object of the Drama, that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing; following, in the matter of sobriety, Boerhaave's counsels; pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive; — possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various Mansions, especially of our worn-out Furnitures; rendering himself, by his merits, necessary to those who know him; and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

"Our anger the said Baron never kindled but once," — in atrociously violating the grave of an Ancestress (or Step-

Ancestress) of ours.[1] "But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the beautifulest forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, We are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said Baron; do hereby grant him, with regret, the Congee he requires; — and abolish his Office altogether, to blot it from men's memory, not judging that anybody after the said Baron can be worthy to fill it.

"Done at Potsdam, this 1st of April, 1744. FÉDÉRIC."[2]

The Office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies was, accordingly, abolished altogether. But Pöllnitz, left loose in this manner, did not gallop direct, or go at all, into monkhood, as he had expected; but, in fact, by degrees, crept home to Berlin again; took the subaltern post of Chamberlain; and there, in the old fashion (straitened in finance, making loans, retailing anecdotes, not witty but the cause of wit), wore out life's gray evening; till, about thirty years hence, he died; "died as he had lived, swindling the very night before his decease," writes Friedrich;[3] who was always rather kind to the poor old dog, though bantering him a good deal.

Two Conquests for Prussia, a gaseous and a solid: Conquest First, Barberina the Dancer.

Early in May, the Berlin public first saw its Barberina dance, and wrote ecstatic Latin Epigrams about that miracle of nature and art;[4] — miracle, alas, not entirely omissible by us. Here is her Story, as the Books give it; slightly mythical, I judge, in some of its non-essential parts; but good enough for the subject: —

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[1] Step-Ancestress was Dorothea, the Great Elector's second Wife; of whom Pöllnitz, in his *Memoirs and Letters*, repeats the rumor that once she, perhaps, tried to poison her Stepson Friedrich, First King. (See suprà, vol. v. p. 47).

[2] *Œuvres*, xv. 193.

[3] Letter to Voltaire, 13th August, 1775 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 344). See Preuss, v. 241 (*Urkundenbuch*), the Letters of Friedrich to Pöllnitz.

[4] Rödenbeck, pp. 111, 190.

Barberina the Dancer had cost Friedrich some trouble; the pains he took with her elegant pirouettings and poussettings, and the heavy salary he gave her, are an unexpected item in his history. He wished to favor the Arts, yes; but did he reckon Opera-dancing a chief one among them? He had indeed built an Opera-House, and gave free admissions, supporting the cost himself; and among his other governings, governed the dancer and singer troops of that establishment. Took no little trouble about his Opera: — yet perhaps he privately knew its place, after all. "Wished to encourage strangers of opulent condition to visit his Capital," say the cunning ones. It may be so; and, at any rate, he probably wished to act the King in such matters, and not grudge a little money. He really loved music, even opera music, and knew that his people loved it; to the rough natural man, all rhythm, even of a Barberina's feet, may be didactic, beneficial: do not higgle, let us do what is to be done in a liberal style. His agent at Venice — for he has agents everywhere on the outlook for him — reports that here is a Female Dancer of the first quality, who has shone in London, Paris and the Capital Cities, and might answer well, but whose terms will probably be dear. "Engage her," answers Friedrich. And she is engaged on pretty terms; she will be free in a month or two, and then start.[1]

Well; — but Barberina had, as is usual, subsidiary trades to her dancing: in particular, a young English Gentleman had followed her up and down, says Zimmermann, and was still here in Venice passionately attached to her. Which fact, especially which young English gentleman, should have been extremely indifferent to me, but for a circumstance soon to be mentioned. The young English gentleman, clear against Barberina's Prussian scheme, passionately opposes the same, passionately renews his own offers; — induces Barberina to inform the Prussian agent that she renounces her engagement in that quarter. Prussian agent answers that it is not renounceable; that he has legal writing on it, and that it must be kept. Barberina rises into contumacy, will laugh at all writing and compulsion. Prussian agent applies to Doge and Senate on the subject, in his King's name; who answer politely, but do nothing: "How happy to oblige so great a King; but —" And so it lasts for certain months; Barberina and the young English gentleman contumacious in Venice, and Doge and Senate merely wishing we may get her.

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[1] Zimmermann, *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (Leipzig, 1790), i. 88–92; Collini, ubi infrà; Denina; &c.: compare Rödenbeck, p. 191.

Meanwhile a Venetian Ambassador happens to be passing through Berlin, in his way to or from some Hyperborean State; arrives at some hotel, in Berlin; — finds, on the morrow, that his luggage is arrested by Royal Order; that he, or at least *it*, cannot get farther, neither advance nor return, till Barberina do come. "Impossible, Signor: a bargain is a bargain; and States ought to have law-courts that enforce contracts entered into in their territories." The Venetian Doge and Senate do now lay hold of Barberina; pack her into post-chaises, off towards Berlin, under the charge of armed men, with the proper transit-papers, — as it were under the address, "For his Majesty of Prussia, this side uppermost," — and thus she actually is conveyed, date or month uncertain, by Innspruck or the Splugen, I cannot say which, over mountain, over valley, from country to country, and from stage to stage, till she arrives at Berlin; Ambassador with baggage having been let go, so soon as the affair was seen to be safe.

As for the young English gentleman passionately attached, he followed, it is understood, faithful, constant as shadow to the sun, always a stage behind; arrived in Berlin two hours after his Barberina, still passionately attached; and now, as the rumor goes, was threatening even to marry her, and so save the matter. Supremely indifferent to my readers and me. But here now is the circumstance that makes it mentionable. The young English is properly a young Scotch gentleman; James Mackenzie the name of him, — a grandson of the celebrated Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie; and younger Brother of a personage who, as Earl of Bute, became extremely conspicuous in this Kingdom in after years. That makes it mentionable, — if only in the shape of *myth*. For Friedrich, according to rumor, being still like to lose his Dancer in that manner, warned the young gentleman's friends; and had him peremptorily summoned home, and the light fantastic toe left free in that respect. Which procedure the indignant young gentleman (thinks my Author) never forgave; continuing a hater of Friedrich all his days; and instilling the same sentiment into the Earl of Bute at a period which was very critical, as we shall see. This is my Author's, the often fallacious though not mendacious Dr. Zimmermann's, rather deliberate account; a man not given to mendacity, though filled with much vague wind, which renders him fallacious in historical points.

Readers of Walpole's *George the Third* know enough of this Mackenzie, "Earl's Brother, *Mackinsy*," and the sorrowful difficulties about his Scotch law-office or benefice; in which matter "Mackinsy" behaves always in a high way, and only the Ministerial Outs and Inns higgle pedler-like, vigilant of the Liberties of England, as they call them. In the end, Mackinsy kept his law-office or got it restored to him; £3,000 a year without excess of work; a man much the gentleman, according to the rule then current: in contemplative rare moments, the man, looking back through the dim posterns of the mind, might see afar off a certain pirouetting Figure, once far from indifferent, and not yet quite melted into cheerless gray smoke, as so much of the rest is — to Mr. Mackinsy and us. I have made, in the Scotch Mackenzie circles, what inquiry was due; find no evidence, but various likelihoods, that this of the Barberina and him is fact, and a piece of his biography. As to the inference deduced from it, in regard to Friedrich and the Earl of Bute, on a critical occasion, — that rests entirely with Zimmermann; and the candid mind inclines to admit that, probably, it is but rumor and conjecture; street-dust sticking to the Doctor's shoes, and demanding merely to be well swept out again. Heigho! —

Barberina, though a dancer, did not want for more essential graces. Very sprightly, very pretty and intelligent; not without piquancy and pungency: the King himself has been known to take tea with her in mixed society, though nothing more; and with passionate young gentlemen she was very successful.

Not long after her coming to Berlin, she made conquest of Cocceji, the celebrated Chancellor's Son; who finding no other resource, at length privately married her. Voltaire's Collini, when he came to Berlin, in 1750, recommended by a Signora Sister of the Barberina's, found the Barberina and her Mother dining daily with this Cocceji as their guest:[1] Signora Barberina privately informed Collini how the matter was; Signorina still dancing all the same, — though she had money in the English funds withal; and Friedrich had been so generous as give her the fixing of her own salary, when she came to him, this-side-uppermost, in the way we described. She had fixed, too modestly thinks Collini, on 5,000 thalers (about £750) a year; having heart and head as well as heels, poor little soul. Perhaps her notablest feat in History, after all, was her leading this Collini, as she now did, into the service of Voltaire, to be Voltaire's Secretary. As will be seen. Whereby we have obtained a loyal little Book, more credible than most others, about that notable man.

At a subsequent period, Barberina decided on declaring her marriage with Cocceji; she drew her money from the English funds, purchased a fine mansion, and went to live with the said Cocceji there, giving up the Opera and public pirouettes. But this did not answer either. Cocceji's Mother scorned irreconcilably the Opera alliance; Friedrich, who did not himself like it in his Chancellor's Son, promoted the young man to some higher post in the distant Silesian region. But there, alas, they themselves quarrelled; divorced one another; and rumor again was busy. "You, Cocceji yourself, are but a schoolmaster's grandson [Barberina, one easily supposes, might have a temper withal]; and it is I, if you will recollect, that drew money from the English funds!" Barberina married again; and to a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time, and with whom at least there was no divorce. Successful with passionate gentlemen; having money from the English funds. Her last name was Gräfinn — I really know not what. Her descendants probably still live, with sixteen quarters, in those parts. It was thus she did her life-journey, waltzing and walking; successfully holding her own against the world. History declares itself ashamed of spending so many words on such a subject. But the Dancer of Friedrich, and the authoress, prime or proximate, of *Collini's Voltaire*, claims a passing remembrance. Let us, if we can easily help it, never speak of her more.

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[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (à Paris, 1807), pp. 13–19.

Conquest Second is Ost-Friesland, of a solid Nature.

May 25th, 1744, just while Barberina began her pirouettings at Berlin, poor Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, long a weak malingering creature, died, rather suddenly; childless, and the last of his House, which had endured there about 300 years. Our clever Wilhelmina at Baireuth, though readers have forgotten the small circumstance, had married a superfluous Sister-in-law of hers to this Karl Edzard; and, they say, it was some fond hope of progeny, suddenly dashed into nothingness, that finished the poor man, that night of May 25th. In any case, his Territory falls to Prussia, by Reich's Settlement of long standing (1683–1694); which had been confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm: — we remember how he returned with it, honest man, from that *Kladrup Journey* in 1732, and was sniffed at for bringing nothing better. And in the interim, his royal Hanover Cousins, coveting East Friesland, had clapt up an *Erbverbrüderung* with the poor Prince there (Father, I think, of the one just dead): "A thing *ultra vires*," argued Lawyers; "private, quasi-clandestine; and posterior (in a sense) to Reich's *Conclusum*, 1694."

On which ground, however, George II. now sued Friedrich at Reich's Law, — Friedrich, we need not say, having instantly taken possession of Ost-Friesland. And there ensued arguing enough between them, for years coming; very great expenditure of parchment, and of mutual barking at the moon (done always by proxy, and easy to do); which doubtless increased the mutual ill-feeling, but had no other effect. Friedrich, who had been well awake to Ost-Friesland for some time back, and had given his Official people (Cocceji his Minister of Justice, Chancellor by and by, and one or two subordinates) their precise Instructions, laid hold of it, with a maximum of promptitude; thereby quashing a great deal of much more dangerous litigation than Uncle George's.

"In all Germany, not excepting even Mecklenburg, there had been no more anarchic spot than Ost-Friesland for the last sixty or seventy years. A Country with parliamentary-life in extraordinary vivacity (rising indeed to the suicidal or internecine pitch, in two or three directions), and next to no regent-life at all. A Country that had loved Freedom, not wisely but too well! Ritter Party, Prince's Party, Towns' Party; — always two or more internecine Parties: 'False Parliament you, traitors!' 'We? False *you*, traitors!' — The Parish Constable, by general consent, kept walking; but for Government there was this of the Parliamentary Eloquences (three at once), and Freedom's battle, fancy it, bequeathed from sire to son! 'The late Karl Edzard never once was in Embden, his chief Town, though he lived within a dozen miles of it.' — And then, still more questionable, all these energetic little Parties had applied to the Neighboring Governments, and had each its small Foreign Battalion, 'To protect *us* and our just franchises!' Imperial Reich's-Safeguard Battalion, Dutch Battalion, Danish Battalion, — Prussian, it first of all was (year 1683, Town of Embden inviting the Great Elector), but it is not so now. The Prussians had needed to be quietly swift, on that 25th day of May, 1744.

"And truly they were so; Cocceji having all things ready; leading party-men already secured to him, troops within call, and the like. The Prussians — Embden Town-Councils inviting their astonished Dutch Battalion not to be at home — marched quietly into Embden 'next day,' and took possession of the guns. Marched to Aurich (official metropolis), Danes and Imperial Safeguard saying nothing; and, in short, within a week had, in their usual exact fashion, got firm hold of chaotic Ost-Friesland. And proceeded to manage it, in like sort, — with effects soon sensible, and steadily continuing. Their Parliamentary-life Friedrich left in its full vigor: 'Tax yourselves; what revenue you like; and see to the outlay of it yourselves. Allow me, as *Landes-Herr,* some trifle of overplus: how much, then? Furthermore a few recruits, — or recruit-money in lieu, if you like better!' And it was astonishing how the Parliamentary vitality, not shortened of its least franchise, or coerced in any particular, but merely stroked the right way of the hair, by a gently formidable hand, with good head guiding, sank almost straightway into dove-life, and never gave Friedrich any trouble, whatever else it might do. The management was good; the opportunity also was good. 'In one sitting, the Prussian Agent, arbitrating between Embden and the Ritters, settled their controversy, which had lasted fifty years.' The poor Country felt grateful, which it might well do; as if for the laying of goblins, for the ending of long-continued local typhoon! Friedrich's first Visit, in 1751, was welcomed with universal jubilation; and poor Ost-Friesland thanked him in still more solid ways, when occasion rose.[1]

"It is not an important Country: — only about the size of Cheshire; wet like it, and much inferior to it in cheese, in resources for leather and live-stock, though it perhaps excels, again, in clover-seeds, rape-seeds, Flanders horses, and the flax products. The 'clear overplus' it yielded to Friedrich, as Sovereign Administrator and Defender, was only £3,200; for recruit-*money*, £6,000 (no recruits *in corpore*); in all, little more than £9,000 a year. But it had its uses too. Embden, bigger than Chester, and with a better harbor, was a place of good trade; and brought Friedrich into contact with sea-matters; in which, as we shall find, he did make some creditable incipiencies, raising expectations in the world; and might have carried it farther, had not new Wars, far worse than this now at hand, interrupted him."

Friedrich was at Pyrmont, taking the waters, while this of Friesland fell out; he had gone thither May 20th; was just arrived there, four days before the death of Karl Edzard.[2] His Officials, well pre-instructed, managed the Ost-Friesland Question mainly themselves. Friedrich was taking the waters; ostensibly nothing more. But he was withal, and still more earnestly, consulting with a French Excellency (who also had felt a need of the waters), about the French Campaign for this Season: Whether Coigny was strong enough in the Middle-Rhine Countries; how their Grand Army of the Netherlands shaped to prosper; and other the like interesting points.[1] Frankfurt Union is just signed (May 22d). Most Christian Majesty is himself under way to the Netherlands, himself going to command there, as we shall see. "Good!" answers Friedrich: "But don't weaken Coigny, think of Prince Karl on that side; don't detach from Coigny, and reduce his 60,000 to 40,000!"

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[1] Ranke, iii. 370–382.

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 102.

Plenty of mutual consulting, as they walk in the woods there. And how profoundly obscure, to certain Official parties much concerned, judge from the following small Document, preserved by accident: —

Lyttelton (our old Soissons Friend, now an Official in Prince Fred's Household, friend of Pitt, and much else) *to his Father at Hagley.*

Argyle Street, London, "May 5th [16th], 1744.

"Dear Sir, — Mr. West [Gilbert West, of whom there is still some memory] comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too" — oh Jamie Thamson, Jamie Thamson, oh! "His *Seasons* will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

"I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in Private Letters from Germany, of the King of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time." Yes indeed, if true. "Those Letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the Major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his Majesty drew his sword, and would have killed the Officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the King; who was immediately shut up; and the Queen, his Mother, has taken the Regency upon herself till his recovery." *Papæ!* "I do not give you this news for certain; but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, 'He is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.'

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[1] Ranke, iii. 165, 166.

"The King of Sardinia's Retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that Town [20th April, one of those furious tussles, French and Spaniard *versus* Sardinian Majesty, in the *coulisses* or side-scenes of the Italian War-Theatre, neither stage nor side-scenes of which shall concern us in this place], certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as" — anything to speak of; nor was it. "We expect with impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch Ambassador to Paris, — [to Valenciennes, as it turns out, King Louis, on his high errand to the Netherlands, being got so far; and the "effect" was no effect at all, except good words on his part, and persistence in the battering down of Menin and the Dutch Barrier, of which we shall hear ere long].

"I pray God the Summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you," — dear Father, much suffering by incurable ailments. "It is the only thing wanting to make Hagley Park a Paradise.

"Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death;" — did actually die, 30th May (10th June): a world-tragedy that too, though in small compass, and acting itself next door, at Twickenham, without noise; a star of the firmament going out; — twin-star, Swift (Carteret's old friend), likewise going out, sunk in the socket, "a driveller and a show." . . . "I am, with the truest respect and affection, dear Sir, your most dutiful Son, —

"George Lyttelton."[1]

Friedrich returned from Pyrmont, 11th June; saw, with a grief of his own, with many thoughts well hidden, his

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[1] Ayscough, *Lord Lyttelton's Miscellaneous Works* (Lond., 1776), iii. 318.

Sister Ulrique whirled away from him, 26th July, in the gray of the summer dawn. In Berlin, in Prussia, nobody but one is aware of worse just coming. And now the War-drums suddenly awaken again; and poor readers — not to speak of poor Prussia and its King! — must return to that uncomfortable sphere, till things mend.

BOOK XV.

SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE.

15th Aug. 1744–25th Dec. 1745.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY: HOW THE MOMENT ARRIVED.

BATTLE being once seen to be inevitable, it was Friedrich's plan not to wait for it, but to give it. Thanks to Friedrich Wilhelm and himself, there is no Army, nor ever was any, in such continual preparation. Military people say, "Some Countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war: but in three weeks Prussia can be across the marches, and upon the throat of its enemy." Which is an immense advantage to little Prussia among its big neighbors. "Some Countries have a longer sword than Prussia; but none can unsheathe it so soon:" — we hope, too, it is moderately sharp, when wielded by a deft hand.

The French, as was intimated, are in great vigor, this Year; thoroughly provoked; and especially since Friedrich sent his Rothenburg among them, have been doing their very utmost. Their main effort is in the Netherlands, at present; — and indeed, as happened, continues all through this War to be. They by no means intend, or ever did, to neglect Teutschland; yet it turns out, they have pretty much done with their fighting there. And next Year, driven or led by accidents of various kinds, they quit it altogether; and turning their whole strength upon the Netherlands and Italy, chiefly on the Netherlands, leave Friedrich, much to his astonishment, with the German War hanging wholly round *his* neck, and take no charge of it farther! In which, to Friedrich's Biographers, there is this inestimable benefit, if far the reverse to Friedrich's self: That we shall soon have done with the French, then; with them and with so much else; and may, in time coming, for most part, leave their huge Sorcerer's Sabbath of a European War to dance itself out, well in the distance, not encumbering us farther, like a circumambient Bedlam, as it has hitherto done. Courage, reader! Let us give, in a glance or two, some notion of the course things took, and what moment it was when Friedrich struck in; — whom alone, or almost alone, we hope to follow thenceforth; "Dismal Swamp" (so gracious was Heaven to us) lying now mostly to rearward, little as we hoped it!

It was mere accident, a series of bad accidents, that led King Louis and his Ministers into gradually forsaking Friedrich. They were the farthest in the world from intending such a thing. Contrariwise, what brain-beating, diplomatic spider-weaving, practical contriving, now and afterwards, for that object; especially now! Rothenburg, Noailles, Belleisle, Cardinal Tencin, have been busy; not less the mistress Châteauroux, who admires Friedrich, being indeed a high-minded unfortunate female, as they say; and has thrown out Amelot, not for stammering alone. They are able, almost high people, this new Châteauroux Ministry, compared with some; and already show results.

Nay, what is most important of all, France has (unconsciously, or by mere help of Noailles and luck) got a real General to her Armies: Comte de Saxe, now Maréchal de Saxe; who will shine very splendent in these Netherland operations, — counter-shone by mere Wades, D'Ahrembergs, Cumberlands, — in this and the Four following Years. Noailles had always recognized Comte de Saxe; had long striven for him, in Official quarters; and here gets the light of him unveiled at last, and set on a high place: loyal Noailles.

This was the Year, this 1744, when Louis XV., urged by his

Châteauroux, the high-souled unfortunate female, appeared in person at the head of his troops: "Go, Sire, go, *mon Chou* (and I will accompany); show yourself where a King should be, at the head of your troops; be a second Louis-le-Grand!" Which he did, his Châteauroux and he; actually went to the Netherlands, with baggage-train immeasurable, including not cooks only, but play-actors with their thunder-barrels (off from Paris, May 3d), to the admiration of the Universe.[1] Took the command, nominal-command, first days of June; and captured in no-time Menin, Ipres, Furnes, and the Fort of Knock, and as much of the Austrian Netherlands as he liked, — that is to say, saw Noailles and Saxe do it; — walking rapidly forward from Siege to Siege, with a most thundering artillery; old Marshal Wade and consorts dismally eating their victuals, and looking on from the distance, unable to attempt the least stroke in opposition. So that the Dutch Barrier, if anybody now cared for it, did go all flat; and the Balance of Power gets kicked out of its sacred pivot: to such purpose have the Dutch been hoisted! Terrible to think of; — had not there, from the opposite quarter, risen a surprising counterpoise; had not there been a Prince Karl, with his 70,000, pressing victoriously over the Rhine; which stayed the French in these sacrilegious procedures.

Prince Karl gets across the Rhine (20 June–2 July, 1744).

Prince Karl, some weeks ago, at Heilbronn, joined his Rhine Army, which had gathered thither from the Austrian side, through Baiern, and from the Hither-Austrian or Swabian Winter-quarters; with full intent to be across the Rhine, and home upon Elsass and the Compensation Countries, this Summer, under what difficulties soever. Karl, or, as some whisper, old Marshal Traun, who is nominally second in command, do make a glorious campaign of it, this Year; — and lift the Cause of Liberty, at one time, to the highest pitch it ever reached. Here, in brief terms, is Prince Karl's Operation on the Rhine, much admired by military men: —

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[1] Adelung, iv. 113; Barbier, ii. 391, 394; Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris;* &c.

"*Stockstadt, June 20th,* 1744. Some thirty and odd miles north of Mannheim, the Rhine, before turning westward at Mainz, makes one other of its many Islands (of which there are hundreds since the leap at Schaffhausen): one other, and I think the biggest of them all; perhaps two miles by five; which the Germans call *Kuhkopf* (Cowhead), from the shape it has, — a narrow semi-ellipse; River there splitting in two, one split (the western) going straight, the other bending luxuriantly round: so that the *hind*-head or straight end of the Island lies towards France, and the round end, or cow-*lips* (so to speak) towards native Teutschland, and the woody Hills of the Berg-Strasse thereabouts. Stockstadt, chief little Town looking over into this Cowhead Island, lies under the *chin:* understand only farther that the German branch carries more than two-thirds of the River; that on the Island itself there is no town, or post of defence; and that Stockstadt is the place for getting over. Coigny and the French, some 40,000, are guarding the River hereabouts, with lines, with batteries, cordons, the best they can; Seckendorf, with 20,000 more ('Imperial' Old Bavarian Troops, revivified, recruited by French pay), is in his garrison of Philipsburg, ready to help when needed:" — not moulting now, at Wembdingen, in that dismal manner; new-feathered now into "Kaiser's Army;" waiting in his Philipsburg to guard the River there. "Coigny's French have ramparts, ditches, not quite unfurnished, on their own shore, opposite this Cowhead Island (*Isle de Héron,* as they call it); looking over to the hind-head, namely: but they have nothing considerable there; and in the Island itself, nothing whatever. 'If now Stockstadt were suddenly snatched by us,' thinks Karl; — 'if a few pontoons were nimbly swung in?'

"June 20th, — Coigny's people all shooting *feu-de-joie,* for that never enough to be celebrated Capture of Menin and the Dutch Barrier a fortnight ago, — this is managed to be done. The active General Bärenklau, active Brigadier Daun under him, pushes rapidly across into Kuhkopf; rapidly throws up intrenchments, ramparts, mounts cannon, digs himself in, — greatly to Coigny's astonishment; whose people hereabouts, and in all their lines and posts, are busy shooting *feu-de-joie* for those immortal Dutch victories, at the moment, and never dreaming of such a thing. Fresh force floods in, Prince Karl himself arrives next day, in support of Bärenklau; Coigny (head-quarters at Speyer, forty miles south) need not attempt dislodging him; but must stand upon his guard, and prepare for worse. Which he does with diligence; shifting northward into those Stockstadt-Mainz parts; calling Seckendorf across the River, and otherwise doing his best, — for about ten days more, when worse, and almost worst, did verily befall him.

"No attempt was made on Bärenklau; nor, beyond the alarming of the Coigny-Seckendorf people, did anything occur in Cowhead Island, — unless it were the finis of an ugly bully and ruffian, who has more than once afflicted us: which may be worth one word. Colonel Mentzel [copper-faced Colonel, originally Play-actor, "Spy in Persia," and I know not what] had been at the seizure of Kuhkopf; a prominent man. Whom, on the fifth day after ('June 25th'), Prince Karl overwhelmed with joy, by handing him a Patent of Generalcy: 'Just received from Court, my Friend, on account of your merits old and late.' — 'Aha,' said Bärenklau, congratulating warmly: 'Dine with me, then, Herr General Mentzel, this very day. The Prince himself is to be there, Highness of Hessen-Darmstadt, and who not; all are impatient to drink your health!' Mentzel had a glorious dinner; still more glorious drink, — Prince Karl and the others, it is said, egging him into much wild bluster and gasconade, to season their much wine. Eminent swill of drinking, with the loud coarse talk supposable, on the part of Mentzel and consorts did go on, in this manner, all afternoon: in the evening, drunk Mentzel came out for air; went strutting and staggering about; emerging finally on the platform of some rampart, face of him huge and red as that of the foggiest rising Moon; — and stood, looking over into the Lorraine Country; belching out a storm of oaths, as to his taking it, as to his doing this and that; and was even flourishing his sword by way of accompaniment; when, lo, whistling slightly through the summer air, a rifle-ball from some sentry on the French side (writers say, it was a French drummer, grown impatient, and snatching a sentry's piece) took the brain of him, or the belly of him; and he rushed down at once, a totally collapsed monster, and mere heap of dead ruin, never to trouble mankind more."[1] For which my readers and I are rather thankful. Voltaire, and perhaps other memorable persons, sometimes mention this brute (miraculous to the Plebs and Gazetteers); otherwise eternal oblivion were the best we could do with him. Trenck also, readers will be glad to understand, ends in jail and bedlam by and by.

"Prince Karl had not the least intention of crossing by this Cowhead Island. Nevertheless he set about two other Bridges in the neighborhood, nearer Mainz (few miles below that City); kept manœuvring his Force, in huge half-moon, round that quarter, and mysteriously up and down; alarming Coigny wholly into the Mainz region. For the space of ten days; and then, stealing off to Schröck, a little Rhine Village above Philipsburg, many miles away from Coigny and his vigilances, he —

"*Night of 30th June–1st July*, Suddenly shot Pandour Trenck, followed by Nadasti and 6,000, across at Schröck who scattered Seckendorf's poor outposts thereabouts to the winds; 'built a bridge before morning, and next day another.' Next day Prince Karl in person appeared; and on the 3d of July, had his whole Army with its luggages across; and had seized the Lines of Lauterburg and Weissenburg (celebrated northern defence of Elsass), — much to Coigny's amazement; and remained inexpugnable there, with Elsass open to him, and to Coigny shut, for the present![2] Coigny made bitter wail, accusation, blame of Seckendorf, blame of men and of things; even tried some fighting, Seckendorf too doing feats, to recover those Lines of Weissenburg: but could not do it. And, in fact, blazing to and fro in that excited rather than luminous condition, could not do anything; except retire into the strong posts of the background; and send express on express, swifter than the wind if you can, to a victorious King overturning the Dutch Barrier: 'Help, your Majesty, or we are lost; and France is — what shall I say!'"

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème,* iii. 165.

[2] Adelung, iv. 139–141.

"Admirable feat of Strategy! What a General, this Prince Karl!" exclaimed mankind, — Cause-of-Liberty mankind with special enthusiasm; and took to writing *Lives* of Prince Karl,[1] as well as tar-burning and *te-deum*-ing on an extensive scale. For it had sent the Cause of Liberty bounding up again to the top of things, this of crossing the Rhine, in such fashion. And, in effect, the Cause of Liberty, and Prince Karl himself, had risen hereby to their acme or culminating point in World-History; not to continue long at such height, little as they dreamt of that, among their tar-burnings. The feat itself — contrived by Nadasti, people say, and executed (what was the real difficulty) by Traun — brought Prince Karl very great renown, this Year; and is praised by Friedrich himself, now and afterwards, as masterly, as Julius Cæsar's method, and the proper way of crossing rivers (when executable) in face of an enemy. And indeed Prince Karl, owing to Traun or not, is highly respectable in the way of Generalship at present; and did in these Five Months, from June onward, really considerable things. At his very acme of Life, as well as of Generalship; which, alas, soon changed, poor man; never to culminate again. He had got, at the beginning of the Year, the high Maria Theresa's one Sister, Archduchess Maria Anna, to Wife;[2] the crown of long mutual attachment; she safe now at Brussels, diligent Co-Regent, and in a promising family-way; he here walking on victorious: — need any man be happier? No man can be supremely happy long; and this General's strategic felicity and his domestic were fatally cut down almost together. The Cause of Liberty, too, now at the top of its orbit, was — But let us stick by our Excerpting:

"*Dunkirk*, 19*th July*, 1744 [Princess Ulrique's Wedding, just two days ago]. King Louis, on hearing of the Job's-news from Elsass, instantly suspended his Conquests in Flanders;

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[1] For instance, *The Life of his Highness Prince Charles of &c., with &c. &c.* (London, 1746); one of the most distracted Blotches ever published under the name of Book; — awakening thoughts of a public dimness very considerable indeed, to which this could offer itself as lamp!

[2] Age then twenty-five gone: "born 14th September, 1718; married to Prince Karl 7th January, 1744; died, of childbirth, 16th December same year" (Hormayr. *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. erstes Bändchen, 54).

detached Noailles, detached this one and that, double-quick, Division after Division (leaving Saxe, with 45,000, to his own resources, and the fatuities of Marshal Wade); and, 19th July, himself hastens off from Dunkirk (leaving much of the luggage, but not the Châteauroux behind him), to save his Country, poor soul. But could not, in the least, save it; the reverse rather. August 4th. he got to Metz, Belleisle's strong town, about 100 miles from the actual scene; his detached reinforcements, say 50,000 men or so, hanging out ahead like flame-clouds, but uncertain how to act; — Noailles being always cunctatious in time of crisis, and poor Louis himself nothing of a Cloud-Compeller; — and then,

"*Metz, August 8th,* The Most Christian King fell ill; dangerously, dreadfully, just like to die. Which entirely paralyzed Noailles and Company, or reduced them to mere hysterics, and excitement of the unluminous kind. And filled France in general, Paris in particular, with terror, lamentation, prayers of forty hours; and such a paroxysm of hero-worship as was never seen for such an object before."[1]

For the Cause of Liberty here, we consider, was the culminating moment; Elsass, Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics lying in their quasi-moribund condition; Austrian claims of Compensation ceasing to be visions of the heated brain, and gaining some footing on the Earth as facts. Prince Karl is here actually in Elsass, master of the strong passes; elate in heart, he and his; France, again, as if fallen paralytic, into temporary distraction; offering for resistance nothing hitherto but that universal wailing of mankind, Hero-worship of a thrice-lamentable nature, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours! Most Christian Majesty, now *in extremis,* centre of the basest hubbub that ever was, is dismissing Châteauroux. Noailles, Coigny and Company hang well back upon the Hill regions, and strong posts which are not yet menaced; or fly vaguely, more or less distractedly, hither and thither; not in the least like fighting Karl, much less like beating him. Karl has Germany free at his back (nay it is a German population round him here); neither haversack nor cartridge-box like to fail:

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[1] Espagnac, ii. 12; Adelung, iv. 180; *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 423; &c. &c.

before him are only a Noailles and consorts, flying vaguely about; — and there is in Karl, or under the same cloak with him at present, a talent of manœuvring men, which even Friedrich finds masterly. If old Marshal Wade. at the other end of the line, should chance to awaken and press home on Saxe, and his remnant of French, with right vigor? In fact, there was not, that I can see, for centuries past, not even at the Siege of Lille in Marlborough's time, a more imminent peril for France.

Friedrich decides to Intervene.

King Friedrich, on hearing of these Rhenish emergencies and of King Louis's heroic advance to the rescue, perceived that for himself too the moment was come; and hastened to inform heroic Louis, That though the terms of their Bargain were not yet completed, Sweden, Russia and other points being still in a pendent condition. he, Friedrich, — with an eye to success of their Joint Adventure, and to the indispensability of joint action, energy, and the top of one's speed now or never, — would, by the middle of this same August, be on the field with 100,000 men. "An invasion of Bohemia, will not that astonish Prince Karl; and bring him to his Rhine-Bridges again? Over which, if your Most Christian Majesty be active, he will not get, except in a half or wholly ruined state. Follow him close; send the rest of your force to threaten Hanover; sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl. Him as he hurries homeward, ruined or half-ruined, him, or whatever Austrian will fight, I do my best to beat. We may have Bohemia, and a beaten Austria, this very Autumn: see, — and, in one Campaign, there is Peace ready for us!" This is Friedrich's scheme of action; success certain, thinks he, if only there be energy, activity, on your side, as there shall be on mine; — and has sent Count Schmettau, filled with fiery speed and determination, to keep the French full of the like, and concert mutual operations.

"Magnanimous!" exclaim Noailles and the paralyzed French Gentlemen (King Louis, I think, now past speech, for Schmettau only came August 9th): "Most sublime behavior, on his Prussian Majesty's part!" own they. And truly it is a fine manful indifference (by no means so common as it should be) to all interests, to all considerations, but that of a Joint Enterprise one has engaged in. And truly, furthermore, it was immediate salvation to the paralyzed French Gentlemen, in that alarming crisis; though they did not much recognize it afterwards as such: and indeed were conspicuously forgetful of all parts of it, when their own danger was over.

Maria Theresa's feelings may be conceived; George II.'s feelings; and what the Cause of Liberty in general felt, and furiously said and complained, when — suddenly as a *Deus ex machinâ*, or Supernal Genie in the Minor Theatres — Friedrich stept in. Precisely in this supreme crisis, 7th August, 1744, Friedrich's Minister, Graf von Dohna, at Vienna, has given notice of the Frankfurt Union, and solemn Engagement entered into: "Obliged in honor and conscience; will and must now step forth to right an injured Kaiser; cannot stand these high procedures against an Imperial Majesty chosen by all the Princes of the Reich, this unheard-of protest that the Kaiser is no Kaiser, as if all Germany were but Austria and the Queen of Hungary's. Prussian Majesty has not the least quarrel of his own with the Queen of Hungary, stands true, and will stand, by the Treaty of Berlin and Breslau; — only, with certain other German Princes, has done what all German Princes and peoples not Austrian are bound to do, on behalf of their down-trodden Kaiser, formed a Union of Frankfurt; and will, with armed hand if indispensable, endeavor to see right done in that matter."[1]

This is the astonishing fact for the Cause of Liberty; and no clamor and execration will avail anything. This man is prompt, too; does not linger in getting out his sword, when he has talked of it. Prince Karl's Operation is likely to be marred amazingly. If this swift King (comparable to the old Serpent for devices) were to burst forth from his Silesian strengths; tread sharply on the *tail* of Prince Karl's Operation, and bring back the formidably fanged head of *it* out of Alsace, five hundred miles all at once, — there would be a business!

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[1] In *Adelung*, iv. 155, 156, the Declaration itself (Audience, "7th August, 1744." Dohna off homeward "on the second day after").

We will now quit the Rhine Operations, which indeed are not now of moment; Friedrich being suddenly the key of events again. I add only, what readers are vaguely aware of, that King Louis did not die; that he lay at death's door for precisely one week (8th–15th August), symptoms mending on the 15th. In the interim, — Grand-Almoner Fitz-James (Uncle of our Conte di Spinelli) insisting that a certain Cardinal, who had got the Sacraments in hand, should insist; and endless ministerial intrigue being busy, — moribund Louis had, when it came to the Sacramental point, been obliged to dismiss his Châteauroux. Poor Châteauroux; an unfortunate female; yet, one almost thinks, the best man among them: dismissed at Metz here, and like to be mobbed! That was the one issue of King Louis's death-sickness. Sublime sickness; during which all Paris wept aloud, in terror and sorrow, like a child that has lost its mother and sees a mastiff coming; wept sublimely, and did the Prayers of Forty-Hours; and called King Louis *Le Bien-aimé* (The Well-beloved): — merely some obstruction in the royal bowels, it turned out; — a good cathartic, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours, quite reinstated matters. Nay reinstated even Châteauroux, some time after, — "the Devil being well again," and, as the Proverb says, quitting his monastic view. Reinstated Châteauroux: but this time, poor creature, she continued only about a day: — "Sudden fever, from excitement," said the Doctors: "Fever? Poison, you mean!" whispered others, and looked for changes in the Ministry. Enough, oh, enough! —

Old Marshal Wade did not awaken, though bawled to by his Ligoniers and others, and much shaken about, poor old gentleman. "No artillery to speak of," murmured he; "want baggage-wagons, too!" and lay still. "Here is artillery!" answered the Official people; "With my own money I will buy you baggage-wagons!" answered the high Maria Anna, in her own name and her Prince Karl's, who are Joint-Governors there. Possibly he would have awakened, had they given him time. But time, in War especially, is the thing that is never given. Once Friedrich *had* struck in, the moment was gone by. Poor old Wade! Of him also enough.

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES UPON PRAG, CAPTURES PRAG.

It was on Saturday, "early in the morning," 15th August, 1744, that Friedrich set out, attended by his two eldest Brothers, Prince of Prussia and Prince Henri, from Potsdam, towards this new Adventure, which proved so famous since. Sudden, swift, to the world's astonishment; — actually on march here, in three Columns (two through Saxony by various routes southeastward, one from Silesia through Glatz southwestward), to invade Bohemia: rumor says 100,000 strong, fact itself says upwards of 80,000, on their various routes, converging towards Prag.[1] His Columns, especially his Saxon Columns, are already on the road; he joins one Column, this night, at Wittenberg; and is bent, through Saxony, towards the frontiers of Bohemia, at the utmost military speed he has.

Through Saxony about 60,000 go: he has got the Kaiser's Order to the Government of Saxony, "Our august Ally, requiring on our Imperial business a transit through you;" — and Winterfeld, an excellent soldier and negotiator, has gone forward to present said Order. A Document which flurries the Dresden Officials beyond measure. Their King is in Warsaw; their King, if here, could do little; and indeed has been inclining to Maria Theresa this long while. And Winterfeld insists on such despatch; — and not even the Duke of Weissenfels is in Town. Dresden Officials "send off five couriers and thirteen estafettes" to the poor old Duke;[2] get him at last; and — The march is already taking effect; they may as well consent to it: what can they do but consent! In the uttermost flurry, they had set to fortifying Dresden; all hands driving palisades, picking, delving, making *coupures* (trenches, or sunk barricades) in the streets; — fatally aware that it can avail nothing. Is not this the Kaiser's Order? Prussians, to the amount of 60,000, are across our Frontiers, rapidly speeding on.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1165. Orlich (ii. 25, 27) enumerates the various regiments.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1163.

"Friedrich's Manifesto — under the modest Title, '*Anzeige der Ursachen* (Advertisement of the Causes which have induced his Prussian Majesty to send the Romish Kaiser's Majesty some Auxiliary Troops)' — had appeared in the Berlin Newspapers Thursday, 13th, only two days before. An astonishment to all mankind; which gave rise to endless misconceptions of Friedrich: but which, supporting itself on proofs, on punctually excerpted foot-notes, is intrinsically a modest, quiet Piece; and, what is singular in Manifestoes, has nothing, or almost nothing, in it that is not, so far as it goes, a perfect statement of the fact. 'Auxiliary troops, that is our essential character. No war with her Hungarian Majesty, or with any other, on our own score. But her Hungarian Majesty, how has she treated the Romish Kaiser, her and our and the Reich's Sovereign Head, and to what pass reduced him; refusing him Peace on any terms, except those of self-annihilation; denying that he is a Kaiser at all;' — and enumerates the various Imperial injuries, with proof given, quiet foot-notes by way of proof; and concludes in these words: 'For himself his Majesty requires nothing. The question here is not of his Majesty's own interest at all [everything his Majesty required, or requires, is by the Treaty of Berlin solemnly his, if the Reich and its Laws endure]: and he has taken up arms simply and solely in the view of restoring to the Reich its freedom, to the Kaiser his Headship of the Reich, and to all Europe the Peace which is so desirable.'[1]

"'Pretences, subterfuges, lies!' exclaimed the Austrian and Allied Public everywhere, or strove to exclaim; especially the English Public, which had no difficulty in so doing; — a

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[1] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 121–136, with date "August, 1744."

Public comfortably blank as to German facts or non-facts; and finding with amazement only this a very certain fact, That hereby is their own Pragmatic thunder checked in mid-volley in a most surprising manner, and the triumphant Cause of Liberty brought to jeopardy again. 'Perfidious, ambitious, capricious!' exclaimed they: 'a Prince without honor, without truth, without constancy;' — and completed, for themselves, in hot rabid humor, that English Theory of Friedrich which has prevailed ever since. Perhaps the most surprising item of which is this latter, very prominent in those old times, That Friedrich has no 'constancy,' but follows his 'caprices,' and accidental whirls of impulse: — item which has dropped away in our times, though the others stand as stable as ever. A monument of several things! Friedrich's suddenness is an essential part of what fighting talent he has: if the Public, thrown into flurry, cannot judge it well, they must even misjudge it: what help is there?

"That the above were actually Friedrich's reasons for venturing into this Big Game again, is not now disputable. And as to the rumor, which rose afterwards (and was denied, and could only be denied diplomatically to the ear, if even to the ear), That Friedrich by Secret Article was 'to have for himself the Three Bohemian Circles, Königsgrätz, Bunzlau, Leitmeritz, which lie between Schlesien and Sachsen,'[1] — there is not a doubt but Friedrich had so bargained, 'Very well, if we can get said Circles!' and would right cheerfully have kept and held them, had the big game gone in all points completely well (game, to reinstate the Kaiser *both* in Bohemia and Bavaria) by Friedrich's fine playing. Not a doubt of all this: — nor of what an extremely hypothetic outlook it then and always was; greatly too weak for enticing such a man."

Friedrich goes in Three Columns. One, on the south or left shore of the Elbe, coming in various branches under Friedrich himself; this alone will touch on Dresden, pass on the south side of Dresden; gather itself about Pirna (in the Saxon Switzerland so called, a notable locality); thence over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen, by Töplitz, by Lowositz,

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081; Schöll, ii. 349.

Leitmeritz, and the Highway called the Pascopol, famous in war. The Second Column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes on the other or north side of the Elbe, at a fair distance; marching through the Lausitz (rendezvous or starting-point was Bautzen in the Lausitz) straight south, to meet the King at Leitmeritz, where the grand Magazine is to be; and thence, still south, straight upon Prag, in conjunction with his Majesty or parallel to him.[1] These are the Two Saxon Columns. The Third Column, under Schwerin, collects itself in the interior of Silesia; is issuing, by Glatz Country, through the Giant Mountains, *Böhmische Kämme* (Bohemian *Combs,* as they are called, which Tourists know), by the Pass of Braunau, — disturbing the dreams of Rübezahl, if Rübezahl happen to be there. This, say 20,000, will come down upon Prag from the eastern side; and be first on the ground (31st August), — first by one day. In the home parts of Silesia, well eastward of Glatz, there is left another Force of 20,000, which can go across the Austrian Border there, and hang upon the Hills, threatening Olmütz and the Moravian Countries, should need be.

And so, in its Three Columns, from west, from north, from east, the march, with a steady swiftness, proceeds. Important especially those Two Saxon Columns from west and north: 60,000 of them, "with a frightful (*entsetzlich*) quantity of big guns coming up the Elbe." Much is coming up the Elbe; indispensable Highway for this Enterprise. Three months' provisions, endless artillery and provender, is on the Elbe; 480 big boats, with immense *Vorspann* (of trace-horses, dreadful swearing, too, as I have heard), will pass through the middle of Dresden: not landing by any means. "No, be assured of it, ye Dresdeners, all flurried, palisaded, barricaded; no hair of you shall be harmed." After a day or two, the flurry of Saxony subsided; Prussians, under strict discipline, molest no private person; pay their way; keep well aloof, to south and to north, of Dresden (all but the necessary ammunition-escorts do); — and require of the Official people nothing but what the Law of the Reich authorizes to "Imperial Auxiliaries" in such case. "The Saxons themselves," Friedrich observes, "had some 40,000, but scattered about; King in Warsaw: — dreadful terror; making *coupures* and *têtes-de-pont;* — could have made no defence." Had we diligently spent eight days on them! reflects he afterwards. "To seize Saxony [and hobble it with ropes, so that at any time you could pin it motionless, and even, if need were, milk the substance out of it], would not have detained us eight days."[1] Which would have been the true plan, had we known what was getting ready there! Certain it is, Friedrich did no mischief, paid for everything; anxious to keep well with Saxony; hoping always they might join him again, in such a Cause. "Cause dear to every Patriot German Prince," urges Friedrich, — though Brühl, and the Polish, once "Moravian," Majesty are of a very different opinion! —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 1081.

"Maria Theresa, her thoughts at hearing of it may be imagined: 'The Evil Genius of my House afoot again! My high projects on Elsass and Lorraine; Husband for Kaiser, Elsass for the Reich and him, Lorraine for myself and him; gone probably to water!' Nevertheless she said (an Official person heard her say), 'My right is known to God; God will protect me, as He has already done.'[2] And rose very strong, and magnanimously defiant again; perhaps, at the bottom of her heart, almost glad withal that she would now have a stroke for her dear Silesia again, unhindered by Paladin George and his Treaties and notions. What measures, against this nefarious Prussian outbreak, hateful to gods and men, are possible, she rapidly takes: in Bohemia, in Bavaria and her other Countries, that are threatened or can help. And abates nothing of heart or hope; — praying withal, immensely, she and her People, according to the mode they have. Sending for Prince Karl, we need not say, double-quick, as the very first thing.

"Of Maria Theresa in Hungary, — for she ran to Presburg again with her woes (August 16th, Diet just assembling there), — let us say only that Hungary was again chivalrous; that old Palfy and the general Hungarian Nation answered in the old tone, — *Vivat Maria; Ad Arma, ad Arma!*

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 53.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte,* ii. 1024.

with Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins; — and, in short, that great and small, in infinite 'Insurrection,' have still a stroke of battle in them *pro Rege nostro.* Scarcely above a District or two (as the *Jaszers* and *Kauers,* in their over-cautious way) making the least difficulty. Much enthusiasm and unanimity in all the others; here and there a Hungarian gentleman complaining scornfully that their troops, known as among the best fighters in Nature, are called irregular troops, — irregular, forsooth! In one public consultation [District not important, not very spellable, though doubtless pronounceable by natives to it], a gentleman suggests that 'Winter is near; should not there be some slight provision of tents, of shelter in the frozen sleety Mountains, to our gallant fellows bound thither?' Upon which another starts up, 'When our Ancestors came out of Asia Minor, over the Palus Mæotis bound in winter ice; and, sabre in hand, cut their way into this fine Country which is still ours, what shelter had they? No talk of tents, of barracks or accommodation there; each, wrapt in his sheepskin, found it shelter sufficient. Tents!'[1] And the thing was carried by acclamation.

"Wide wail in Bohemia that War is coming back. Nobility all making off, some to Vienna or the intermediate Towns lying thitherward, some to their Country-seats; all out of Prag. Willing mind on the part of the Common People; which the Government strains every nerve to make the most of. Here are fasts, processions, Prayers of Forty-Hours; here, as in Vienna and elsewhere. In Vienna was a Three Days' solemn Fast: the like in Prag, or better; with procession to the shrine of St. Vitus, — little likely to help, I should fear. 'Rise, all fencible men,' exclaims the Government, — 'at least we will ballot, and make you rise:' — Militia people enter Prag to the extent of 10,000; like to avail little, one would fear. General Harsch, with reinforcement of real soldiers, is despatched from Vienna; Harsch, one of our ablest soldiers since Khevenhüller died, gets in still in time; and thus increases the Garrison of regulars to 4,000, with a vigorous Captain to guide it. Old Count Ogilvy, the same whom Saxe surprised two years ago in the moonlight, snatching ladders from the gallows, — Ogilvy is again Commandant; but this time nominal mainly, and with better outlooks, Harsch being under him. In relays, 3,000 of the Militia men dig and shovel night and day; repairing, perfecting the ramparts of the place. Then, as to provisions, endless corn is introduced, — farmers forced, the unwilling at the bayonet's point, to deliver in their corn; much of it in sheaf, so that we have to thrash it in the market-place, in the streets that are wide: and thus in Prag is heard the sound of flails, among the Militia-drums and so many other noises. With the great church-organs growling; and the bass and treble *Miserere* of the poor superstitious People rising, to St. Vitus and others. In fact, it is a general Dance of St. Vitus, — except that of the flails, and Militia-men working at the ramparts, — mostly not leading any-whither."[1]

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* ii. 1030.

Meanwhile Friedrich's march from west, from north, from east, is flowing on; diligent, swift; punctual to its times, its places; and meets no impediment to speak of. At Tetschen on the Saxon-Bohemian Frontier, — a pleasant Schloss perched on its crags, as Tourists know, where the Elbe sweeps into Saxon Switzerland and its long stone labyrinths, — at Tetschen the Austrians had taken post; had tried to block the River, driving piles into it, and tumbling boulders into it, with a view to stop the 480 Prussian Boats. These people needed to be torn out, their piles and they: which was done in two days, the soldier part of it; and occupied the boatmen above a week, before all was clear again. Prosperous, correct to program, all the rest; not needing mention from us; — here are the few sparks from it that dwell in one's memory: —

"*August 15th*, 1744, King left Potsdam; joined his First Column that night, at Wittenberg. Through Meissen, Torgau, Freyberg; is at Peterswalde, eastern slope of the Metal Mountains, August 25th; all the Columns now on Bohemian ground.

"Friedrich had crossed Elbe by the Bridge of Meissen: on the southern shore, politely waiting to receive his Majesty, there stood Feldmarschall the Duke of Weissenfels; to whom the King gave his hand," no doubt in friendly style, "and talked for above half an hour," — with such success! thinks Friedrich by and by. We have heard of Weissenfels before; the same poor Weissenfels who was Wilhelmina's Wooer in old time, now on the verge of sixty; an extremely polite but weakish old gentleman; accidentally preserved in History. One of those conspicuous "Human Clothes-Horses" (phantasmal all but the digestive part), which abound in that Eighteenth Century and others like it; and distress your Historical studies. Poor old soul; now Feldmarschall and Commander-in-Chief here. Has been in Turk and other Wars; with little profit to himself or others. Used to like his glass, they say; is still very poor, though now Duke in reality as well as title (succeeded two egregious Brothers, some years since, who had been spendthrift): he has still one other beating to get in this world, — from Friedrich next year. Died altogether, two years hence; and Wilhelmina heard no more of him.

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[1] "*Letter* from a Citizen of Prag," date, 21st Sept. (in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii 1168), which gives several curious details.

"At Meissen Bridge, say some, was this Half-hour's Interview; at Pirna, the Bridge of Pirna, others say;[1] — quite indifferent to us which. At Pirna, and hither and thither in Saxon Switzerland, Friedrich certainly was. 'Who ever saw such positions, your Majesty?' For Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery, 'What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? with that hill, that brook, that bit of bog?' and advises every Officer to be continually doing the like.[2] That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich, and their effect on good Prussian Officers and him.

". . . At Tetschen, Colonel Kahlbutz," diligent Prussian Colonel, "plucks out those 100 Austrians from their rock nest there; makes them prisoners of war; — which detained the Leitmeritz branch of us two days. August 28th, junction at

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[1] See Orlich, ii. 25; and *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1166.

[2] *Military Instructions? Rules for a good Commander of &c.?* — I have, for certain, read this Passage; but the reference is gone again, like a sparrow from the house-top!

Leitmeritz thereupon. Magazine established there. Boats coming on presently. Friedrich himself camped at Lobositz in this part," — Lobositz, or Lowositz, which he will remember one day.

"*August 29th,* March to Budin; that is, southward, across the Eger, arrive within forty miles of Prag. Austrian Bathyani, summoned hastily out of his Bavarian posts, to succor in this pressing emergency, has arrived in these neighborhoods, — some 12,000 regulars under him, preceded by clouds of hussars, whom Ziethen smites a little, by way of handsel; — no other Austrian force to speak of hereabouts; and we are now between Bathyani and Prag.

"*September 1st,* To Mickowitz, near Welwarn, twenty miles from Prag. September 2d, Camp on the Weissenberg there."[1]

And so they are all assembled about Prag, begirdling the poor City, — third Siege it has stood within these three years (since that moonlight November night in 1741); — and are only waiting for their heavy artillery to begin battering. The poor inhabitants, in spite of three sieges; the 10,000 raw militia-men, mostly of Hungarian breed; the 4,000 regulars, and Harsch and old Ogilvy, are all disposed to do their best. Friedrich is naturally in haste to get hold of Prag. But he finds, on taking survey, that the sword-in-hand method is not now, as in 1741, feasible at all; that the place is in good posture of strength; and will need a hot battering to tear it open. Owing to that accident at Tetschen, the siege-cannon are not yet come up: "Build your batteries, your Moldau-bridges, your communications, till the cannon come; and beware of Bathyani meddling with your cannon by the road!"

"Bathyani is within twenty miles of us, at Beraun, a compact little Town to southwest; gathering a Magazine there; and ready for enterprises, — in more force than Friedrich guesses. 'Drive him out, seize that Magazine of his!' orders Friedrich (September 5th); and despatches General Hacke on it, a right man," — at whose wedding we assisted (wedding to an heiress, long since, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), if anybody now remembered. "And on the morrow there falls out a pretty little 'Action of Beraun,' about which great noise was made in the Gazettes *pro* and *contra:* which did not dislodge Bathyani by any means; but which might easily have ruined the impetuous Hacke and his 6,000, getting into masked batteries, Pandour whirlwinds, charges of horses 'from front, from rear, and from both flanks,' — had not he, with masterly promptitude, whirled himself out of it, snatched instantly what best post there was, and defended himself inexpugnably there, for six hours, till relief came."[1] Brilliant little action, well performed on both sides, but leading to nothing; and which shall not concern us farther. Except to say that Bathyani did now, more at his leisure, retire out of harm's way; and begin collecting Magazines at Pilsen far rearward, which may prove useful to Prince Karl, in the route Prince Karl is upon.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 1080.

Siege-cannon having at last come (September 8th), the batteries are all mounted: — on Wednesday, 9th, late at night, the Artillery, "in enormous quantity," opens its dread throat; poor Prag is startled from its bed by torrents of shot, solid and shell, from three different quarters; and makes haste to stand to its guns. From three different quarters; from Bubenetsch northward; from the Upland of St. Lawrence (famed *Weissenberg*, or White-Hill) westward; and from the Ziscaberg eastward (Hill of Zisca, where iron Zisca posted himself on a grand occasion once), — which latter is a broad long Hill, west end of it falling sheer over Prag; and on another point of it, highest point of all, the Praguers have a strong battery and works. The Prag guns otherwise are not too effectual; planted mostly on low ground. By much the best Prag battery is this of the Ziscaberg. And this, after two days' experience had of it, the Prussians determine to take on the morrow.

September 12th, Schwerin, who commands on that side, assaults accordingly; with the due steadfastness and stormfulness: throwing shells and balls by way of prelude. Friedrich, with some group of staff-officers and dignitaries, steps out on the Bubenetsch post, to see how this affair of the Ziscaberg will prosper: the Praguers thereabouts, seeing so many dignitaries, turn cannon on them. "Disperse, *Ihr Herren;* have a care!" cried Friedrich; not himself much minding, so intent upon the Ziscaberg. And could have skipt indifferently over your cannon-balls ploughing the ground, — had not one fateful ball shattered out the life of poor Prince Wilhelm; a good young Cousin of his, shot down here at his hand. Doubtless a sharp moment for the King. Prince Margraf Wilhelm and a poor young page, there they lie dead; indifferent to the Ziscaberg and all coming wars of mankind. Lamentation, naturally, for this young man, — Brother to the one who fell at Mollwitz, youngest Brother of the Margraf Karl, who commands in this Bubenetsch redoubt: — But we must lift our eye-glass again; see how Schwerin is prospering. Schwerin, with due steadfastness and stormfulness, after his prelude of bomb-shells, rushes on double-quick; cannot be withstood; hurls out the Praguers, and seizes their battery; a ruinous loss to them.

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[1] *Die bey Beraun vorgefallene Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 136, 137).

Their grand Zisca redoubt is gone, then; and two subsidiary small redoubts behind it withal, which the French had built, and named "the magpie-nests (*nids à pie*);" these also are ours. And we overhang, from our Zisca Hill, the very roofs, as it were; and there is nothing but a long bare curtain now in this quarter, ready to be battered in breach, and soon holed, if needful. It is not needful, — not quite. In the course of three days more, our Bubenetsch battery, of enormous power, has been so diligent, it has set fire to the Water-mill; burns irretrievably the Water-mill, and still worse, the wooden Sluice of the Moldau; so that the river falls to the everywhere wadable pitch. And Governor Harsch perceives that all this quarter of the Town is open to any comer; — and, in fact, that he will have to get away, the best he can.

White flag accordingly (Tuesday, 15th): "Free withdrawal, to the Wischerad; won't you?" "By no manner of means!" answers Friedrich. Bids Schwerin from his Ziscaberg make a hole or two in that "curtain" opposite him; and gets ready for storm. Upon which Harsch, next morning, has to beat the chamade, and surrender Prisoner of War. And thus, Wednesday, 16th, it is done: a siege of one week, no more, — after all that thrashing of grain, drilling of militia, and other spirited preparation. Harsch could not help it; the Prussian cannonading was so furious.[1]

Prag has to swear fealty to the Kaiser; and "pay a ransom of £200,000." Drilled militia, regulars, Hungarians, about 16,000, — only that many of the Tolpatches contrived to whisk loose, — are marched prisoners to Glatz and other strong places. Prag City, with plenty of provision in it, is ours. A brilliant beginning of a Campaign; the eyes of all Europe turned again, in very various humor, on this young King. If only the French do their duty, and hang well on the skirts of Marshal Traun (or of Prince Karl, the Cloak of Traun), who is hastening hitherward all he can.

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CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH, DILIGENT IN HIS BOHEMIAN CONQUESTS, UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UPON PRINCE KARL, WITH NO FRENCH ATTENDING HIM.

THIS electrically sudden operation on Prag was considered by astonished mankind, whatever else they might think about it, a decidedly brilliant feat of War: falling like a bolt out of the blue, — like three bolts, suddenly coalescing over Prag, and striking it down. Friedrich himself, though there is nothing of boast audible here or anywhere, was evidently very well satisfied; and thought the aspects good. There is Prince Karl whirling instantly back from his Strasburg Prospects; the general St. Vitus Dance of Austrian things rising higher and higher in these home parts: — reasonable hope that "in the course of one Campaign," proud obstinate Austria might feel itself so wrung and screwed as to be glad of Peace with neighbors not wishing War. That was the young King's calculation at this time. And, had France done at all as it promised, — or had the young King himself been considerably wiser than he was, — he had not been disappointed in the way we shall see!

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[1] Orlich, ii. 36–39; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1082, and ii. 1168; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 56; &c. &c.

Friedrich admits he did not understand War at this period. His own scheme now was: To move towards the southwest, there to abolish Bathyani and his Tolpatches, who are busy gathering Magazines for Prince Karl's advent; to seize the said Magazines, which will be very useful to us; then advance straight towards the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains. Towns of Furth, Waldmünchen, unfortunate Town of Cham (burnt by Trenck, where masons are now busy); these stand successive in the grand Pass, through which the highway runs; some hundred miles or so from where we are: march, at one's swiftest, thitherward, Bathyani's Magazines to help; and there await Prince Karl? It was Friedrich's own notion; not a bad one, though not the best. The best, he admits, would have been: To stay pretty much where he was; abolish Bathyani's Tolpatch people, seizing their Magazines, and collecting others; in general, well rooting and fencing himself in Prag, and in the Circles that lie thereabouts upon the Elbe, — bounded to southward by the Sazawa (branch of the Moldau), which runs parallel to the Elbe; — but well refusing to stir much farther at such an advanced season of the year.

That second plan would have been the wisest: — then why not follow it? Too tame a plan for the youthful mind. Besides, we perceive, as indeed is intimated by himself, he dreaded the force of public opinion in France. "Aha, look at your King of Prussia again. Gone to conquer Bohemia; and, except the Three Circles he himself is to have of it, lets Bohemia go to the winds!" This sort of thing, Friedrich admits, he dreaded too much, at that young period; so loud had the criticisms been on him, in the time of the Breslau Treaty: "Out upon your King of Prussia; call you that an honorable Ally!" Undoubtedly a weakness in the young King; inasmuch, says he, as "every General [and every man, add we] should look to the fact, not to the rumor of the fact." Well; but, at least, he will adopt his own other notion; that of making for the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains; to abolish Bathyani at least, and lock the door upon Prince Karl's advent? That was his own plan; and, though second-best, that also would have done well, had there been no third.

But there was, as we hinted, a third plan, ardently favored by Belleisle, whose war-talent Friedrich much respected at this time: plan built on Belleisle's reminiscences of the old Tabor-Budweis businesses, and totally inapplicable now. Belleisle said, "Go southeast, not southwest; right towards the Austrian Frontier itself; that will frighten Austria into a fine tremor. Shut up the roads from Austria: Budweis, Neuhaus; seize those two Highroad Towns, and keep them, if you would hold Bohemia; the want of them was our ruin there." Your ruin, yes: but your enemy was not coming from Alsace and the southwest then. He was coming from Austria; and your own home lay on the southwest: it is all different now! Friedrich might well think himself bewitched not to have gone for Cham and Furth, and the Passes of the Böhmer-Wald, according to his own notion. But so it was; he yielded to the big reputation of Belleisle, and to fear of what the world would say of him in France; a weakness which he will perhaps be taught not to repeat. In fact, he is now about to be taught several things; — and will have to pay his school-wages as he goes.

Friedrich, leaving small Garrison in Prag, rushes swiftly up the Moldau Valley, upon the Tabor-Budweis Country; to please his French Friends.

Friedrich made no delay in Prag; in haste at this late time of year. September 17th, on the very morrow of the Siege, the Prussians get in motion southward; on the 19th, Friedrich, from his post to north of the City, defiles through Prag, on march to Kunraditz, — first stage on that questionable Expedition up the Moldau Valley, right bank; towards Tabor, Budweis, Neuhaus; to threaten Austria, and please Belleisle and the French.

Prag is left under General Einsiedel with a small garrison of 5,000; — Einsiedel, a steady elderly gentleman, favorite of Friedrich Wilhelm's, has brief order, or outline of order to be filled up by his own good sense. Posadowsky follows the march, with as many meal-wagons as possible, — draught-cattle in very ineffectual condition. Our main Magazine is at Leitmeritz (should have been brought on to Prag, thinks Friedrich); Commissariat very ill-managed in comparison to what it ought to be, — to what it shall be, if we ever live to make another Campaign. Heavy artillery is left in Prag (another fault); and from each regiment, one of its baggage-wagons.[1] "We rest a day here at Kunraditz: 21st September, get to the Sazawa River; — 22d, to Bistritz (rest a day); — 26th, to Miltschin; and 27th, to Tabor:" — But the Diary would be tedious.

Friedrich goes in two Columns; one along the great road towards Tabor, under Schwerin this, and Friedrich mainly with him; the other to the right, along the River's bank, under Leopold, Young Dessauer, which has to go by wild country roads, or now and then roads of its own making; and much needs the pioneer (a difficult march in the shortening days). Posadowsky follows with the proviant, drawn by cattle of the horse and ox species, daily falling down starved: great swearing there too, I doubt not! General Nassau is vanguard, and stretches forward successfully at a much lighter pace.

There are two Rivers, considerable branches of the Moldau, coming from eastward; which, and first of them the Sazawa, concern us here. After mounting the southern Uplands from Prag for a day or two, you then begin to drop again, into the hollow of a River called Sazawa, important in Bohemian Wars. It is of winding course, the first considerable branch of the Moldau, rising in Teutschbrod Country, seventy or eighty miles to east of us: in regard to Sazawa, there is, at present, no difficulty about crossing, the Country being all ours. After the Sazawa, mount again, long miles, day after day, through intricate stony desolation, rocks, bogs, untrimmed woods, you will get to Miltschin, thence to Tabor: Miltschin is the crown of that rough moor country; from Prag to Tabor is some sixty miles. After Miltschin the course of those brown mountain-brooks is all towards the Luschnitz, the next considerable branch of the Moldau; branch still longer and more winding than the Sazawa; Tabor towers up near this branch; Budweis, on the Moldau itself, is forty miles farther; and there at last you are out of the stony moors, and in a rich champaign comfortable to man and horse, were you but once there, after plodding through the desolations. But from that Sazawa by the Luschnitz on to Budweis, mounting and falling in such fashion, there must be ninety miles or thereby. Plod along; and keep a sharp eye on the whirling clouds of Pandours, for those too have got across upon us, — added to the other tempests of Autumn.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1083; Orlich, ii. 41 et seqq.; *Frédéric*, iii. 59; &c.

On the ninth day of their march, the Prussians begin to descry on the horizon ahead the steeples and chimney-tops of Tabor, on its high scarped rock, or "Hill of Zisca," — for it was Zisca and his Hussites that built themselves this Bit of Inexpugnability, and named it Tabor from their Bibles, — in those waste mountain regions. On the tenth day (27th September), the Prussians without difficulty took Tabor; walls being ruined, garrison small. We lie at Tabor till the 30th, last day of September. Thence, 2d October, part of us to Moldau-Tein rightwards; where cross the Moldau by a Bridge, — "Bridge" one has heard of, in old Broglio times; — cross there, with intent (easily successful) to snatch that "Castle of Frauenberg," darling of Broglio, for which he fought his Pharsalia of a Sahay to no purpose!

Both Columns got united at Tabor; and paused for a day or two, to rest, and gather up their draggled skirts there. The Expedition does not improve in promise, as we advance in it; the march one of the most untowardly; and Posadowsky comes up with only half of his provision-carts, — half of his cattle having fallen down of bad weather, hill-roads and starvation; what could he do? That is an ominous circumstance, not the less.

Three things are against the Prussians on this march; two of them accidental things. *First*, there is, at this late season too, the intrinsic nature of the Country; which Friedrich with emphasis describes as boggy, stony, precipitous; a waste, hungry and altogether barren Country, — too emphatically so described. But then *secondly*, what might have been otherwise, the Population, worked upon by Austrian officials, all fly from the sight of us; nothing but fireless deserted hamlets; and the corn, if they ever had any, all thrashed and hidden. No amount of money can purchase any service from them Poor dark creatures; not loving Austria much, but loving some others even less, it would appear. Of Bigoted Papist Creed, for one thing; that is a great point. We do not meddle with their worship more or less; but we are Heretics, and they hate us as the Night. Which is a dreadful difficulty you always have in Bohemia: nowhere but in the Circle of Königsgrätz, where there are Hussites (far to the rear of us at this time), will you find it otherwise. This is difficulty second.

Then, *thirdly*, what much aggravates it, — we neglected to abolish Bathyani! And here are Bathyani's Pandours come across the Moldau on us. Plenty of Pandours; — to whom "10,000 fresh Hungarians," of a new Insurrection which has been got up there, are daily speeding forward to add themselves: — such a swarm of hornets, as darkens the very daylight for you. Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder: they fly fast; but are straightway back again. They lurk in these bushy wildernesses, scraggy woods: no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you cannot get a letter safely carried for them. They are an unspeakable contemptible grief to the earnest leader of men. — Let us proceed, however; it will serve nothing to complain. Let us hope the French sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl: these sorrowful labors may all turn to good, in that case.

Friedrich pushes on from Tabor; shoots partly (as we have seen) across the Moldau, to the left bank as well; captures romantic Frauenberg on its high rock, where Broglio got into such a fluster once. We could push to Pisek, too, and make a "Bivouac of Pisek," if we lost our wits! Nassau is in Budweis, in Neuhaus; and proper garrisons are gone thither: nothing wanting on our side of the business. But these Pandours, these 10,000 Insurrection Hungarians, with their Trencks spurring them! A continual unblessed swarm of hornets, these; which shut out the very light of day from us. Too literally the light of day: we can get no free messaging from part to part of our own Army even. "As many as six Orderlies have been despatched to an outlying General; and not one of them could get through to him. They have snapt up three Letter-bags destined for the King himself. For four weeks he is absolutely shut out from the rest of Europe;" knows not in the least what the Kaiser, or the Most Christian or any other King, is doing; or whether the French are sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts, or not attempting that at all. This also is a thing to be amended, a thing you had to learn, your Majesty? An Army absolutely shut out from news, from letters, messages to or fro, and groping its way in darkness, owing to these circumambient thunder-clouds of Tolpatches, is not a well-situated Army! And alas, when at last the Letter-bag did get through, and — But let us not anticipate!

At Tabor there arose two opinions; which, in spite of the King's presence, was a new difficulty. South from Tabor a day's march, the Highway splits; left-hand goes to Neuhaus, direct way for Vienna; right-hand, or straightforward rather, goes to Budweis, bearing upon Linz: which of these two? Nassau has already seized Budweis; and it is a habitable champaign country in comparison. Neuhaus, farther from the Moldau and its uses, but more imminent on Austria, would be easy to seize; and would frighten the Enemy more. Leopold the Young Dessauer is for Budweis; rapid Schwerin, a hardy outspoken man, is emphatic for the other place as Head-quarter. So emphatic are both, that the two Generals quarrel there; and Friedrich needs his authority to keep them from outbreaks, from open incompatibility henceforth, which would be destructive to the service. For the rest, Friedrich seizes both places; sends a detachment to Neuhaus as well; but holds by Budweis and the Moldau region with his main Army; which was not quite gratifying to the hardy Schwerin. On the opposite or left bank, holding Frauenberg, the renowned Hill-fortress.

there, we make inroads at discretion: but the country is woody, favorable to Pandours; and the right bank is our chief scene of action. How we are to maintain ourselves in this country? To winter in these towns between the Sazawa and the Luschnitz? Unless the French sit well on Prince Karl's skirts, it will not be possible.

The French are little grateful for the Pleasure done them at such ruinous Expense.

French sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts? They are not molesting Prince Karl in the smallest; never tried such a thing; — are turned away to the Brisgau, to the Upper Rhine Country; gone to besiege Freyburg there, and seize Towns about the Lake of Constance, as if there were no Friedrich in the game! It must be owned the French do liberally pay off old scores against Friedrich, — if, except in their own imagination, they had old scores against him. No man ever delivered them from a more imminent peril; and they, the rope once cut that was strangling them, magnificently forget who cut it; and celebrate only their own distinguished conduct during and after the operation. To a degree truly wonderful.

It was moonlight, clear as day that night, 23d August, when Prince Karl had to recross the Rhine, close in their neighborhood;[1] — and instead of harassing Prince Karl "to half or to whole ruin," as the bargain was, their distinguished conduct consisted in going quietly to their beds (old Maréchal de Noailles even calling back some of his too forward subalterns), and joyfully leaving Prince Karl, then and afterwards, to cross the Rhine, and march for Böhmen, at his own perfect convenience.

"Seckendorf will sit on Karl's skirts," they said: "too late for *us*, this season; next season, you shall see!" Such was their theory, after Louis got that cathartic, and rose from bed. Schmettau, with his importunities, which at last irritated everybody, could make nothing more of it. "Let the King of France crown his glories by the Siege of Freyburg, the conquest of Brisgau: — for behoof of the poor Kaiser, don't you observe? Hither Austria is the Kaiser's; — and furthermore, were Freyburg gone, there will be no invading of Elsass again" (which is another privately very interesting point)!

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[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, iii. 196.

And there, at Freyburg, the Most Christian King now is, and his Army up to the knees in mud, conquering Hither Austria; besieging Freyburg, with much difficulty owing to the wet, — besieging there with what energy; a spectacle to the world! And has, for the present, but one wife, no mistress either! With rapturous eyes France looks on; with admiration too big for words. Voltaire, I have heard, made pilgrimage to Freyburg, with rhymed Panegyric in his pocket; saw those miraculous operations of a Most Christian King miraculously awakened; and had the honor to present said Panegyric; and be seen, for the first time, by the royal eyes, — which did not seem to relish him much.[1] Since the first days of October, Freyburg had been under constant assault; "amid rains, amid frosts; a siege long and murderous" (to the besieging party); — and was not got till November 5th; not quite entirely, the Citadels of it, till November 25th; Majesty gone home to Paris, to illuminations and triumphal arches, in the interim.[2] It had been a difficult and bloody conquest to him, this of Freyburg and the Brisgau Country; and I never heard that either the Kaiser or he got sensible advantage by it, — though Prince Karl, on the present occasion, might be said to get a great deal.

"Seckendorf will do your Prince Karl," they had cried always: "Seckendorf and his Prussian Majesty! Are not we conquering Hither Austria here, for the Kaiser's behoof?" Seckendorf they did officially appoint to pursue; appoint or allow; — and laid all the blame on Seckendorf; who perhaps deserved his share of it. Very certain it is, Seckendorf did little or nothing to Prince Karl; marched "leisurely behind him through the Ober-Pfalz," — skirting Baireuth Country, Karl and he, to Wilhelmina's grief;[1] — "leisurely behind him at a distance of four days," knew better than meddle with Prince Karl. So that Prince Karl, "in twenty-one marches," disturbed only by the elements and bad roads, reached Waldmünchen 25th September, in the Furth-Cham Country;[2] and was heard to exclaim: "We are let off for the fright, then (*Nous voilà quittes pour la peur*)!" — Seckendorf, finding nothing to live upon in Ober-Pfalz, could not attend Prince Karl farther; but turned leftwards home to Bavaria; made a kind of Second "Reconquest of Bavaria" (on exactly the same terms as the First, Austrian occupants being all called off to assist in Böhmen again); — concerning which, here is an Excerpt: —

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[1] The Panegyric (*Epître au Roi devant Fribourg*) is in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xvii. 184.

[2] Adelung, iv. 266; Barbier, ii. 414 (13th November, &c.), for the illuminations, grand in the extreme, in spite of wild rains and winds.

"Seckendorf, following at his leisure, and joined by the Hessians and Pfalzers, so as now to exceed 30,000, leaves Prince Karl and the rest of the enterprise to do as it can; and applies himself, for his own share, as the needfulest thing, to getting hold of Bavaria again, that his poor Kaiser may have where to lay his head, and pay old servants their wages. Dreadfully exclaimed against, the old gentleman, especially by the French co-managers: 'Why did not the old traitor stick in the rear of Prince Karl, in the difficult passes, and drive him prone, — while we went besieging Freyburg, and poaching about, trying for a bit of the Brisgau while chance served!' A traitor beyond doubt; probably bought with money down, thinks Valori. But, after all, what could Seckendorf do? He is now of weight for Bärenklau and Bavaria, not for much more. He does sweep Bärenklau and his Austrians from Bavaria, clear out (in the course of this October), all but Ingolstadt and two or three strong towns, — Passau especially, 'which can be blockaded, and afterwards besieged if needful.' For the rest, he is dreadfully ill-off for provisions, incapable of the least attempt on Passau (as Friedrich urged, on hearing of him again); and will have to canton himself in home-quarters, and live by his shifts till Spring.

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[1] Her Letters (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 133, &c.).

[2] Ranke, iii. 187.

"The noise of French censure rises loud, against not themselves, but against Seckendorf: — Friedrich, before that Tolpatch eclipse of Correspondence [when three of his Letter-bags were seized, and he fell quite dark], had too well foreboded, and contemptuously expressed his astonishment at the blame *both* were well earning: Passau, said he, cannot you go at least upon Passau; which might alarm the Enemy a little, and drag him homewards? 'Adieu, my dear Seckendorf, your Officer will tell you how we did the Siege of Prag. You and your French are wetted hens (*poules mouillées*),' — cowering about like drenched hens in a day of set rain. 'As I hear nothing of either of you, I must try to get out of this business without your help,'" — otherwise it will be ill for me indeed![1] "Which latter expression alarmed the French, and set them upon writing and bustling, but not upon doing anything."

"Prince Karl had crossed the Rhine unmolested, in the clearest moonlight, August 23d–24th; Seckendorf was not wholly got to Heilbronn, September 8th: a pretty way behind Prince Karl! The 6,000 Hessians, formerly in English pay, indignant Landgraf Wilhelm [who never could forgive that Machiavellian conduct of Carteret at Hanau, never till he found out what it really was] has, this year, put into French pay. And they have now joined Seckendorf;[2] Prince Friedrich [Britannic Majesty's Son-in-law], not good fat Uncle George, commanding them henceforth: — with extreme *lack* of profit to Prince Friedrich, to the Hessians, and to the French, as will appear in time. These 6,000, and certain thousands of Pfalzers likewise in French pay, are now with Seckendorf, and have raised him to above 30,000; — it is the one fruit King Friedrich has got by that 'Union of Frankfurt,' and by all his long prospective haggling, and struggling for a 'Union of German Princes in general.' Two pears, after that long shaking of the tree; both pears rotten, or indeed falling into

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[1] Excerpted Fragment of a Letter from Friedrich, — (exact date not given, date of *Excerpt* is, Donauwörth Country, 23d September, 1744), — which the French Agent in Seckendorf's Army had a reading of (*Campagnes de Coigny* iv. 185–187; ib. 216–219: cited in Adelung, iv. 225).

[2] Espagnac, ii. 13; Buchholz, ii. 123.

Seckendorf, who is a basket of such quality! 'Seckendorf, increased in this munificent manner, can he still do nothing?' cry the French: 'the old traitor!' — 'I have no magazines,' said Seckendorf, 'nothing to live upon, to shoot with; no money!' And it is a mutual crescendo between the 'perfidious Seckendorf' and them; without work done. In the Nürnberg Country, some Hussars of his picked up Lord Holderness, an English Ambassador making for Venice by that bad route. 'Prisoner, are not you?' But they did not use him ill; on consideration, the Heads of Imperial Departments gave him a Pass, and he continued his Venetian Journey (result of it zero) without farther molestation that I heard of.[1]

"These French-Seckendorf cunctations, recriminations and drenched-hen procedures are an endless sorrow to poor Kaiser Karl; who at length can stand it no longer; but resolves, since at least Bavaria, though moneyless and in ruins, is his, he will in person go thither; confident that there will be victual and equipment discoverable for self and Army were he there. Remonstrances avail not: 'Ask me to die with honor, ask me not to lie rotting here;'[2] — and quits Frankfurt. and the Reich's-Diet and its babble, 17th October, 1744 (small sorrow, were it for the last time), — and enters his München in the course of a week.[3] München is transported with joy to see the Legitimate Sovereign again; and blazes into illuminations, — forgetful who caused its past wretchednesses, hoping only all wretchedness is now ended. Let ruined huts, and Cham and the burnt Towns, rebuild themselves; the wasted hedges make up their gaps again: here is the King come home! Here, sure enough, is an unfortunate Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich, who can once more hope to pay his milk-scores, being a loved Kurfürst of Bavaria at least. Very dear to the hearts of these poor people; — and to their purses, interests and skins, has not he in another sense been dear? What a price the ambitions and cracked phantasms of that weak brain have cost the seemingly innocent population!

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[1] Adelung, iv. 222.

[2] Ib. iv. 241.

[3] 17th October, 1744, leaves Frankfurt; arrives in München 23d (Adelung, iv. 241–244).

Population harried, hungered down, dragged off to perish in Italian Wars; a Country burnt, tribulated, torn to ruin, under the harrow of Fate and ruffian Trenck and Company. Britannic George, rather a dear morsel too, has come much cheaper hitherto. England is not yet burnt; nothing burning there, — except the dull fire of deliriums; Natural Stupidities all set flaming, which (whatever it may *be* in the way of loss) is not felt as a loss, but rather as a comfort for the time being; — and in fact there are only, say, a forty or fifty thousand armed Englishmen rotted down, and scarcely a Hundred Millions of money yet spent. Nothing to speak of, in the cause of Human Liberty. Why Populations suffer for their guilty Kings? My friend, it is the Populations too that are guilty in having such Kings. Reverence, sacred Respect for Human Worth, sacred Abhorrence of Human Unworth, have you considered what it means? These poor Populations have it not, or for long generations have had it less and less. Hence, by degrees, this sort of 'Kings' to them, and enormous consequences following!" —

Karl VII. got back to München 23d October, 1744; and the tar-barrels being once burnt, and indispensable sortings effected, he went to the field along with Seckendorf, to encourage his men under Seckendorf, and urge the French by all considerations to come on. And really did what he could, poor man. But the cordage of his life had been so strained and torn, he was not now good for much; alas, it had been but little he was ever good for. A couple of dear Kurfürsts, his Father and he; have stood these Bavarian Countries very high, since the Battle of Blenheim and downwards!

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH REDUCED TO STRAITS; CANNOT MAINTAIN HIS MOLDAU CONQUESTS AGAINST PRINCE KARL.

One may fancy what were Friedrich's reflections when he heard that Prince Karl had, prosperously and unmolested, got across, by those Passes from the Ober-Pfalz, into Böhmen and the Circle of Pilsen, into junction with Bathyani and his magazines;[1] heard, moreover, that the Saxons, 20,000 strong, under Weissenfels, crossing the Metal Mountains, coming on by Eger and Karlsbad regions, were about uniting with him (bound by Treaty to assist the Hungarian Majesty when invaded);—and heard finally, what confirms everything, that the said Prince Karl in person (making for Budweis, "just seen his advanced guard," said rumor under mistake) was but few miles off. Few miles off, on the other side of the Moldau;—of unknown strength, hidden in the circumambient clouds of Pandours.

Suppressing all the rages and natural reflections but those needful for the moment, Friedrich (October 4th, by Moldau-Tein) dashes across the Moldau, to seek Prince Karl at the place indicated, and at once smite him down if possible;—that will be a remedy for all things. Prince Karl is not there, nor was; the indication had been false; Friedrich searches about, for four days, to no purpose. Prince Karl, he then learns for certain, has crossed the Moldau farther down, farther northward, between Prag and us. Means to cut us off from Prag, then, which is our fountain of life in these circumstances? That is his intention:—"Old Traun, who is with him, understands his trade!" thinks Friedrich. Traun, or the Prince, is diligently forming magazines, all the Country carrying to him, in the Town of Beneschau, hither side of the Sazawa, some seventy miles north of us, an important Town where roads meet: — unless we can get hold of Beneschau, it will be ill with us here! Across the River again, at any rate; and let us hasten thither. That is an affair which must be looked to; and speed is necessary!

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[1] "At Mirotitz, October 2d" (Ranke, iii. 194); Orlich, ii. 49.

October 8th, After four days' search ending in this manner, Friedrich swiftly crosses towards Tabor again, to Bechin (over on the Luschnitz, one march), there to collect himself for Beneschau and the other intricacies. Towards Tabor again, by his Bridge of Moldau-Tein; — clouds of Pandour people, larger clouds than usual, hanging round; hidden by the woods till Friedrich is gone. Friedrich being gone, there occurs the *Affair of Moldau-Tein*, much talked of in Prussian Books. Of which, in extreme condensation, this is the essence: —

"*October 9th*. Friedrich once off to Bechin, the Pandour clouds gather on his rearguard next day at Tein Bridge here, to the number of about 10,000 [rumor counts 14,000]; and with desperate intent, and more regularity than usual, attack the Tein-Bridge Party, which consists of perhaps 2,000 grenadiers and hussars, the whole under Ziethen's charge, — obliged to wait for a cargo of Bread-wagons here. 'Defend your Bridge, with cannon, with case-shot:' that is what the grenadiers do. The Pandour cloud, with horrid lanes cut in it, draws back out of this; then plunges at the River itself, which can be ridden above or below; rides it, furious, by the thousand: 'Off with your infantry; quit the Bridge!' cries Ziethen to his Captain there: 'Retire you, Parthian-like; thrice-steady,' orders Ziethen: 'It is to be hoped our hussars can deal with this mad-doggery!' And they do it; cutting in with iron discipline, with fierceness not undrilled; a wedge of iron hussars, with ditto grenadiers continually wheeling, like so many reapers steady among wind-tossed grain; and gradually give the Pandours enough. Seven hours of it, in all: 'of their sixty cartridges the grenadiers had fired fifty-four,' when it ended, about 7 p.m. The coming Bread-wagons, getting word, had to cast their loaves into the River (sad to think of); and make for Bechin at their swiftest. But the rearguard got off with its guns, in this victorious manner: thanks to Major-General Ziethen, Colonel Reusch and the others concerned.[1]

"Ziethen handsels his Major-Generalcy in this fine way:[2] a man who has had promotion, and also has had none, and may again come to have none; — and is able to do either way. Never mind, my excellent tacit friend! Ziethen is five-and-forty gone; has a face which is beautiful to me, though one of the coarsest. Face thrice-honest, intricately ploughed with thoughts which are well kept silent (the thoughts, indeed, being themselves mostly inarticulate; thoughts of a simple-hearted, much-enduring, hot-tempered son of iron and oatmeal); — decidedly rather likable, with its lazily hanging under-lip, and respectable bearskin cylinder atop."

Friedrich tries to have Battle from Prince Karl, in the Moldau Countries; cannot, owing to the Skill of Prince Karl or of old Feldmarschall Traun; — has to retire behind the Sazawa, and ultimately behind the Elbe, with much Labor in Vain.

October 14th–18th: Retreat from Bechin-Tabor Country to Beneschau. . . . "These Pandours give us trouble enough; no Magazine here, no living to be had in this Country beside them. Unfortunate Colonel Jahnus went out from Tabor lately, to look after requisitioned grains: infinite Pandours set upon him [Mühlhausen is the memorable place]; Jahnus was obstinate (too obstinate, thinks Friedrich), and perished on the ground, he and 200 of his.[3] Nay, next, a swarm of them came to Tabor itself, Nadasti at their head; to try whether Tabor, with its small garrison, could not be escaladed, and perhaps Prince Henri, who lies sick there, be taken? Tabor taught them another lesson; sent them home with heads broken; — which Friedrich thinks was an extremely suitable thing. But so it stands: Here by the thousand and the ten thousand they hang round us; and Prince Karl— It is of all things necessary we get hold of that Beneschau, and the Magazine he is gathering there!

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[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 268; Orlich, ii. 55.

[2] Patent given him "3d October, 1744," only a week ago, "and ordered to be dated eight months back" (Rödenbeck, i. 109).

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 61.

"Rapidity is indispensable,—and yet how quit Tabor? We have detachments out at Neuhaus, at Budweis, and in Tabor 300 men in hospital, whom there are no means of carrying. To leave them to the Tolpatches? Friedrich confesses he was weak on this occasion; he could not leave these 300 men, as was his clear duty, in this extremity of War. He ordered in his Neuhaus Detachment; not yet any of the others. He despatched Schwerin towards Beneschau with all his speed; Schwerin was lucky enough to take Beneschau and its provender,—a most blessed fortune,—and fences himself there. Hearing which, Friedrich, having now got the Neuhaus Detachment in hand, orders the other Three, the Budweis, the Tabor here, and the Frauenberg across the River, to maintain themselves; and then, leaving those southern regions to their chance, hastens towards Beneschau and Schwerin; encamps (October 18th) near Beneschau,—'Camp of Konopischt,' unattackable Camp, celebrated in the Prussian Books;—and there, for eight days, still on the south side of Sazawa, tries every shift to mend the bad posture of affairs in that Luschnitz-Sazawa Country. His Three Garrisons (3,000 men in them, besides the 300 sick) he now sees will not be able to maintain themselves; and he sends in succession 'eight messengers,' not one messenger of whom could get through, to bid them come away. His own hope now is for a Battle with Prince Karl; which might remedy all things.[1]"

That is Friedrich's wish; but it is by no means Traun's, who sees that hunger and wet weather will of themselves suffice for Friedrich. There ensues accordingly, for three weeks to come, in that confused Country, a series of swift shufflings, checkings and manœuvrings between these two, which is gratifying and instructive to the strategic mind, but cannot be inflicted upon common readers. Two considerable chess-players, an old and a young; their chess-board a bushy, rocky, marshy parallelogram, running fifty miles straight east from Prag, and twenty or fewer south, of which Prag is the northwest angle, and Beneschau, or the impregnable Konopischt the southwest: the reader must conceive it; and how Traun will not fight Friedrich, yet makes him skip hither and thither, chiefly by threatening his victuals. Friedrich's main magazine is now at Pardubitz, the extreme northeast angle of the parallelogram. Parallelogram has one river in it, with the innumerable rocks and brooks and quagmires, the river Sazawa; and on the north side, where are Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz, places again become important in this business, it is bounded by another river, the Elbe. Intricate manœuvring there is here, for three weeks following: "old Traun an admirable man!" thinks Friedrich, who ever after recognized Traun as his Schoolmaster in the art of War. We mark here and there a date, and leave it to readers.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 62–64.

"*Radicz, October 21st–22d.* At Radicz, a march to southwest of us, and on our side of the Moldau, the Saxons, under Weissenfels, 20,000 effective, join Prince Karl; which raises his force to 69,514 men, some 10,000 more than Friedrich is master of.[1] Prospect of wintering between the Luschnitz and the Sazawa there is now little; unless they will fight us, and be beaten. Friedrich, from his inaccessible Camp of Konopischt, manœuvres, reconnoitres, in all directions, to produce this result; but to no purpose. An Austrian Detachment did come, to look after Beneschau and the Magazines there; but rapidly drew back again, finding Konopischt on their road, and how matters were. Friedrich will guard the door of this Sazawa-Elbe tract of Country; hope of the Sazawa-Luschnitz tract has, in few days, fallen extinct. Here is news come to Konopischt: our Three poor Garrisons, Budweis, Tabor, Frauenberg, already all lost; guns and men, after defence to the last cartridge, — in Frauenberg their water was cut off, it was eight-and-forty hours of thirst at Frauenberg: — one way or other, they are all Three gone; eight couriers galloping with message, 'Come away,' were all picked up by the Pandours; so they stood, and were lost. 'Three thousand fighting men gone, for the weak chance of saving three hundred who were in hospital!' thinks Friedrich: War is not a school of the weak pities. For the chance of ten, you lose a hundred and the ten too. Sazawa-Elbe tract of country, let us vigilantly keep the door of that!

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[1] Orlich, ii. 66.

"*Saturday, October 24th,* Friedrich out reconnoitring from Konopischt discovers of a certainty that the whole Austrian-Saxon force is now advancing towards Beneschau, and will, this night, encamp at Marschowitz, to southwest, only one march from us! On the instant Friedrich hurries back; gets his Army on march thitherward, though the late October sun is now past noon; off instantly; a stroke yonder will perhaps be the cure of all. Such roads we had, says Friedrich, as never Army travelled before: long after nightfall, we arrive near the Austrian camp, bivouac as we can till daylight return. At the first streak of day, Friedrich and his chief generals are on the heights with their spy-glasses: Austrian Army sure enough; and there they have altered their posture overnight (for Traun too has been awake); they lie now opposite our *right* flank; 'on a scarped height, at the foot of which, through swamps and quagmires, runs a muddy stream.' Unattackable on this side: their right flank and foot are safe enough. Creep round and see their left: — Nothing but copses, swampy intricacies! We may shoulder arms again, and go back to Konopischt: no fight here![1] Speaking of defensive Campaigns, says Friedrich didactically, years afterwards, 'If such situations are to answer the purpose intended, the front and flanks must be equally strong, but the rear entirely open. Such, for instance, are those heights which have an extensive front, and whose flanks are covered by morasses: — as was Prince Karl's Camp at Marschowitz in the year 1744, with its front covered by a stream, and the wings by deep hollows; or that which we ourselves then occupied at Konopischt,' — as you well remember.[2]

"*October 26th–November 1st.* The Sazawa-Luschnitz tract of Country is quite lost, then; lost with damages: the question now is, Can we keep the Sazawa-Elbe tract? For about three weeks more, Friedrich struggles for that object; cannot compass that either. Want of horse-provender is very great:—country entirely eaten, say the peasants, and not a truss remaining. October 26th, Friedrich has to cross the Sazawa; we must quit the door of that tract (hunger driving us), and fight for the interior in detail. Traun gets to Beneschau in that cheap way; and now, in behalf of Traun, the peasants find forage enough, being zealous for Queen and creed. Pandours spread themselves all over this Sazawa-Elbe country; endanger our subsistences, make our lives miserable. It is the old story: Friedrich, famine and mud and misery of Pandours compelling, has to retire northward, Elbe-ward, inch by inch; whither the Austrians follow at a safe distance, and, in spite of all manœuvring, cannot be got to fight.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 63, 64; Orlich, ii. 69.

[2] *Military Instructions* (above cited), p. 44.

"Brave General Nassau, who much distinguishes himself in these businesses, has (though Friedrich does not yet know it) dexterously seized Kolin, westward in those Elbe parts,—ground that will be notable in years coming. Important little feat of Nassau's; of which anon. On the other hand, our Magazine at Pardubitz, eastward on the Elbe, is not out of danger: Pandours and regulars 2,000 and odd, 'sixty of the Pandour kind disguised as peasants leading hay-carts,' made an attempt there lately; but were detected by the vigilant Colonel, and blown to pieces, in the nick of time, some of them actually within the gate.[1] Nay, a body of Austrian regulars were in full march for Kolin lately, intending to get hold of the Elbe itself at that point (midway between Prag and Pardubitz): but the prompt General Nassau, as we remarked, had struck in before them; and now holds Kolin;—though, for several days, Friedrich could not tell what had become of Nassau, owing to the swarms of Pandours.

"Friedrich, standing with his back to Prag, which is fifty miles from him, and rather in need of his support than able to give him any; and drawing his meal from the uncertain distance, with Pandours hovering round,—is in difficult case. While old Traun is kept luminous as mid-day; the circumambient atmosphere of Pandours is tenebrific to Friedrich, keeps him in perpetual midnight. He has to read his position as with flashes of lightning, for most part. A heavy-laden, sorely exasperated man; and must keep his haggard miseries strictly secret; which I believe he does. Were Valori here, it is very possible he might find the countenance *farouche* again; eyes gloomy, on damp November mornings! Schwerin, in a huff, has gone home: Since your Majesty is pleased to prefer his young Durchlaucht of Anhalt's advice, what can an elderly servant (not without rheumatisms) do other?—'Well!' answers Friedrich, not with eyes cheered by the phenomenon. The Elbe-Sazawa tract, even this looks as if it would be hard to keep. A world very dark for Friedrich, enveloped so by the ill chances and the Pandours. But what help?

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 65.

"From the French Camp far away, there comes, dated 17th October (third week of their Siege of Freyburg), by way of help to Friedrich, magnanimous promise: 'So soon as this Siege is done, which will be speedily, though it is difficult, we propose to send fifty battalions and a hundred squadrons,'"—say only 60,000 horse and foot (not a hoof or toe of which ever got that length, on actually trying it),—"towards Westphalia, to bring the Elector of Köln to reason [poor Kaiser's lanky Brother, who cannot stand the French procedures, and has lately sold himself, that is sold his troops, to England], and keep the King of England and the Dutch in check,"—by way of solacement to your Majesty. Will you indeed, you magnanimous Allies?—This was picked up by the Pandours; and I know not but Friedrich was spared the useless pain of reading it.[1]

"*November 1st–9th: Friedrich loses Sazawa-Elbe Country too.* On the first day of November, here is a lightning-flash which reveals strange things to Friedrich. Traun's late manœuvrings, which have been so enigmatic, to right and to left, upon Prag and other points, issue now in an attempt towards Pardubitz; which reveals to Friedrich the intention Traun has formed, of forcing him to choose one of those two places, and let go the other. Formidable, fatal, thinks Friedrich; and yet admirable on the part of Traun: 'a design beautiful and worthy of admiration.' If we stay near Prag, what becomes of our communication with Silesia; what becomes of Silesia itself? If we go towards Pardubitz, Prag and Böhmen are lost! What to do? 'Despatch reinforcement to Pardubitz; thanks to Nassau, the Kolin-Pardubitz road is ours!' That is done, Pardubitz saved for the moment. Could we now get to Kuttenberg before the old Marshal, his design were overset altogether. Alas, we cannot march at once, have to wait a day for the bread. Forward, nevertheless; and again forward, and again; three heavy marches in November weather: let us make a fourth forced march, start to-morrow before dawn, — Kuttenberg above all things! In vain; to-morrow, 4th November, there is such a fog, dark as London itself, from six in the morning onwards, no starting till noon: and then impossible, with all our efforts, to reach Kuttenberg. We have to halt an eight miles short of it, in front of Kolin; and pitch tents there. On the morrow, 5th November, Traun is found encamped, unattackable, between us and our object; sits there, at his ease in a friendly Country, with Pandour whirlpools flowing out and in; an irreducible case to Friedrich. November 5th, and for three days more, Friedrich, to no purpose, tries his utmost; — finds he will have to give up the Elbe-Sazawa region, like the others. Monday, November 9th, Friedrich gathers himself at Kolin; crosses the Elbe by Kolin Bridge, that day. Point after point of the game going against him."

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[1] Orlich, ii. 73

Kolin was, of course, attacked, that Monday evening, so soon as the main Army crossed: but, so soon as the Army left, General Nassau had taken his measures; and, with his great guns and his small, handled the Pandours in a way that pleased us.[1] Thursday night following, they came back, with regular grenadiers to support; under cloud of night, in great force, ruffian Trenck at the head of them: a frightful phenomenon to weak nerves. But this also Nassau treated in such a fiery fashion that it vanished without return; three hundred dead left on the ground, and ruffian Trenck riding off with his own crown broken, — beautiful indigo face streaking itself into *gingham*-pattern, for the moment!

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 68.

Except Pardubitz, where also the due battalions are left, Friedrich now holds no post south of the Elbe in this quarter; Elbe-Sazawa Tract is gone like the others, to all appearance. And we must now say, Silesia or Prag? Prince Leopold, Council-of-War being held on the matter, is for keeping hold of Prag: "Pity to lose all the excellent siege-artillery we brought thither," says he. True, too true; an ill-managed business that of Prag! thinks Friedrich sadly to himself: but what is Prag and artillery, compared to Silesia? Parthian retreat into Silesia; and let Prag and the artillery go: that, to Friedrich, is clearly the sure course. Or perhaps the fatal alternative will not actually arrive? So long as Pardubitz and Kolin hold; and we have the Elbe for barrier? Truth is, Prince Karl has himself written to Court that, having now pushed his Enemy fairly over the Elbe, and winter being come with its sleets and slushes, ruinous to troops that have been so marched about, the Campaign ought to end; — nay, his own young Wife is in perilous interesting circumstances, and the poor Prince wishes to be home. To which, however, it is again understood, Maria Theresa has emphatically answered, "No, — finish first!"

November 9th–19th: We defend the Elbe River. Friedrich has posted himself on the north shore of the Elbe, from Pardubitz to the other side of Kolin; means to defend that side of the River, where go the Silesian roads. At Bohdenetz, short way across from Pardubitz, he himself is; Prince Leopold is near Kolin: thirty miles of river-bank to dispute. The controversy lasts ten days; ends in *Elbe-Teinitz*, a celebrated "passage," in Books and otherwise. Friedrich is in shaggy, intricate country; no want of dingles, woods and quagmires; now and then pleasant places too, — here is Kladrup for example, where our Father came three hundred miles to dine with the Kaiser once. The grooms and colts are all off at present; Father and Kaiser are off; and much is changed since then. Grim tussle of War now; sleety winter, and the Giant Mountains in the distance getting on their white hoods! Friedrich doubtless has his thoughts as he rides up and down, in sight of Kladrup, among other places, settling many things; but what his thoughts were, he is careful not to say except where necessary. Much is to be looked after, in this River controversy of thirty miles. Detachments lie, at intervals, all the way; and mounted sentries, a sentry every five miles, patrol the River-bank; vigilant, we hope, as lynxes. Nothing can cross but alarm will be given, and by degrees the whole Prussian force be upon it. This is the Circle of Königsgrätz, this that now lies to rear; and happily there are a few Hussites in it, not utterly indisposed to do a little spying for us, and bring a glimmering of intelligence, now and then.

It is now the second week that Friedrich has lain so, with his mounted patrols in motion, with his Hussite spies; guarding Argus-like this thirty miles of River; and the Austrians attempt nothing, or nothing with effect. If the Austrians go home to their winter-quarters, he hopes to issue from Kolin again before Spring, and to sweep the Elbe-Sazawa Tract clear of them, after all. Maria Theresa having answered No, it is likely the Austrians will try to get across: Be vigilant therefore, ye mounted sentries. Or will they perhaps make an attempt on Prag? Einsiedel, who has no garrison of the least adequacy, apprises us That "in all the villages round Prag people are busy making ladders,"—what can that mean? Friedrich has learned, by intercepted letters, that something great is to be done on Wednesday, 18th: he sends Rothenburg with reinforcement to Einsiedel, lest a scalade of Prag should be on the cards. Rothenburg is right welcome in the lines of Prag, though with reinforcement still ineffectual; but it is not Prag that is meant, nor is Wednesday the day. Through Wednesday, Friedrich, all eye and ear, could observe nothing: much marching to and fro on the Austrian side of the River; but apparently it comes to nothing? The mounted patrols had better be vigilant, however.

On the morrow, 5 A.M., what is this that is going on? Audible booming of cannon, of musketry and battle, echoing through the woods, penetrates to Friedrich's quarters at Bohdenetz in the Pardubitz region: Attack upon Kolin, Nassau defending himself there? Out swift scouts, and see!

Many scouts gallop out; but none comes back. Friedrich, for hours, has to remain uncertain; can only hope Nassau will defend himself. Boom go the distant volleyings; no scout comes back. And it is not Nassau or Kolin; it is something worse: very glorious for Prussian valor, but ruinous to this Campaign.

The Austrians, at 2 o'clock this morning, Austrians and Saxons, came in great force, in dead silence, to the south brink of the River, opposite a place called Teinitz (Elbe-Teinitz), ten miles east of Kolin; that was the fruit of their marching yesterday. They sat there forbidden to speak, to smoke tobacco or do anything but breathe, till all was ready; till pontoons, cannons had come up, and some gleam of dawn had broken. At the first gleam of dawn, as they are shoving down their pontoon boats, there comes a "*Wer-da*, Who goes?" from our Prussian patrol across the River. Receiving no answer, he fires; and is himself shot down. One Wedell, Wedell and Ziethen, who keep watch in this part, start instantly at sound of these shots; and make a dreadful day of it for these invasive Saxon and Austrian multitudes. Naturally, too, they send off scouts, galloping for more help, to the right and to the left. But that avails not. Wild doggery of Pandours, it would seem, have already swum or waded the River, above Teinitz and below: — "Want of vigilance!" barks Friedrich impatiently: but such a doggery is difficult to watch with effect. At any rate, to the right and to the left, the woods are already beset with Pandours; every scout sent out is killed: and to east or to west there comes no news but an echoing of musketry, a boom of distant cannon.[1] Saxon-Austrian battalions, four or five, with unlimited artillery going, *versus* Wedell's one battalion, with musketry and Ziethen's hussars: it is fearful odds. The Prussians stand to it like heroes; doggedly, for four hours, continue the dispute, — till it is fairly desperate; "two bridges of the enemy's now finished;" — whereupon they manœuvre off, with Parthian or Prussian countenance, into the woods, safe, towards Kolin; "despatching definite news to Friedrich, which does arrive about 11 A.M., and sets him at once on new measures."

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[1] Orlich, ii. 82–85.

This is a great feat in the Prussian military annals; for which, sad as the news was, Wedell got the name of Leonidas attached to him by Friedrich himself. And indeed it is a gallant passage of war; "Forcing of the Elbe at Teinitz;" of which I could give two Narratives, one from the Prussian, and one from the Saxon side;[1] didactic, admonitory to the military mind, nay to the civic reader that has sympathy with heroisms, with work done manfully, and terror and danger and difficulty well trampled under foot. Leonidas Wedell has an admirable silence, too; and Ziethen's lazily hanging under-lip is in its old attitude again, now that the spasm is over. "*Was thuts?* They are across, without a doubt. We would have helped it, and could not. Steady!" —

Friedrich's Retreat; especially Einsiedel's from Prag.

Seeing, then, that they are fairly over, Friedrich, with a creditable veracity of mind, sees also that the game is done; and that same night he begins manœuvring towards Silesia, lest far more be lost by continuing the play. One column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes through Glatz, takes the Magazine of Pardubitz along with it: good to go in several columns, the enemy will less know which to chase. Friedrich, with another column, will wait for Nassau about Königsgrätz, then go by the more westerly road, through Nachod and the Pass of Braunau. Nassau, who is to get across from Kolin, and join us northwards, has due rendezvous appointed him in the Königsgrätz region. Einsiedel, in Prag, is to spike his guns, since he cannot carry them; blow up his bastions, and the like; and get away with all discretion and all diligence, — northwestward first, to Leitmeritz, where our magazines are; there to leave his heavier goods, and make eastward towards Friedland, and across the "Silesian Combs" by what Passes he can. Will have a difficult operation; but must stand to it. And speed; steady, simultaneous, regular, unresting velocity; that is the word for all.

And so it is done, — though with difficulty, on the part of poor Einsiedel for one. It was Thursday, 19th November, when the Austrians got across the Elbe: on Monday, 23d, the Prussian rendezvousings are completed; and Friedrich's column, and the Glatz one under Leopold, are both on march; infinite baggage-wagons groaning orderly along ("sick-wagons well ahead," and the like precautions and arrangements), on both these highways for Silesia: and before the week ends, Thursday, 26th, even Einsiedel is under way. Let us give something of poor Einsiedel, whose disasters made considerable noise in the world, that Winter and afterwards.

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[1] Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 595–598; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1175–1181.

"The two main columns were not much molested; that which went by Glatz, under Leopold, was not pursued at all. On the rear of Friedrich's own column, going towards Braunau, all the way to Nachod or beyond, there hung the usual doggery of Pandours, which required whipping off from time to time; but in the defiles and difficult places due precaution was taken, and they did little real damage. Truchsess von Waldburg [our old friend of the Spartan feat near Austerlitz in the *Moravian-Foray* time, whom we have known in London society as Prussian Envoy in bygone years] was in one of the divisions of this column; and one day, at a village where there was a little river to cross (river Mietau, Königsgrätz branch of the Elbe), got provoked injudiciously into fighting with a body of these people. Intent not on whipping them merely, but on whipping them to death, Truchsess had already lost some forty men, and the business with such crowds of them was getting hot; when, all at once a loud squeaking of pigs was heard in the village," — apprehensive swineherd hastily penning his pigs belike, and some pig refractory; — "at sound of which, the Pandour multitude suddenly pauses, quits fighting, and, struck by a new enthusiasm, rushes wholly into the village; leaving Truchsess, in a tragi-comic humor, victorious, but half ashamed of himself.[1] In the beginning of December, Friedrich's column reached home, by Braunau through the Mountains, the same way part of it had come in August; not quite so brilliant in equipment now as then.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 73.

"It was upon Einsiedel's poor Garrison, leaving Prag in such haste, that the real stress of the retreat fell; its difficulties great indeed, and its losses great. Einsiedel did what was possible; but all things are not possible on a week's warning. He spiked great guns, shook endless hundred-weights of powder, and 10,000 stand of arms, into the River; he requisitioned horses, oxen, without number; put mines under the bastions, almost none of which went off with effect. He kept Prag accurately shut, the Praguers accurately in the dark; took his measures prudently; and labored night and day. One measure I note of him: stringent Proclamation to the inhabitants of Prag, 'Provision yourselves for three months; nothing but starvation ahead otherwise.' Alas, we are to stand a fourth siege, then? say the Praguers. But where are provisions to be had? At such and such places; from the Royal Magazines only, if you bring a certificate and ready money! Whereby Einsiedel got delivered of his meal-magazine, for one thing. But his difficulties otherwise were immense.

"On the Thursday morning, 26th November, 1744, he marched. His wagons had begun the night before; and went all night, rumbling continuous (Anonymous of Prag[1] hearing them well), through the Karlthor, northwest gate of Prag, across the Moldau Bridge. All night across that bridge,— Leitmeritz road, great road to the northwest: — followed finally by the march of horse and foot. But news had already fled abroad. Five hundred Pandours were in the City, backed by the Butchers' lads and other riotous *Gesindel*, before the rear-guard got away. Sad tugging and wriggling in consequence, much firing from windows, and uproarious chaos; — so that Rothenburg had at last to remount a couple of guns, and blow it off with case-shot. A drilled Prussian rear-guard struggling, with stern composure, through a real bit of burning chaos. With effect, though not without difficulty. Here is the scene on the Moldau Bridge, and past that high Hradschin[1] mass of buildings; all Prag, not the Hradschin only, struggling to give us fatal farewell if it durst. River is covered with Pandours firing out of boats; Bridge encumbered to impassability by forsaken wagons, the drivers of which had cut traces and run; shot comes overhead from the Hradschin on our left, much shot, infinite tumult all round; thoroughfare impossible for two-wheeled vehicle, or men in rank. 'Halt!' cries Colonel Brandes, who has charge of the thing; divides them in three: 'First one party, deal with these river-boats, that Pandour doggery; second party, pull these stray wagons to right and left, making the way clear; third party, drag our own wagons forward, shoulder to shaft, and yoke them out of shot-range;—you, Captain Carlowitz,' and calls twenty volunteers to go with Carlowitz, and drag their own cannon, 'step you forward, keep the gate of that Hradschin till we all pass!' In this manner, rapid, hard of stroke, clear-headed and with stern regularity, drilled talent gets the burning Nessus'-shirt wriggled off; and tramps successfully forth with its baggages. About 11 A.M., this rear-guard of Brandes's did; should have been at seven,—right well that it could be at all.

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[1] Second "*Letter* from a Citizen, &c." (date, 27th November, see suprà, p. 348), in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1181–1188.

"Einsiedel, after this, got tolerably well to Leitmeritz; left his heavy baggage there; then turned at an acute angle right eastward, towards the Silesian Combs, as ordered: still a good seventy miles to do, and the weather getting snowy and the days towards their shortest. Worse still; old Weissenfels, now in Prag with his Saxons, is aware that Einsiedel, before ending, will touch on a wild high-lying corner of the Lausitz which is Saxon Country; and thitherward Weissenfels has despatched Chevalier de Saxe (in plenty of time, November 29th), with horse and foot, to waylay Einsiedel, and block the entrance of the Silesian Mountains for him. Whereupon, in the latter end of his long march, and almost within sight of home, ensues the hardest brush of all for Einsiedel. And, in the desolation of that rugged Hill country of the Lausitz, '*Hochwald* (Upper Wold),' twenty or more miles from Bohemian Friedland, from his entrance on the Mountain Barrier and Silesian Combs, there are scenes — which gave rise to a Court-Martial before long. For unexpectedly, on the winter afternoon (December 9th), Einsiedel, struggling among the snows and pathless Hills, comes upon Chevalier de Saxe and his Saxon Detachment, — intrenched with trees, snow-redoubts, and a hollow bog dividing us; plainly unassailable; — and stands there, without covering, without 'food, fire, or salt,' says one Eye-witness, 'for the space of fourteen hours.' Gazing gloomily into it, exchanging a few shots, uncertain what more to do; the much-dubitating Einsiedel. 'At which the men were so disgusted and enraged, they deserted [the foreign part of them, I fancy] in groups at a time,' says the above Eye-witness. Not to think what became of the equipments, baggage-wagons, sick-wagons: — too evident Einsiedel's loss, in all kinds, was very considerable. Nassau, despatched by Leopold out of Glatz, from the other side of the Combs, is marching to help Einsiedel; — who knows, at this moment, where or whitherward? For the peasants are all against us; our very guides desert, and become spies. 'Push to the left, over the Hochwald top, must not we?' thinks Einsiedel: 'that is Lausitz, a Saxon Country; and Saxony, though the Saxons stand intrenched here, with the knife at our throat, are not at war with us, oh no, only allies of her Majesty of Hungary, and neutral otherwise!' And here, it is too clear, the Chevalier de Saxe stands intrenched behind his trees and snow; and it is the fourteenth hour, men deserting by the hundred, without fire and without salt; and Nassau is coming, — God knows by what road!

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[1] Old Palace of the Bohemian Kings (pronounce *Rad*sheen); one of the steepest Royal Sites in the world.

"Einsiedel pushes to the left, the Hochwald way; finds, in the Hochwald too, a Saxon Commandant waiting him, with arms strictly shouldered. 'And we cannot pass through this moor skirt of Lausitz, say you, then?' 'Unarmed, yes; your muskets can come in wagons after you,' replies the Saxon Commandant of Lausitz. 'Thousand thanks, Herr Commandant; but we will not give you all that trouble,' answer Einsiedel and his Prussians; 'and march on, overwhelming him with politenesses,' says Friedrich; — the approach of

Nassau, above all, being a stringent civility. Of course, despatch is very requisite to Einsiedel; the Chevalier, with his force, being still within hail. The Prussians march all night, with pitch-links flaring, — nights (I think) of the 13th–15th December, 1744, up among the highlands there, rugged buttresses of the Silesian Combs: a sight enough to astonish Rübezahl, if he happened to be out! As good chance would have it, Nassau and Einsiedel, by preconcert, partly by lucky guess of their own, were hurrying by the same road: three heaven-rending cheers (December 16th) when we get sight of Nassau; and find that here is land! December 16th, we are across, — by Rückersdorf, not far from Friedland (Böhmisch Friedland, not the Silesian town of that name, once Wallenstein's); — and rejoice now to look back on labor done."[1]

These were intricate strange scenes, much talked of at the time: Rothenburg, ugly Walrave, Hacke, and other known figures, concerned in them. Scenes in which Friedrich is not well informed; who much blames Einsiedel, as he is apt to do the unsuccessful. Accounts exist, both from the Prussian and from the Saxon side, decipherable with industry; not now worth deciphering to English readers. Only that final scene of the pitch-links, the night before meeting with Nassau, dwells voluntarily in one's memory. And is the farewell of Einsiedel withal. Friedrich blames him to the last: though a Court-Martial had sat on his case, some months after, and honorably acquitted him. Good solid, silent Einsiedel; — and in some months more, he went to a still higher court, got still stricter justice: I do not hear expressly that it was the winter marches, or strain of mind; but he died in 1745; and that flare of pitch-links in Rübezahl's country is the last scene of him to us, — and the end of Friedrich's unfortunate First Expedition in the Second Silesian War.

"Foiled, ultimately, then, on every point; a totally ill-ordered game on our part! Evidently we, for our part, have been altogether in the wrong, in various essential particulars. Amendment, that and no other, is the word now. Let us take the scathe and the scorn candidly home to us; — and try to prepare for doing better. The world will crow over us. Well, the world knows little about it; the world, if it did know, would be partly in the right!" — Wise is he who, when beaten, learns the reasons of it, and alters these. This wisdom, it must be owned, is Friedrich's; and much distinguishes him among generals and men. Veracity of mind, as I say, loyal eyesight superior to sophistries; noble incapacity of self-delusion, the root of all good qualities in man. His epilogue to this Campaign is remarkable; — too long for quoting here, except the first word of it and the last: —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* ii. 1181–1190, 1191–1194; *Feldzüge,* i. 278–280.

"No General committed more faults than did the King in this Campaign. . . . The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent. The king has himself admitted that he regarded this Campaign as his school in the Art of War, and M. de Traun as his teacher." But what shall we say? "Bad is often better for Princes than good; — and instead of intoxicating them with presumption, renders them circumspect and modest."[1] Let us still hope! —

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CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH, UNDER DIFFICULTIES, PREPARES FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN.

To the Court of Vienna, especially to the Hungarian Majesty, this wonderful reconquest of Bohemia, without battle fought, — or any cause assignable but Traun's excellent manœuvring and Friedrich's imprudences and trust in the French, — was a thing of heavenly miracle; blessed omen that Providence had vouchsafed to her prayers the recovery of Silesia itself. All the world was crowing over Friedrich: but her Majesty of Hungary's views had risen to a clearly higher pitch of exultation and triumphant hope, terrestrial and celestial, than any other living person's. "Silesia back again," that was now the hope and resolution of her Majesty's high heart: "My wicked neighbor shall be driven out, and smart dear for the ill he has done; Heaven so wills it!" "Very little uplifts the Austrians," says Valori; which is true, under such a Queen; "and yet there is nothing that can crush them altogether down," adds he.

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[1] *Œuvres,* iii. 76, 77.

No sooner is Bohemia cleared of Friedrich, than Maria, winter as it is, orders that there be, through the Giant-Mountains, vigorous assault upon Silesia. Highland snows and ices, what are these to Pandour people, who, at their first entrance on the scene of History, "crossed the Palus-Mæotis itself [Father of Quagmires, so to speak] in a frozen state," and were sufficiently accommodated each in his own dirty sheepskin? "Prosecute the King of Prussia," ordered she; "take your winter-quarters in Silesia!" — and Traun, in spite of the advanced season, and prior labors and hardships, had to try, from the southwestern Bohemian side, what he could do; while a new Insurrection, coming through the Jablunka, spread itself over the southeast and east. Seriously invasive multitudes; which were an unpleasant surprise to Friedrich; and did, as we shall see, require to be smitten back again, and re-smitten; making a very troublesome winter to the Prussians and themselves; but by no means getting winter-quarters, as they once hoped.

In a like sense, Maria Theresa had already (December 2d) sent forth her Manifesto or Patent, solemnly apprising her ever-faithful Silesian Populations, "That the Treaty of Breslau, not by her fault, is broken; palpably a Treaty no longer. That they, accordingly, are absolved from all oaths and allegiance to the King of Prussia; and shall hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to her Majesty, which will be a great comfort to such faithful creatures; suffering, as her Majesty explains to them that they have done, under Prussian tyranny for these two years past. Immediate dead-lift effort there shall be; that is certain: and 'the Almighty God assisting, who does not leave such injustices unpunished, We have the fixed Christian hope, Omnipotence blessing our arms, of almost immediately (*ehestens*) delivering you from this temporary Bondage (*bisherigen Joch*).' You can pray, in the mean while, for the success of her Majesty's arms; good fighting, aided by prayer, in a Cause clearly Heaven's, will now, to appearance, bring matters swiftly round again, to the astonishment and confusion of bad men."[1]

These are her Majesty's views; intensely true, I doubt not, to her devout heart. Robinson and the English seem not to be enthusiastic in that direction; as indeed how can they? They would fain be tender of Silesia, which they have guaranteed; fain, now and afterwards, restrain her Majesty from driving at such a pace down hill: but the declivity is so encouraging, her Majesty is not to be restrained, and goes faster and faster for the time being. And indeed, under less devout forms, the general impression, among Pragmatic people, Saxon, Austrian, British even, was, That Friedrich had pretty much ruined himself, and deserved to do so; that this of his being mere "Auxiliary" to a Kaiser in distress was an untenable pretext, now justly fallen bankrupt upon him. The evident fact, That he had by his "Frankfurt Union," and struggles about "union," *re*opened the door for French tribulations and rough-ridings in the Reich, was universally distasteful; all chance of a "general union of German Princes, in aid of their Kaiser," was extinct for the present.

Friedrich's rapidity had served him ill with the Public, in this as in some other instances! Friedrich, contemplating his situation, not self-delusively, but with the candor of real remorse, was by no means yet aware how very bad it was. For six months coming, partly as existing facts better disclosed themselves, as France, Saxony and others showed what spirit they were of; partly as new sinister events and facts arrived one after the other, — his outlook continued to darken and darken, till it had become very dark indeed. There is perennially the great comfort, immense if you can manage it, of making front against misfortune; of looking it frankly in the face, and doing with a resolution, hour by hour, your own utmost against it. Friedrich never lacked that comfort; and was not heard complaining. But from December 13th, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, till June 4th, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Friedrich had yet had in the world. During which, his affairs all threatening to break down about him, he himself, behooving to stand firm if the worst was not to realize itself, had to draw largely on what silent courage, or private inexpugnability of mind, was in him, — a larger instalment of that royal quality (as I compute) than the Fates had ever hitherto demanded of him. Ever hitherto; though perhaps nothing like the largest of all, which they had upon their Books for him, at a farther stage! As will be seen. For he was greatly drawn upon in that way, in his time. And he paid always; no man in his Century so well; few men, in any Century, better. As perhaps readers may be led to guess or acknowledge, on surveying and considering. To see, and sympathetically recognize, cannot be expected of modern readers, in the present great distance, and changed conditions of men and things.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1194–1198; Ib. 1201–1206, is Friedrich's Answer, "19th December, 1744."

Friedrich, after despatching Nassau to cut out Einsiedel, had delivered the Silesian Army to the Old Dessauer, who is to command in chief during Winter; and had then hastened to Berlin, — many things there urgently requiring his presence; preparations, reparations, not to speak of diplomacies, and what was the heaviest item of all, new finance for the coming exertions. In Schweidnitz, on Leopold's appearance, there had been an interview, due consultings, orderings; which done, Friedrich at once took the road; and was at Berlin, Monday, December 14th, — precisely in the time while Nassau and Einsiedel were marching with torchlights in Rübezahl's Country, and near ending their difficult enterprise better or worse.

Friedrich, fastening eagerly on Home business, is astonished and provoked to learn that the Austrians, not content with pushing him out of Böhmen, are themselves pushing into

Schlesien, — so Old Leopold reports, with increasing emphasis day by day; to whom Friedrich sends impatient order: Hurl them out again; gather what force you need, ten thousand, or were it twenty or thirty thousand, and be immediate about it; "I will as soon be pitched (*herausgeschmissen*) out of the Mark of Brandenburg as out of Schlesien:" no delay, I tell you! And as the Old Dessauer still explains that the ten or fifteen thousand he needs are actually assembling, and cannot be got on march quite in a moment, Friedrich dashes away his incipient Berlin Operations; will go himself and do it. Haggle no more, you tedious Old Dessauer: —

Berlin, "19*th December*," 1744. "On the 21st [Monday, one week after my arriving], I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the 24th at latest. Your Serenity will in the interim make out the Order-of-Battle [which is also Order-of-March] for what regiments are come in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and attack those people, cost what it may, — to chase them out of Schlesien and Glatz, and follow them so far as possible. Your Serenity will therefore take your measures, and provide everything, so far as in this short time you can, that the project may be executable the moment I arrive."[1]

And rushed off accordingly, in a somewhat flamy humor; but at Schweidnitz, where the Old Dessauer met him again, became convinced that the matter was weightier than he thought; not one of Tolpatchery alone, but had Traun himself in it. Upon which Friedrich candidly drew bridle; hastened back, and, with a loss of four days, was at his Potsdam Affairs again. To which he stuck henceforth, ardently, and I think rather with increase of gloom, though without spurt of impatience farther, for three months to come. Before his return, — nay, had he known, it was the night before he went away, — a strange little thing had happened in the opposite or Western parts: surprising accident to Maréchal de Belleisle; which now lies waiting his immediate consideration. But let us finish Silesia first.

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[1] Friedrich to the Old Dessauer (*Orlich*, ii. 356).

Old Dessauer repels the Silesian Invasion (Winter, 1744–45).

"This Silesian Affair includes due inroad of Pandours; or indeed two inroads, southwest and southeast; and in the southwest, or Traun quarter, regulars are the main element of it. Traun, 20,000 strong, *plus* stormy-enough Pandour *accompaniment*, is by this time through into Glatz; in three columns; —is master of all Glatz, except the Rock-Fortress itself; and has spread himself, right and left, along the Neisse River, and from the southwest northwards, in a skilful and dangerous manner. In concert with whom, far to the east, are Pandour whirlwinds on their own footing (brand-new 'Insurrection' of them, got thus far) starting from Olmütz and Brünn; scouring that eastern country, as far as Namslau northward [a place we were at the taking of, in old Brieg times]; much more, infesting the Mountains of the South. A rather serious thing; with Traun for general manager of it."

With Traun, we say: poor Prince Karl is off, weeks ago; on the saddest of errands. His beautiful young Wife,—Hungarian Majesty's one Sister, Vice-Regents of the Netherlands he and she, conspicuous among the bright couples of the world,—she had a bad lying-in (child still-born), while those grand Moldau Operations went on; has been ill, poor lady, ever since; and, at Brussels, on December 16th, she herself lies dead, Prince Karl weeping over her and the days that will not return. Prince Karl's felicities, private and public, had been at their zenith lately, which was very high indeed; but go on declining from this day. Never more the Happiest of Husbands (did not wed again at all); still less the Greatest of Captains, equal or superior to Cæsar in the Gazetteer judgment, with distracted *Eulogies, Biographies* and such like filling the air: before long, a War-Captain of quite moderate renown; which we shall see sink gradually into no renown at all, and even (unjustly) into *minus* quantities, before all end. A mad world, my masters!

"Between Traun on the southwest hand, and his Pandours on the southeast, the small Prussian posts have all been driven in upon Troppau-Jägerndorf region; more and more narrowed there;—and, in fine (two days before this new Interview of

Leopold and the impatient King at Schweidnitz), have had to quit the Troppau-Jägerndorf position; to quit the Hills altogether, and are now in full march towards Brieg. Of which march I should say nothing, were it not that Marwitz, Father of Wilhelmina's giggling Marwitzes, commanded; — and came by his death in the course of it; though our Wilhelmina is not now there, pen in hand, to tell us what the effects at Baireuth were. Marwitz had been left for dead on the Field of Mollwitz; lay so all night, but was nursed to some kind of strength again by those giggling young women; and came back to Schlesien, to posts of chief trust, for the last year or two, — was guarding the Mountains, and even invading Mähren, during the late Campaign; — but saw himself reduced latterly to Jägerndorf and Troppau; and had even to retreat out of these. And in the whirlpool of hurries thereupon, — how is not very clear; by apoplexy, say some; by accidental pistol from a servant of his own; in actual skirmish with Pandours, — too certainly, one way or the other, on December 23d (just during that second Interview at Schweidnitz), brave old Marwitz did suddenly sink dead, and is ended.[1] Even so, ye poor giggling creatures, and your loud weeping will not mend it at all!

"Friedrich, looking candidly into these phenomena, could not but see that, what with Tolpatcheries, what with Traun's 20,000 regulars, and the whole Army at their back, his Silesian Border is girt in by a very considerable inroad of Austrians, — huge Chain of them, in horse-shoe form, 300 miles long, pressing in; from beyond Glatz and Landshut, round by the southern Mountains, and up eastward again as far as Namslau, nothing but war whirlwinds in regular or irregular form, in the centre of them Traun; — and that the Old Dessauer really must have time to gird himself for dealing with Traun and them.

"It was not till January 9th that Old Leopold, 25,000 strong, equipped to his mind, which was a difficult matter, crossed the Neisse River; and marched direct upon Traun, with Ziethen charging ahead. Actually marched; after which the main wrestle was done in a week. January 16th, Old Leopold got to

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1201.

Jägerndorf; found the actual Traun concentrated at Jägerndorf; and drew up, to be ready for assault to-morrow morning, — had not Traun, candidly computing, judged it better to glide wholly away in the night-time, diligently towards Mähren, breaking the bridges behind him. And so, in effect, to give up the Silesian Invasion for this time. After which, though there remained a good deal of rough tussling with Pandour details, and some rugged exploits of fight, there is — except that of Lehwald in clearing of Glatz — nothing farther that we can afford to speak of. Lehwald's exploit, Lehwald *versus* Wallis (same Wallis who defended Glogau long since), which came to be talked of, and got name and date, 'Action of Habelschwert, February 14th,' something almost like a pitched fight on the small scale, is to the following effect: —

"*Plomnitz, near Habelschwert*, 14*th February*, 1745. Old General Lehwald, marching in the hollow ground near Habelschwert (hollow of the young Neisse River, twenty miles south of Glatz), with intent to cut that Country free; the Enemy, whom he is in search of, appears in great force, — posted on the uphill ground ahead, half-frozen difficult stream in front of them, cannon on flank, Pandour multitude in woods; all things betokening inexpugnability on the part of the Enemy. So that Lehwald has to take his measures; study well where the vital point is, the *root* of that extensive Austrian junglery, and cut in upon the same. By considerable fire of effort, the uphill ground, half-frozen stream, sylvan Pandours, cannon-batteries, and what inexpugnabilities there may be, are subdued; Austrian wide junglery, the root of it slit asunder rolls homeward simultaneously, not too fast: nay it halted, and re-ranked itself twice over, finding woods and quaggy runlets to its mind; but was always slit out again, disrooted, and finally tumbled home, having had enough. 'Wenzel Wallis,' Friedrich asserts with due scorn, 'was all this while in a Chapel; praying ardently,' to St. Vitus, or one knows not whom; 'without effect; till they shouted to him, "Beaten, Sir! Off, or you are lost!" upon which he sprang to saddle, and spurred with both heels (*piqua des deux*).'[1] That was the feat of Lehwald, clearing the Glatz Country with one good cut: a skilful Captain; now getting decidedly oldish, close on sixty; whom we shall meet again a dozen years hence, still in harness.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 79, 80.

"The old Serene Highness himself, face the color of gunpowder, and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open vehicle, which he called his 'cart;' pushing out detachments, supervising everything; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping out the Pandour world, and keeping it out: not much of fighting needed, but 'a great deal of marching [murmurs Friedrich], which in winter is as bad, and wears down the force of the battalions.' Of all which we give no detail: sufficient to fancy, in this manner, the Old Dessauer flapping his wide military wings in the faces of the Pandour hordes, with here and there a hard twitch from beak or claws; tolerably keeping down the Pandour interest all Winter. His sons, Leopold and Dietrich, were under him, occasionally beside him; the Junior Leopold so worn down with feverish gout he could hardly sit on horseback at all, while old Papa went tearing about in his cart at that rate."[1]

There was, on the 21st of February, *Te-deum* sung in the churches of Berlin "for the Deliverance of Silesia from Invasion." Not that even yet the Pandours would be quite quiet, or allow Old Leopold to quit his cart; far from it. And they returned in such increased and tempestuous state, as will again require mention, with the earliest Spring: — precursors to a second, far more serious and deadly "Invasion of Silesia;" for which it hangs yet on the balance whether there will be a *Te-deum* or a *Miserere* to sing!

Hungarian Majesty, disappointed of Silesia, — which, it seems, is not to be had "all at once (*ehestens*)," in the form of miracle, — makes amends by a rush upon Seckendorf and Bavaria; attacks Seckendorf furiously ("Bathyani pressing up the Donau Valley, with Browne on one hand, and Bärenklau on the other") in midwinter; and makes a terrible hand of him; reducing his "Reconquest of Bavaria" to nothing again, nay to less. Of which in due time.

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[1] *Unternehmung in Ober-Schlesien, unter dem Fürsten Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau, im Januar und Februar,* 1745 (Seyfarth, *Beylage,* i. 141–152); Stenzel, iv. 232; &c.

The French fully intend to behave better next Season to Friedrich and their German Allies; — but are prevented by various Accidents (November, 1744–April, 1745; April–August, 1745).

It is not divine miracle, Friedrich knows well, that has lost him his late Bohemian Conquests without battle fought: it was rash choosing of a plan inexecutable without French co-operation, — culpable blindness to the chance that France would break its promises, and not co-operate. Had your Majesty forgotten the Joint-Stock Principle, then? His Majesty has sorrowful cause to remember it, from this time, on a still larger scale!

Reflections, indignant or exculpatory, on the conduct of the French in this Business are useless to Friedrich, and to us. The performance, on their part, has been nearly the worst; — though their intentions, while the Austrian Dragon had them by the throat, were doubtless enthusiastically good! But, the big Austrian Dragon being jerked away from Elsass, by Friedrich's treading on his tail, 500 miles off, they were charmed, quite into new enthusiasm, to be rid of said Dragon: and, instead of chasing *him* according to bargain, took to destroying his *Den*, that he might be harmless thenceforth. Freyburg is a captured Town, to the joy and glory of admiring France; and Friedrich's Campaign has gone the road we see! The Freyburg Illuminations having burnt out, there might rise, in the triumphant mind, some thought of Friedrich again, — perhaps almost of a remorseful nature? Certain it is, the French intentions are now again magnanimous, more so than ever; coupled now with some attempts at fulfilment, too; which obliges us to mention them here. They were still a matter of important hope to Friedrich; hope which did not quite go out till August coming. Though, alas, it did then go out, in gusts of indignation on Friedrich's part! And as the whole of these magnanimous French intentions, latter like former, again came to zero, we are interested only in rendering them conceivable to readers for Friedrich's sake, — with the more brevity, the better for everybody. Two grand French Attempts there were; listen, on the threshold, a little: —

. . . "It is certain the French intend gloriously; regardless of expense. They are dismantling Freyburg, to render it harmless henceforth. But, withal, in answer to the poor Kaiser's shrieks, they have sent Ségur [our old Linz friend], with 12,000, to assist Seckendorf; 'the bravest troops in the world,'" — who did bravely take one beating (at Pfaffenhofen, as will be seen), and go home again. "They have Coigny guarding those fine Brisgau Conquests. And are furthermore diplomatizing diligently, not to say truculently, in the Rhine Countries; bullying poor little fat Kur-Trier, lean Kur-Köln and others, 'To join the Frankfurt Union' (not one of whom would, under menace), — though 'it is the clear duty of all Reich's-Princes with a Kaiser under oppression:' — and have marched Maillebois, directly after Freyburg, into the Middle-Rhine Countries, to Köln Country, to Mainz Country, and to and fro, in support of said compulsory diplomacies; — but without the least effect."

To the "Middle-Rhine Countries," observe, and under Maillebois, then under Conti, little matter under whom: only let readers recollect the name of it; — for it is the *First* of the French Attempts to do something of a joint-stock nature; something for self *and* Allies, instead of for self only. It caused great alarm in those months, to Britannic George and others; and brought out poor Duc d'Ahremberg with portions (no English included) of the poor Pragmatic Army, to go marching about in the winter slushes, instead of resting in bed,[1] — and is indeed a very loud business in the old Gazettes and books, till August coming. Business which almost broke poor D'Ahremberg's heart, he says, "till once I got out of it" (was *turned* out, in fact): Business of Pragmatic Army, under D'Ahremberg, *versus* Middle-Rhine Army under Maillebois, under Conti; Business now wholly of Zero *versus* Zero to us, — except for a few dates and reflex glimmerings upon King Friedrich. Result otherwise — We shall see the Result!

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[1] Adelung, iv. 276, 420 ("December, 1744–June, 1745").

"Attempt *Second* was still more important to Friedrich; being directed upon the Kaiser and Bavaria. Belleisle is to go thither and take survey; Belleisle thither first: you may judge if the intention is sincere! Valori is quite eloquent upon it. Directly after Freyburg, says he, Séchelles, that first of Commissaries, was sent to München. Séchelles cleared up the chaos of Accounts; which King Louis then instantly paid. 'Your Imperial Majesty shall have Magazines also,' said Louis, regardless of expense; 'and your Army, with auxiliaries (Ségur and 25,000 of them French), shall be raised to 60,000.' Belleisle then came: 'We will have Ingolstadt, the first thing, in Spring.' Alas, Belleisle had his Accident in the Harz; and all went aback, from that time."[1] Aback, too indisputably, all! — "And Belleisle's Accident?" Patience, readers.

"The truth is, Attempt *Second*, and chief, broke down at once [Bathyani beating it to pieces, as will be seen], — the ruins of it painfully reacting on Attempt *First*; which had the like fate some months later; — and there was no *Third* made. And, in fact, from the date of that latter down-break, August, or end of July, 1745 [and quite especially from "September 13th," by which time several irrevocable things had happened, which we shall hear of], the French withdrew altogether out of German entanglements; and concentrated themselves upon the Netherlands, there to demolish his Britannic Majesty, as the likelier enterprise. This was a course to which, ever since the Exit of Broglio and the Oriflamme, they had been more and more tending and inclining, 'Nothing for us but loss on loss, to be had in Germany!' and so they at last frankly gave up that bad Country. They fought well in the Netherlands, with great splendor of success, under Saxe *versus* Cumberland and Company. They did also some successful work in Italy; — and left Friedrich to bear the brunt in Germany; too glad if he or another were there to take Germany off their hand!

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[1] Valori, i. 322–329.

Friedrich's feelings on his arriving at this consummation, and during his gradual advance towards it, which was pretty steady all along from those first 'drenched-hen (*poules mouillées*)' procedures, were amply known to Excellency Valori, and may be conceived by readers," — who are slightly interested in the dates of them at farthest. And now for the Belleisle Accident, with these faint preliminary lights.

Strange Accident to Maréchal de Belleisle in the Harz Mountains (20th December, 1744).

Siege of Freyburg being completed, and the River and most other things (except always the bastions, which we blow up) being let into their old channels there, Maréchal de Belleisle, who is to have a chief management henceforth, — the Most Christian King recognizing him again as his ablest man in war or peace, — sets forth on a long tour of supervision, of diplomacy and general arrangement, to prepare matters for the next Campaign. Need enough of a Belleisle: what a business *we* have made of it, since Friedrich trod on the serpent's tail for us! Nothing but our own Freyburg to show for ourselves; elsewhere, mere down-rush of everything whitherward it liked; — and King Friedrich got into such a humor! Friedrich must be put in tune again; something real and good to be agreed on at Berlin: let that be the last thing, crown of the whole. The first thing is, look into Bavaria a little; and how the Kaiser, poor gentleman, in want of all requisites but good-will, can be put into something of fighting posture.

"In the end of November, Maréchal Duc de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier (now properly the *Count*, there having been promotions), and a great retinue more, alights at München; holds counsel with the poor Kaiser for certain days: — Money wanted; many things wanted; and all things, we need not doubt, much fallen out of square. 'Those Seckendorf troops in their winter-quarters,' say our French Inspectors and Ségur people, as usual, 'do but look on it, your Excellency! Scattered, along the valleys, into the very edge of Austria; Austria will swallow them, the first thing, next year; they will never rendezvous again except in the Austrian prisons. Surely, Monseigneur, only a man ignorant of war, or with treasonous intention [or ill-off for victuals], — could post troops in that way? Seckendorf is not ignorant of war!' say they.[1] For, in fact, suspicion runs high; and there is no end to the accusations just and unjust; and Seckendorf is as ill treated as any of us could wish. Poor old soul. Probably nobody in all the Earth, but his old Wife in the Schloss of Altenburg, has any pity for him, — if even she, which I hope. He has fought and diplomatized and intrigued in many countries, very much; and in his old days is hard bested. Monseigneur, whose part is rather that of Jove the Cloud-compeller, is studious to be himself noiseless amid this noise; and makes no alteration in the Seckendorf troops; but it is certain he meant to do it, thinks Valori."

And indeed Seckendorf, tired of the Bavarian bed-of-roses, had privately fixed with himself to quit the same; — and does so, inexorable to the very Kaiser, on New-Year arriving.[2] Succeeded by Thörring (our old friend *Drum* Thörring), if that be an improvement. Maréchal de Belleisle has still a long journey ahead, and infinitely harder problems than these, — assuagement of the King of Prussia, for example. Let us follow his remarkable steps.

"*Wednesday, 9th December*, 1744, the Maréchal leaves München, northwards through Œttingen and the Bamberg-Anspach regions towards Cassel; — journey of some three hundred and fifty miles: with a great retinue of his own; with an escort of two hundred horse from the Kaiser; these latter to prevent any outfall or insult in the Ingolstadt quarter, where the Austrians have a garrison, not at all very tightly blocked by the Seckendorf people thereabouts. No insult or outfall occurring, the Maréchal dismisses his escort at Œttingen; fares forward in his twenty coaches and fourgons, some score or so of vehicles: — mere neutral Imperial Countries henceforth, where the Kaiser's Agent, as Maréchal de Belleisle can style himself, and Titular Prince of the German Empire withal, has only to pay his way. By Donauwörth, by Œttingen; over the Donau acclivities, then down the pleasant Valley of the Mayn.[1]

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[1] Valori, i. 206.

[2] *Seckendorfs Leben*, p. 365.

"*Sunday, 13th December,* Maréchal de Belleisle arrives at Hanau [where we have seen Conferences held before now, and Carteret, Prince Karl and great George our King very busy], there to confer with Marshals Coigny, Maillebois and other high men, Commanders in those Rhine parts. Who all come accordingly, except Maréchal Maillebois, who is sorry that he absolutely cannot; but will surely do himself the honor as Monseigneur returns." As Monseigneur returns! "And so, on Monday, 14th, Monseigneur starts for Cassel; say a hundred miles right north; where we shall meet Prince Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, a zealous Ally; inform him how his Troops, under Seckendorf, are posted [at Vilshofen yonder; hiding how perilous their post is, or promising alterations]; perhaps rest a day or two, consulting as to the common weal: How the King of Prussia takes our treatment of him? How to smooth the King of Prussia, and turn him to harmony again? We are approaching the true nodus of our business, difficulty of difficulties; and Wilhelm, the wise Landgraf, may afford a hint or two. Thus travels magnanimous Belleisle in twenty vehicles, a man loaded with weighty matters, in these deep Winter months; suffering dreadfully from rheumatic neuralgic ailments, a Doctor one of his needfulest equipments; and has the hardest problem yet ahead of him.

"Prince Wilhelm's consultations are happily lost altogether; buried from sight forever, to the last hint, — all except as to what road to Berlin would be the best from Cassel. By Leipzig, through low-lying country, is the great Highway, advisable in winter; but it runs a hundred and thirty miles to right, before ever starting northward; such a roundabout. Not to say that the Saxons are allies of Austria, — if there be anything in that. Enemies, they, to the Most Christian King: though surely, again, we are on Kaiser's business, nay we are titular 'Prince of the Reich,' for that matter, such the Kaiser's grace to us? Well; it is better perhaps to *avoid* the Saxon

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[1] See *Review of the Case of Marshal Belleisle* (or Abstract of it, *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1745, pp. 366–373); &c. &c.

Territory. And, of course, the Hanoverian much more; through which lies the other Great Road! 'Go by the Harz,' advises Landgraf Wilhelm: 'a rugged Hill Country; but it is your hypotenuse towards Berlin; passes at once, or nearly so, from Cassel Territory into Prussian: a rugged road, but a shorter and safer.' That is the road Belleisle resolves upon. Twenty carriages; his Brother the Chevalier and himself occupy one; and always the courier rides before, ordering forty post-horses to be ready harnessed.

"*Sunday, 20th December*, 1744. In this way they have climbed the eastern shin of the Harz Range, where the Harz is capable of wheel-carriages; and hope now to descend, this night, to Halberstadt; and thence rapidly by level roads to Berlin. It is sinking towards dark; the courier is forward to Elbingerode, ordering forty horses to be out. Roughish uphill road; winter in the sky and earth, winter vapors and tumbling wind-gusts: westward, in torn storm-cloak, the Brocken, with its witch-dances; highland Goslar, and ghost of Henry the Fowler, on the other side of it. A multifarious wizard Country, much overhung by goblin reminiscences, witch-dances, sorcerers'-sabbaths and the like, — if a rheumatic gentleman cared to look on it, in the cold twilight. Brrh! Waste chasmy uplands, snow-choked torrents; wild people, gloomy firs! Here at last, by one's watch 5 P.M., is Elbingerode, uncomfortable little Town; and it is to be hoped the forty post-horses are ready.

"Behold, while the forty post-horses are getting ready, a thing takes place, most unexpected; — which made the name of Elbingerode famous for eight months to come. Of which let us hastily give the bare facts, Fancy making of them what she can. Was Monseigneur aware that this Elbingerode, with a patch of territory round it, is Hanoverian ground; one of those distracted patches or ragged outskirts frequent in the German map? Prussia is not yet, and Hessen-Cassel has ceased to be. Undoubtedly Hanoverian! Apparently the Landgraf and Monseigneur had not thought of that. But Münchhausen of Hanover, spies informing him, had. The Bailiff (Vogt, Ad*vocat*us) has gathered twenty *Jäger* [official

Game-keepers] with their guns, and a select idle Sunday population of the place with or without guns: the Vogt steps forward, and inquires for Monseigneur's passport. 'No passport, no need of any!' — 'Pardon!' and signifies to Monseigneur, on the part of George Elector of Hanover, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, that Monseigneur is arrested!

"Monseigneur, with compressed or incompressible feelings, indignantly complies, — what could he else, unfortunate rheumatic gentleman? — and is plucked away in such sudden manner, he for one, out of that big German game of his raising. The twenty vehicles are dragged different roads; towards Scharzfels, Osterode, or I know not where, — handiest roads to Hanover; — and Monseigneur himself has travelling treatment which might be complained of, did not one disdain complaint: 'my Brother parted from me, nay my Doctor, and my Interpreter;'" — not even speech possible to me.[1] That was the Belleisle Accident in the Harz, Sunday Evening, 20th December, 1744.

"Afflicted indignant Valori, soon enough apprised, runs to Friedrich with the news, — greets Friedrich with it just alighting from that Silesian run of his own. Friedrich, not without several other things to think of, is naturally sorry at such news; sorry for his own sake even; but not overmuch. Friedrich refuses 'to despatch a party of horse,' and cut out Maréchal de Belleisle. 'That will never do, *mon cher!*' — and even gets into *froides plaisanteries:* 'Perhaps the Maréchal did it himself? Tallard, prisoner after Blenheim, made *Peace,* you know, in England?' — and the like; which grieved the soul of Valori, and convinced him of Friedrich's inhumanity, in a crying case.

"Belleisle is lugged on to Hanover; his case not doubtful to Münchhausen, or the English Ministry, — though it raised great argument, 'was the capture fair, was it unfair? Is he entitled to exchange by cartel, or not entitled?' and produced, in the next eight months, much angry animated pamphleteering and negotiation. For we hear by and by, he is to be forwarded to Stade, on the Hamburg sea-coast, where English Seventy-fours are waiting for him; his case still undecided; — and, in effect, it was not till after eight months that he got dismissal. 'Lodged handsomely in Windsor Palace,' in the interim; free on his parole, people of rank very civil to him, though the Gazetteers were sometimes ill-tongued, — had he understood their *patois*, or concerned himself about such things.[1]

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[1] Letter of Belleisle next morning, "Neuhof, 21st December, 9 A.M." (in *Valori*, i. 204), to Münchhausen at Hanover, — by no possibility "to Valori," as the distracted French Editor has given it!

"It was a current notion among contemporary mankind, this of Friedrich, that Belleisle's capture might be a mere collusion, meant to bring about a Peace in that Tallard fashion, — wide of the truth as such a notion is, far as any Peace was from following. To Britannic George and his Hanoverians it had merely seemed, Here was a chief War-Captain and Diplomatist among the French; the pivot of all these world-wide movements, as Valori defines him; which pivot, a chance offering, it were well to twitch from its socket, and see what would follow. Perhaps nothing will follow; next to nothing? A world, all waltzing in mad war, is not to be stopped by acting on any pivot; your waltzing world will find new pivots, or do without any, and perhaps only waltz the more madly for wanting the principal one."

This withdrawal of Belleisle, the one Frenchman respected by Friedrich, or much interested for his own sake in things German, is reckoned a main cause why the French Alliance turned out so ill for Friedrich; and why French effort took more and more a Netherlands direction thenceforth, and these new French magnanimities on Friedrich's behalf issued in futility again. Probably they never could have issued in very much: but it is certain that, from this point, they also do become zero; and that Friedrich, from his French alliance, reaped from first to last nothing at all, except a great deal of obloquy from German neighbors, and from the French side endless trouble, anger and disappointment in every particular. Which might be a joy (though not unmixed) to Britannic Majesty and the subtle followers who had ginned this fine Belleisle bird in its flight over the Harz Range? Though again, had they passively let him wing his way, and he had *got* "to be Commander and Manager," as was in agitation, — he, Belleisle and in Germany, instead of Maréchal de Saxe with the Netherlands as chief scene, — what an advantage might that have been to them!

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[1] "*Tuesday*, 18*th February* [1st March, 1745], Marshal Belleisle landed at Harwich; lay at Greenwich Palace, having crossed Thames at the Isle of Dogs: next morning, about 10, set out, in a coach-and-six, Colonel Douglas and two troops of horse escorting; arrived 3 P.M., — by Camberwell, Clapham, Wandsworth, over Kingston and Staines Bridges, — at Windsor Castle, and the apartments ready for him." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p 107.) Was let go 13th (24th) August, again with great pomp and civilities (ib. p. 442). See Adelung, iv. 299, 346; v. 83, 84.

The Kaiser Karl VII. gets secured from Oppressions, in a tragic Way. Friedrich proposes Peace, but to no purpose.

A still sadder cross for Friedrich, in the current of foreign Accidents and Diplomacies, was the next that befell; exactly a month later, — at München, 20th January, 1745. Hardly was Belleisle's back turned, when her Hungarian Majesty, by her Bathyani and Company, broke furiously in upon the poor Kaiser and his Seckendorf-Ségur defences. Belleisle had not reached the Harz, when all was going topsy-turvy there again, and the Donau-Valley fast falling back into Austrian hands. Nor is that the worst, or nearly so.

"*München, 20th January,* 1745. This day poor Kaiser Karl laid down his earthly burden here, and at length gave all his enemies the slip. He had been ill of gout for some time; a man of much malady always, with no want of vexations and apprehensions. Too likely the Austrians will drive him out of München again; then nothing but furnished lodgings, and the French to depend upon. He had been much chagrined by some Election, just done, in the Chapter of Salzburg.[1] The Archbishop there — it was Firmian, he of the *Salzburg Emigration,* memorable to readers — had died, some while ago. And now, in flat contradiction to Imperial customs, prerogatives, these people had admitted an Austrian Garrison; and then, in the teeth of our express precept, had elected an Austrian to their benefice: what can one account it but an insult as well as an injury? And the neuralgic maladies press sore, and the gouty twinges; and Belleisle is seized, perhaps with important papers of ours; and the Seckendorf-Ségur detachments were ill placed; nay here are the Austrians already on the throat of them, in midwinter! It is said, a babbling valet, or lord-in-waiting, happened to talk of some skirmish that had fallen out (called a battle, in the valet rumor), and how ill the French and Bavarians had fared in it, owing to their ill behavior. And this, add they, proved to be the ounce-weight too much for the so heavy-laden back.

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[1] Adelung, iv. 249, 276, 313.

"The Kaiser took to bed, not much complaining; patient, mild, though the saddest of all mortals; and, in a day or two, died. Adieu, adieu, ye loved faithful ones; pity me, and pray for me! He gave his Wife, poor little fat devout creature, and his poor Children (eldest lad, his Heir, only seventeen), a tender blessing; solemnly exhorted them, To eschew ambition, and be warned by his example; — to make their peace with Austria; and never, like him, try *com' è duro calle,* and what the charity of Christian Kings amounts to. This counsel, it is thought, the Empress Dowager zealously accedes to, and will impress upon her Son. That is the Austrian and Cause-of-Liberty account: King Friedrich, from the other side, has heard a directly opposite one. How the Kaiser, at the point of death, exhorted his son, 'Never forget the services which the King of France and the King of Prussia have done us, and do not repay them with ingratitude.'[1] The reader can choose which he will, or reject both into the region of the uncertain. 'Karl Albert's pious and affectionate demeanor drew tears from all eyes,' say the by-standers: 'the manner in which he took leave of his Empress would have melted a heart of stone.' He was in his forty-eighth year; he had been, of all men in his generation, the most conspicuously unhappy."

What a down-rush of confusion there ensued on this event, not to Bavaria alone, but to all the world, and to King Friedrich more than another, no reader can now take the pains of conceiving. The "Frankfurt Union," then, has gone to air! Here is now no "Kaiser to be delivered from oppression:" here is a new Kaiser to be elected, — "Grand-Duke Franz the man," cry the Pragmatic Potentates with exultation, "no Belleisle to disturb!" — and questions arise innumerable thereupon. Will France go into electioneering again? The new Kur-Baiern, only seventeen, poor child, cannot be set up as candidate. What will France do with *him;* what he with France? Whom can the French try as Candidate against the Grand-Duke? Kur-Sachsen, the Polish Majesty again? Belleisle himself must have paused uncertain over such a welter, — and probably have done, like the others, little or nothing in it, but left it to collapse by natural gravitation.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 92; — and see *(per contra)* in Adelung, iv. 314 *a;* in Coxe, &c.

Hungarian Majesty checked her Bavarian Armaments a little: "If perhaps this young Kur-Baiern will detach himself from France, and on submissive terms come over to us?" Whereupon, at München, and in the cognate quarters, such wriggling, dubitating and diplomatizing, as seldom was, — French, Anti-French (Seckendorf busiest of all), straining every nerve in that way, and for almost three months, nothing coming of it, — till Hungarian Majesty sent her Bärenklaus and Bathyanis upon them again; and these rapidly solved the question, in what way we shall see!

Friedrich has still his hopes of Bavaria, so grandiloquent are the French in regard to it; who but would hope? The French diplomatize to all lengths in München, promising seas and mountains; but they perform little; in an effectual manner, nothing. Bavarian "Army raised to 60,000," counts in fact little above half that number; with no General to it but an imaginary one; Ségur's actual French contingent, instead of 25,000, is perhaps 12,000; — and so of other things. Add to all which, Seckendorf is there, not now as War-General, but as extra-official "Adviser;" busier than ever, — "scandalous old traitor!" say the French; — and Friedrich may justly fear that Bavaria will go, by collapse, a bad road for him.

Friedrich, a week or two after the Kaiser's death, seeing

Bavarian and French things in such a hypothetic state, instructs his Ambassador at London to declare his, Friedrich's, perfect readiness and wish for Peace: "Old Treaty of Breslau and Berlin made indubitable to me; the rest of the quarrel has, by decease of the Kaiser, gone to air." To which the Britannic Majesty, rather elated at this time, as all Pragmatic people are, answers somewhat in a careless way, "Well, if the others like it!" and promises that he will propose it in the proper quarter. So that henceforth there is always a hope of Peace through England; as well as contrariwise, especially till Bavaria settle itself (in April next), a hope of great assistance from the French. Here are potentialities and counter-potentialities, which make the Bavarian Intricacy very agitating to the young King, while it lasts. And indeed his world is one huge imbroglio of Potentialities and Diplomatic Intricacies, agitating to behold. Concerning which we have again to remark how these huge Spectres of Diplomacy, now filling Friedrich's world, came mostly in result to Nothing; — shaping themselves wholly, for or against, in exact proportion, direct or inverse, to the actual Quantity of Battle and effective Performance that happened to be found in Friedrich himself. Diplomatic Spectralities, wide Fatamorganas of hope, and hideous big Bugbears blotting out the sun: of these, few men ever had more than Friedrich at this time. And he is careful, none carefuler, not to neglect his Diplomacies at any time; — though he knows, better than most, that good fighting of his own is what alone can determine the value of these contingent and aerial quantities, — mere Lapland witchcraft the greater part of them.

A second grand Intricacy and difficulty, still more enigmatic, and pressing the tighter by its close neighborhood, was that with the Saxons. "Are the Saxons enemies; are they friends? Neutrals at lowest; bound by Treaty to lend Austria troops; but to lend for defence merely, not for offence! Could not one, by good methods, make friends with his Polish Majesty?" Friedrich was far from suspecting the rages that lurked in the Polish Majesty, and least of all owing to what.

Owing to that old *Moravian-Foray* business; and to his, Friedrich's, behavior to the Saxons in it; excellent Saxons, who had behaved so beautifully to Friedrich! That is the sad fact, however. Stupid Polish Majesty has his natural envies, jealousies, of a Brandenburg waxing over his head at this rate. But it appears, the Moravian Foray entered for a great deal into the account, and was the final overwhelming item. Brühl, by much descanting on that famous Expedition, — with such candid Eye-witnesses to appeal to, such corroborative Staff-officers and appliances, powerful on the idle heart and weak brain of a Polish Majesty, — has brought it so far. Fixed indignation, for intolerable usage, especially in that Moravian-Foray time: fixed; not very malignant, but altogether obstinate (as, I am told, that of the pacific sheep species usually is); which carried Brühl and his Polish Majesty to extraordinary heights and depths in years coming! But that will deserve a section to itself by and by.

A third difficulty, privately more stringent than any, is that of Finance. The expenses of the late Bohemian Expedition, "Friedrich's Army costing £75,000 a month," have been excessive. For our next Campaign, if it is to be done in the way essential, there are, by rigorous arithmetic, "£900,000" needed. A frugal Prussia raises no new taxes; pays its Wars from "the Treasure," from the Fund saved beforehand for emergencies of that kind; Fund which is running low, threatening to be at the lees if such drain on it continue. To fight with effect being the one sure hope, and salve for all sores, it is not in the Army, in the Fortresses, the Fighting Equipments, that there shall be any flaw left! Friedrich's budget is a sore problem upon him; needing endless shift and ingenuity, now and onwards, through this war: — already, during these months, in the Berlin Schloss, a great deal of those massive Friedrich-Wilhelm plate Sumptuosities, especially that unparalleled Music-Balcony up stairs, all silver, has been, under Fredersdorf's management, quietly taken away; "carried over, in the night-time, to the Mint." [1]

And, in fact, no modern reader, not deeper in that distressing story of the Austrian-Succession War than readers are again like to be, can imagine to himself the difficulties of Friedrich at this time, as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Friedrich's hands; — and under what imminency of peril, too; victorious deliverance, or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance for him, more than once, or rather all along. But it is certain the deeper one goes into that hideous Medea's Caldron of stupidities, once so flamy, now fallen extinct, the more is one sensible of Friedrich's difficulties; and of the talent for all kinds of Captaincy, — by no means in the Field only, or perhaps even chiefly, — that was now required of him. Candid readers shall accept these hints, and do their best: — Friedrich himself made not the least complaint of men's then misunderstanding him; still less will he now! We, keeping henceforth the Diplomacies, the vaporous Foreshadows, and general Dance of Unclean Spirits with their intrigues and spectralities, well underground, so far as possible, will stick to what comes up as practical Performance on Friedrich's part, and try to give intelligible account of that.

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[1] Orlich, ii. 126–128.

Valori says, he is greatly changed, and for the better, by these late reverses of fortune. All the world notices it, says Valori. No longer that brief infallibility of manner; that lofty light air, that politely disdainful view of Valori and mankind: he has now need of men. Complains of nothing, is cheerful, quizzical; — ardently busy to "grind out the notches," as our proverb is; has a mild humane aspect, something of modesty, almost of piety in him. Help me, thou Supreme Power, Maker of men, if my purposes are manlike! Though one does not go upon the Prayers of Forty-Hours, or apply through St. Vitus and such channels, there may be something of authentic petition to Heaven in the thoughts of that young man. He is grown very amiable; the handsomest young bit of Royalty now going. He must fight well next Summer, or it will go hard with him!

CHAPTER VI.

VALORI GOES ON AN ELECTIONEERING MISSION TO DRESDEN.

Some time in January, a new Frenchman, a "Chevalier de Courten," if the name is known to anybody, was here at Berlin; consulting, settling about mutual interests and operations. Since Belleisle is snatched from us, it is necessary some Courten should come; and produce what he has got: little of settlement, I should fear, of definite program that will hold water; in regard to War operations chiefly a magazine of clouds.[1] For the rest, the Bavarian question; and very specially, Who the new Emperor is to be? "King of Poland, thinks your Majesty?" — "By all means," answers Friedrich, "if you can! Detach him from Austria; that will be well!" Which was reckoned magnanimous, at least public-spirited, in Friedrich; considering what Saxony's behavior to him had already been. "By all means, his Polish Majesty for Kaiser; do our utmost, Excellencies Valori, Courten and Company!" answers Friedrich, — and for his own part, I observe, is intensely busy upon Army matters, looking after the main chance.

And so Valori is to go to Dresden, and manage this cloud or cobwebbery department of the thing; namely, persuade his Polish Majesty to stand for the Kaisership: "Baiern, Pfalz, Köln, Brandenburg, there are four votes, Sire; your own is five: sure of carrying it, your Polish Majesty; backed by the Most Christian King, and his Allies and resources!" And Polish Majesty does, for his own share, very much desire to be Kaiser. But none of us yet knows how he is tied up by Austria, Anti-Friedrich, Anti-French considerations; and can only "accept if it is offered me:" thrice-willing to accept, if it will fall into my mouth; which, on those terms, it has so little chance of doing! — Saxony and its mysterious affairs and intentions having been, to Friedrich, a riddle and trouble and astonishment, during all this Campaign, readers ought to know the fact well; — and no reader could stand the details of such a fact. Here, in condensed form, are some scraps of Excerpt; which enable us to go with Valori on this Dresden Mission, and look for ourselves: —

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[1] Specimens of it, in Ranke, iii. 219.

1°. *Friedrich's Position towards Saxony.*

". . . By known Treaty, the Polish Majesty is bound to assist the Hungarian with 12,000 men, 'whenever invaded in her own dominions.' Polish Majesty had 20,000 in the field for that object lately, — part of them, 8,000 of them, hired by Britannic subsidy, as he alleges. The question now is, Will Saxony assist Austria in invading Silesia, with or without Britannic subsidy? Friedrich hopes that this is impossible! Friedrich is deeply unaware of the humor he has raised against himself in the Saxon Court-circles; how the Polish Majesty regards that Moravian Foray; with what a perfect hatred little Brühl regards him, Friedrich; and to what pitch of humor, owing to those Moravian-Foray starvings, marchings about and inhuman treatment of the poor Saxon Army, not to mention other offences and afflictive considerations, Brühl has raised the simple Polish Majesty against Friedrich. These things, as they gradually unfolded themselves to Friedrich, were very surprising. And proved very disadvantageous at the present juncture and for a long time afterwards. To Friedrich disadvantageous and surprising; and to Saxony, in the end, ruinous; poor Saxony having got its back broken by them, and never stood up in the world since! Ruined by this wretched little Brühl; and reduced, from the first place in Northern Teutschland, to a second or third, or no real place at all."

2°. *There is a "Union of Warsaw"* (8th January, 1745); *and still more specially a "Treaty of Warsaw"* (8th January–18th May, 1745).

"January 8th, 1745, before the Old Dessauer got ranked in Schlesien against Traun, there had concluded itself at Warsaw, by way of counterpoise to the 'Frankfurt Union,' a 'Union of Warsaw,' called also 'Quadruple Alliance of Warsaw;' the Parties to which were Polish Majesty, Hungarian ditto, Prime-Movers, and the two Sea-Powers as Purseholders; stipulating, to the effect: 'We Four will hold together in affairs of the Reich *versus* that dangerous Frankfurt Union; we will'—do a variety of salutary things; and as one practical thing, 'There shall be, this Season, 30,000 Saxons conjoined to the Austrian Force, for which we Sea-Powers will furnish subsidy.'—This was the one practical point stipulated, January 8th; and farther than this the Sea-Powers did not go, now or afterwards, in that affair.

"But there was then proposed by the Polish and Hungarian Majesties, in the form of Secret Articles, an ulterior Project; with which the Sea-Powers, expressing mere disbelief and even abhorrence of it, refused to have any concern now or henceforth. Polish Majesty, in hopes it would have been better taken, had given his 30,000 soldiers at a rate of subsidy miraculously low, only £150,000 for the whole: but the Sea-Powers were inexorable, perhaps almost repented of their £150,000; and would hear nothing farther of secret Articles and delirious Projects.

"So that the 'Union of Warsaw' had to retire to its pigeon-hole, content with producing those 30,000 Saxons for the immediate occasion; and there had to be concocted between the Polish and Hungarian Majesties themselves what is now, in the modern Pamphlets, called a '*Treaty* of Warsaw,'—much different from the innocent, '*Union* of Warsaw;' though it is merely the specifying and fixing down of what had been shadowed out as secret codicils in said 'Union,' when the Sea-Power parties obstinately recoiled. Treaty of Warsaw let us continue to call it; though its actual birthplace was Leipzig (in the profoundest secrecy, 18th May, 1745), above four months after it had tried to be born at Warsaw, and failed as aforesaid. Warsaw Union is not worth speaking of; but this other is a Treaty highly remarkable to the reader,—and to Friedrich was almost infinitely so, when he came to get wind of it long after.

"Treaty which, though it proved abortional, and never came to fulfilment in any part of it, is at this day one of the remarkablest bits of sheepskin extant in the world. It was signed 18th May, 1745;[1] and had cost a great deal of painful contriving, capable still of new altering and retouching, to hit mutual views: Treaty not only for reconquering Silesia (which to the Two Majesties, though it did not to the Sea-Powers, seems infallible, in Friedrich's now ruined circumstances), but for cutting down that bad Neighbor to something like the dimensions proper for a Brandenburg Vassal; — in fact, quite the old 'Detestable Project' of Spring, 1741, only more elaborated into detail (in which Britannic George knows better than to meddle!) — Saxony to have share of the parings, when we get them. 'What share?' asked Saxony, and long keeps asking. 'A road to Warsaw; Strip of Country carrying us from the end of the Lausitz, which is ours, into Poland, which we trust will continue ours, would be very handy! Duchy of Glogau; some small paring of Silesia, won't your Majesty?' 'Of my Silesia not one hand-breadth,' answered the Queen impatiently (though she did at last concede some outlying hand-breadths, famed old 'Circle of Schwiebus,' if I recollect); and they have had to think of other equivalent parings for Saxony's behoof (Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Saale-Circle, or one knows not what); and have had, and will have, their adoes to get it fixed. Excellent bearskin to be slit into straps; only the bear is still on his feet! — Polish Majesty and Hungarian, Polish with especial vigor, Brühl quite restless upon it, are — little as Valori or any mortal could dream of it — engaged in this partition of the bearskin, when Valori arrives. Of their innocent Union of Warsaw, there was, from the first, no secret made; but the Document now called '*Treaty* of Warsaw' needs to lie secret and thrice-secret; and it was not till 1756 that Friedrich, having unearthed it by industries of his own, and studied it with great intensity for some years, made it known to the world."[2]

[1] Schöll, ii. 350.

[2] Adelung, v. 308, 397; Ranke, iii. 231 (who, for some reason of his own, dates "3*d* May" instead of 18*th*).

Treaties, vaporous Foreshadows of Events, have oftenest something of the ghost in them; and are importune to human nature, longing for the Events themselves; all the more if they have proved abortional Treaties, and become doubly ghost-like or ghastly. Nevertheless the reader is to note well this Treaty of Warsaw, as important to Friedrich and him; and indeed it is perhaps the remarkablest Treaty, abortional or realized, which got to parchment in that Century. For though it proved abortional, and no part of it, now or afterwards, could be executed, and even the subsidy and 30,000 Saxons (stipulated in the "*Union* of Warsaw") became crow's-meat in a manner, — this preternatural "Treaty of Warsaw," trodden down never so much by the heel of Destiny, and by the weight of new Treaties, superseding it or presupposing its impossibility or inconceivability, would by no means die (such the humor of Brühl, of the Two Majesties and others); but lay alive under the ashes, carefully tended, for Ten or Twenty Years to come; — and had got all Europe kindled again, for destruction of that bad Neighbor, before it would itself consent to go out! And did succeed in getting Saxony's back broken, if not the bad Neighbor's, — in answer to the humor of little Brühl; unfortunate Saxony to possess such a Brühl!

In those beautiful Saxon-Austrian developments of the Treaty of Warsaw, Czarina Elizabeth, bobbing about in that unlovely whirlpool of intrigues, amours, devotions and strong liquor, which her History is, took (ask not for what reason) a lively part: — and already in this Spring of 1745, they hope she could, by "a gift of two millions for her pleasures" (gift so easy to you Sea-Powers), be stirred up to anger against Friedrich. And she did, in effect, from this time, hover about in a manner questionable to Friedrich; though not yet in anger, but only with the wish to be important, and to make herself felt in Foreign affairs. Whether the Sea-Powers gave her that trifle of pocket-money ("for her pleasures"), I never knew; but it is certain they spent, first and last, very large amounts that way, upon her and hers; especially the English did, with what result may be considered questionable.

As for Graf von Brühl, most rising man of Saxony, once a page; now by industry King August III.'s first favorite and factotum; the fact that he cordially hates Friedrich is too evident; but the why is not known to me. Except indeed, That no man — especially no man with three hundred and sixty-five fashionable suits of clothes usually about him, different suit each day of the year — can be comfortable in the evident contempt of another man. Other man of sarcastic bantering turn, too; tongue sharp as needles; whose sayings many birds of the air are busy to carry about. Year after year, Brühl (doubtless with help enough that way, if there had needed such) hates him more and more; as the too jovial Czarina herself comes to do, wounded by things that birds have carried. And now we will go with Valori, — seeing better into some things than Valori yet can.

3°. *Valori's Account of his Mission* (in compressed form).[1]

"Valori [I could guess about the 10th of February, but there is no date at all] was despatched to Dresden with that fine project, Polish Majesty for Kaiser: is authorized to offer 60,000 men, with money corresponding, and no end of brilliant outlooks; — must keep back his offers, however, if he find the people indisposed. Which he did, to an extreme degree; nothing but vague talk, procrastination, hesitation on the part of Brühl. This wretched little Brühl has twelve tailors always sewing for him, and three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes: so many suits, all pictured in a Book; a valet enters every morning, proposes a suit, which, after deliberation, with perhaps amendments, is acceded to, and worn at dinner. Vainest of human clothes-horses; foolishest coxcomb Valori has seen: it is visibly his notion that it was he, Brühl, by his Saxon auxiliaries, by his masterly strokes of policy, that checkmated Friedrich, and drove him from Bohemia last Year; and, for the rest, that Friedrich is ruined, and will either shirk out of Silesia, or be cut to ribbons there by the Austrian force this Summer. To which Valori hints dissent; but it is ill received. Valori sees the King; finds him, as expected, the fac-simile of Brühl in this matter; Jesuit Guarini the like: how otherwise? They have his Majesty in their leash, and lead him as they please.

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[1] Valori, i. 211–219.

"At four every morning, this Guarini, Jesuit Confessor to the King and Queen, comes to Brühl; Brühl settles with him what his Majesty shall think, in reference to current business, this day; Guarini then goes, confesses both Majesties; confesses, absolves, turns in the due way to secular matters. At nine, Brühl himself arrives, for Privy Council: 'What is your Majesty pleased to think on these points of current business?' Majesty serenely issues his thoughts, in the form of orders; which are found correct to pattern. This is the process with his Majesty. A poor Majesty, taking deeply into tobacco; this is the way they have him benetted, as in a dark cocoon of cobwebs, rendering the whole world invisible to him. Which cunning arrangement is more and more perfected every year; so that on all roads he travels, be it to mass, to hunt, to dinner, any-whither in his Palace or out of it, there are faithful creatures keeping eye, who admit no unsafe man to the least glimpse of him by night or by day. In this manner he goes on; and before the end of him, twenty years hence, has carried it far. Nothing but disgust to be had out of business; — mutinous Polish Diets too, some forty of them, in his time, not one of which did any business at all, but ended in *Liberum Veto*, and Billingsgate conflagration, perhaps with swords drawn:[1] — business more and more disagreeable to him. What can Valori expect, on this heroic occasion, from such a King?

"The Queen herself, Maria Theresa's Cousin, an ambitious hard-favored Majesty, — who had sense once to dislike Brühl, but has been quite reconciled to him by her Jesuit Messenger of Heaven (which latter is an oily, rather stupid creature, who really wishes well to her, and loves a peaceable life at any price), — even she will not take the bait. Valori was in Dresden nine days (middle part of February, it is likely); never produced his big bait, his 60,000 men and other brilliancies, at all. He saw old Feldmarschall Königseck passing from Vienna towards the Netherlands Camp; where he is to dry-nurse (so they irreverently call it, in time coming) his Royal Highness of Cumberland, that magnificent English Babe of War, and do feats with him this Summer." Königseck, though Valori did not know it, has endless diplomacies to do withal; inspections of troops, advisings, in Hanover, in Holland, in Dresden here;[1] —and secures the Saxon Electoral-Vote for his Grand-Duke in passing. "The welcome given to Königseck disgusted Valori; on the ninth day he left; said adieu, seeing them blind to their interest; and took post for Berlin,"—where he finds Friedrich much out of humor at the Saxon reception of his magnanimities.[2]

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[1] See Buchholz, ii. 154; &c.

This Saxon intricacy, indecipherable, formidable, contemptible, was the plague of Friedrich's life, one considerable plague, all through this Campaign. Perhaps nothing in the Diplomatic sphere of things caused him such perplexity, vexation, indignation. An insoluble riddle to him; extremely contemptible, yet,—with a huge Russia tacked to it, and looming minatory in the distance,—from time to time, formidable enough. Let readers keep it in mind, and try to imagine it. It cost Friedrich such guessing, computing, arranging, rearranging, as would weary the toughest reader to hear of in detail. How Friedrich did at last solve it (in December coming), all readers will see with eyes!—

Middle-Rhine Army in a staggering State; the Bavarian Intricacy settles itself, the wrong Way.

Early in March it becomes surmisable that Maillebois's Middle-Rhine Army will not go a good road. Maillebois has been busy in those countries, working extensive discontent; bullying mankind "to join the Frankfurt Union," to join France at any rate, which nobody would consent to; and exacting merciless contributions, which everybody had to consent to and pay.—And now, on D'Ahremberg's mere advance, with that poor Fraction of Pragmatic Army, roused from its winter sleep, Maillebois, without waiting for D'Ahremberg's attack, rapidly calls in his truculent detachments, and rolls confusedly back into the Frankfurt regions.[1] Upon which D'Ahremberg — if by no means going upon Maillebois's throat — sets, at least, to coercing Wilhelm of Hessen, our only friend in those parts; who is already a good deal disgusted with the Maillebois procedures, and at a loss what to do on the Kaiser's death, which has killed the Frankfurt Union too. Wise Wilhelm consents, under D'Ahremberg's menaces, to become Neutral; and recall his 6,000 out of Baiern, — wishes he had them home beside him even now!

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[1] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, p. 186.

[2] Valori, i. 211–219; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 84–86. For details on Brühl, see *Graf von Brühl, Leben und Charakter* (1760, No Place): Anonymous, by one Justi, a noted Pamphleteer of the time: exists in English too, or partly exists; but is unreadable, except on compulsion; and totally unintelligible till after very much inquiry elsewhere.

With an Election in the wind, it is doubly necessary for the French, who have not even a Candidate as yet, to stand supreme and minatory in the Frankfurt Country; and to King Friedrich it is painfully questionable, whether Maillebois can do it. "Do it we will; doubt not that, your Majesty!" answer Valori and the French; — and study to make improvements, reinforcements, in their Rhine Army. And they do, at least, change the General of their Middle-Rhine Army, — that is to say, recall Prince Conti out of Italy, where he has distinguished himself, and send Maillebois thither in his stead, — who likewise distinguishes himself *there*, if that could be a comfort to us! Whether the distinguished Conti will maintain that Frankfurt Country in spite of the Austrians and their Election movements, is still a question with Friedrich, though Valori continued assuring him (always till July came) that it was beyond question. "Siege of Tournay, vigorous Campaign in the Netherlands (for behoof of Britannic George)!" this is the grand French program for the Year. This good intention was achieved, on the French part; but this, like Aaron's rod among the serpents, proved to have *eaten* the others as it wriggled along! —

Those Maillebois-D'Ahremberg affairs throw a damp on the Bavarian Question withal; — in fact, settle the Bavarian Question; her Hungarian Majesty, tired of the delays, having ordered Bathyani to shoulder arms again, and bring a decision.

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[1] Adelung, iv. 276-352 (December, 1744-March, 1745).

Bathyani, with Bärenklau to right of him, and Browne (our old Silesian friend) to left, goes sweeping across those Seckendorf-Ségur posts, and without difficulty tumbles everything to ruin, at a grand rate. The traitor Seckendorf had made such a choice of posts, — left unaltered by Drum Thörring; — what could French valor do? Nothing; neither French valor, nor Bavarian want of valor, could do anything but whirl to the right-about, at sight of the Austrian Sweeping-Apparatus; and go off explosively, as in former instances, at a rate almost unique in military annals. Finished within three weeks or so! — We glance only at two points of it. March 21st, Bathyani stood to arms (to *besoms* we might call it), Browne on the left, Bärenklau on the right: it was March 21st when Bathyani started from Passau, up the Donau Countries; — and within the week coming, see: —

"*Vilshofen, 28th March*, 1745. Here, at the mouth of the Vils River (between Inn and Iser), is the first considerable Post; garrison some 4,000; Hessians and Prince Friedrich the main part, — who have their share of valor, I dare say; but with such news out of Hessen, not to speak of the prospects in this Country, are probably in poorish spirits for acting. General Browne summons them in Vilshofen, this day; and, on their negative, storms in upon them, bursts them to pieces; upon which they beat chamade. But the Croats, who are foremost, care nothing for chamade: go plundering, slaughtering; burn the poor Town; butcher [in round numbers] 3,000 of the poor Hessians; and wound General Browne himself, while he too vehemently interferes."[1] This was the finale of those 6,000 Hessians, and indeed their principal function, while in French pay; — and must have been, we can judge how surprising to Prince Friedrich, and to his Papa on hearing of it! Note another point.

Precisely about this time twelvemonth, "March 16th, 1746," the same Prince Friedrich, with remainder of those Hessians, now again completed to 6,000, and come back with emphasis to the Britannic side of things, was — marching out of Edinburgh, in much state, with streamers, kettle-drums, Highness's coaches, horses, led-horses, on an unexpected errand.[1] Toward Stirling, Perth; towards Killiecrankie, and raising of what is called "the Siege of Blair in Athol" (most minute of "sieges," but subtending a great angle there and then); — much of unexpected, and nearer home than "Tournay and the Netherlands Campaign," having happened to Britannic George in the course of this year, 1745! "Really very fine troops, those Hessians [observes my orthodox Whig friend]: they carry swords as well as guns and bayonets; their uniform is blue turned up with white: the Hussar part of them, about 500, have scimitars of a great length; small horses, mostly black, of Swedish breed; swift durable little creatures, with long tails." Honors, dinners, to his Serene Highness had been numerous, during the three weeks we had him in Edinburgh; "especially that Ball, February 21st (o.s.), eve of his Consort the Princess Mary's Birthday [*eve* of birthday, "let us dance the auspicious morning *in*"] was, for affluence of Nobility and Gentry of both sexes," a sublime thing. . . .

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[1] Adelung, iv. 356, and the half-intelligible Foot-note in Ranke, iii. 220.

Pfaffenhofen, April 15th. "Unfortunate Ségur, the Ségur of Linz three years ago, — whose conduct was great, according to Valori, but powerless against traitors and fate, — was again, once more, unfortunate in those parts. Unfortunate Ségur drew up at Pfaffenhofen (centre of the Country, many miles from Vilshofen) to defend himself, when fallen upon by Bärenklau, in that manner; but could not, though with masterly demeanor; and had to retreat three days, with his face to the enemy, so to speak, fighting and manœuvring all the way: no shelter for him either but München, and that a most temporary one. Instead of taking Straubingen, taking Passau, perhaps of pushing on to Vienna itself, this is what we have already come to. No Rhine Army, Middle-Rhine Army, Coigny, Maillebois, Conti, whoever it was, would send us the least reinforcement, when shrieked to. No outlook whatever but rapid withdrawal, retreat to the Rhine Army, since it will not stir to help us.[2]

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[1] Henderson (Whig Eye-witness), *History of the Rebellion*, 1745 *and* 1746 (London, 1748, reprint from the Edinburgh edition), pp. 104, 106, 107.

[2] Adelung, iv. 360.

"The young Kur-Baiern is still polite, grateful [to us French], overwhelms us with politeness; but flies to Augsburg, as his Father used to do. Notable, however, his poor fat little Mother won't, this time: 'No, I will stay here, I for one, and have done with flying and running; we have had enough of that!' Seckendorf, quite gone from Court in this crisis, reappears, about the middle of April, in questionable capacity; at a place called Füssen, not far off, at the foot of the Tyrol Hills; — where certain Austrian Dignitaries seem also to be enjoying a picturesque Easter! Yes indeed: and, on *April 22d,* there is signed a '*Peace of Füssen*' there; general amicable *As-you-were,* between Austria and Bavaria ('Renounce your Anti-Pragmatic moonshine forevermore, vote for our Grand-Duke; there is your Bavaria back, poor wretches!') — and Seckendorf, it is presumable, will get his Turkish arrears liquidated.

"The Bavarian Intricacy, which once excelled human power, is settled, then. Carteret and Haslang tried it in vain [dreadful heterodox intentions of secularizing Salzburg, secularizing Passau, Regensburg, and loud tremulous denial of such]; — Carteret and Wilhelm of Hessen [Conferences of Hanau, which ruined Carteret], in vain; King Friedrich, and many Kings, in vain: a thing nobody could settle; — and it has at last settled itself, as the generality of ill-guided and unlucky things do, by collapse. Delirium once out, the law of gravity acts; and there the mad matter lies."

"Bought by Austria, that old villain!" cry the French. Friedrich does not think the Austrians bought Seckendorf, having no money at present; but guesses they may have given him to understand that a certain large arrear of payment due ever since those Turkish Wars, — when Seckendorf, instead of payment, was lodged in the Fortress of Grätz, and almost got his head cut off, — should now be paid down in cash, or authentic Paper-money, if matters become amicable.[1] As they have done, in Friedrich's despite; — who seems angrier at the old stager for this particular ill-turn than for all the other many; and long remembers it, as will appear.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 22; *Seckendorfs Leben,* pp. 367–376.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH IN SILESIA; UNUSUALLY BUSY.

Here, sure enough, are sad new intricacies in the Diplomatic, hypothetic sphere of things; and clouds piling themselves ahead, in a very minatory manner to King Friedrich. Let King Friedrich, all the more, get his Fighting Arrangements made perfect. Diplomacy is clouds; beating of your enemies is sea and land. Austria and the Gazetteer world consider Friedrich to be as good as finished: but that is privately far from being Friedrich's own opinion; — though these occurrences are heavy and dismal to him, as none of us can now fancy.

Herr Ranke has got access, in the Archives, to a series of private utterances by Friedrich, — Letters from him, of a franker nature than usual, and letting us far deeper into his mind; — which must have been well worth reading in the original, in their fully dated and developed condition. From Herr Ranke's Fragmentary Excerpts, let us, thankful for what we have got, select one or two. The Letters are to Minister Podewils at Berlin; written from Silesia (Neisse and neighborhood), where, since the middle of March, Friedrich has been, personally pushing on his Army Preparations, while the above sinister things befell.

King Friedrich to Podewils, in Berlin (under various dates, March–April, 1745).

Neisse, 29th March. . . . "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we don't, by mediation of England, get Peace, our enemies from different sides [Saxony, Austria, who knows if not Russia withal!] will come plunging in against me.

Peace I cannot force them to. But if they must have War, we will either beat them, or none of us will see Berlin again."[1]

April (no day given). . . . "In any case, I have my troops well together. The sicknesses are ceasing; the recruitments are coming in: shortly all will be complete. That does not hinder us from making Peace, if it will only come; but, in the contrary case, nobody can accuse me of neglecting what was necessary."

April 17th (still from Neisse). . . . "I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his backbone broken than give up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good Peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring; and force the enemy to accept it from us."

April 20th. "Our situation is disagreeable; constrained, a kind of spasm: but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot; or Destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one cannot contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck." — Two days hence, the poor young Kur-Baiern, deaf to the French seductions and exertions, which were intense, had signed his "Peace of Füssen" (22d April, 1745), — a finale to France on the German Field, as may be feared! The other Fragments we will give a little farther on.

Friedrich had left Berlin for Silesia March 15th; rather sooner than he counted on, — Old Leopold pleading to be let home. At Glogau, at Breslau, there had been the due inspecting: Friedrich got to Neisse on the 23d (Bathyani just stirring in that Bavarian Business, Vilshofen and the Hessians close ahead); and on the 27th, had dismissed Old Leopold, with thanks and sympathies, — sent him home, "to recover his health." Leopold's health is probably suffering; but his heart and spirits still more. Poor old man, he has just lost —

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[1] Ranke, iii. 236 et seqq.

— the other week, "5th February" last — his poor old Wife, at Dessau; and is broken down with grief. The soft silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away. Apothecary Fos's Daughter, Reich's Princess, Princess of Dessau, called by whatever name, she had been the truest of Wives; "used to attend him in all his Campaigns, for above fifty years back." "Gone, now, forever gone!" — Old Leopold had wells of strange sorrow in the rugged heart of him, — sorrow, and still better things, — which he does not wear on his sleeve. Here is an incident I never can forget; — dating twelve or thirteen years ago (as is computable), middle of July, 1732.

"Louisa, Leopold's eldest Daughter, Wife of Victor Leopold, reigning Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline." Still only twenty-three, poor Lady, though married seven years ago; — the end now evidently drawing nigh. "A few days before her death, — perhaps some attendant sorrowfully asking, 'Can we do nothing, then?' — she was heard to say, 'If I could see my Father at the head of his Regiment, yet once!'" — Halle, where the Regiment lies, is some thirty or more miles off; and King Friedrich Wilhelm, I suppose, would have to be written to: — Leopold was ready the soonest possible; and, "at a set hour, marched, in all pomp, with banner flying, music playing, into the *Schloss-hof* (Palace Court) of Bernburg; and did the due salutations and manœuvrings, — his poor Daughter sitting at her window, till they ended;" — figure them, the last glitter of those muskets, the last wail of that band-music! — "The Regiment was then marched to the Waisenhaus (*Orphan-house*), where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the Officers dining at the Prince's Table. All the Officers, except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd; sat himself upon the balustrade of the Saale Bridge, and wept into the river."[1] — Leopold is now on the edge of seventy; ready to think all is finished with him. Perhaps not quite, my tough old friend; recover yourself a little, and we shall see!

Old Leopold is hardly home at Dessau, when new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging War, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes; from utmost Jablunka, westward by Jägerndorf to Glatz, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers; threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Friedrich need not doubt, of a strenuous regular attempt that way. Hungarian Majesty's fixed intention, hope and determination is, To expel him straightway from Silesia. Her Patent circulates, these three months; calling on all men to take note of that fixed fact, especially on all Silesian men to note it well, and shift their allegiance accordingly. Silesian men, in great majority, — our friend the Mayor of Landshut, for example? — are believed to have no inclination towards change: and whoever has, had clearly better not show any till he see![1] —

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[1] *Leben* (12mo; not *Rannft's*, but Anonymous like his), p. 234 n.

Friedrich's thousand-fold preliminary orderings, movements, rearrangings in his Army matters, must not detain us here; — still less his dealings with the Pandour element, which is troublesome, rather than dangerous. Vigilance, wise swift determination, valor drilled to its work, can deal with phenomena of that nature, though never so furious and innumerable. Not a cheering service for drilled valor, but a very needful one. Continual bickerings and skirmishings fell out, sometimes rising to sharp fight on the small scale: — Austrian grenadiers with cannon are on that Height to left, and also on this to right, meaning to cut off our march; the difficult landscape furnished out, far and wide, with Pandour companies in position: you must dash in, my Burschen; seize me that cannon-battery yonder; master such and such a post, — there is the heart of all that network of armed doggery; slit asunder that, the network wholly will tumble over the Hills again. Which is always done, on the part of the Prussian Burschen; though sometimes not without difficulty. — His Majesty is forming Magazines at Neisse, Brieg, and the principal Fortresses in those parts; driving on all manner of preparations at the rapidest rate of speed, and looking with his own eyes into everything. The regiments are about what we may call complete, arithmetically and otherwise; the cavalry show good perfection in their new mode of manœuvring; — it is to be hoped the Fighting Apparatus generally will give fair account of itself when the time comes. Our one anchor of hope, as now more and more appears.

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[1] In Ranke (iii. 234), there is vestige of some intended "voluntary subscription by the common people of Glatz," for Friedrich's behoof; — contrariwise, in Orlich (ii. 380, "6th February, 1745," from the Dessau Archives), notice of one individual, suspected of stirring for Austria, whom "you are to put under lock and key;" — but he runs off, and has no successor, that I hear of.

On the Pandour element he first tried (under General Hautcharmoi, with Winterfeld as chief active hand) a direct outburst or two, with a view to slash them home at once. But finding that it was of no use, as they always reappeared in new multitudes, he renounced that; took to calling in his remoter outposts; and, except where Magazines or the like remained to be cared for, let the Pandours baffle about, checked only by the fortified Towns, and more and more submerge the Hill Country. Prince Karl, to be expected in the form of lion, mysteriously uncertain on which side coming to invade us, — he, and not the innumerable weasel kind, is our important matter! By the end of April (news of the *Peace of Füssen* coming withal), Friedrich had quitted Neisse; lay cantoned, in Neisse Valley (between Frankenstein and Patschkau, "able to assemble in forty-eight hours"); studying, with his whole strength, to be ready for the mysterious Prince Karl, on whatever side he might arrive; — and disregarding the Pandours in comparison.

The points of inrush, the tideways of these Pandour Deluges seem to be mainly three. Direct through the Jablunka, upon Ratibor Country, is the first and chief; less direct (partly supplied by *refluences* from Ratibor, when Ratibor is found not to answer), a second disembogues by Jägerndorf; a third, the westernmost, by Landshut. Three main ingresses: at each of which there fall out little Fights; which are still celebrated in the Prussian Books, and indeed well deserve reading by soldiers that would know their trade. In the Ratibor parts, the invasive leader is a General Karoly, with 12,000 under him, who are the wildest horde of all: "Karoly lodges in a wood: for himself there is a tent; his companions sleep under trees, or under the open sky, by the edge of morasses."[1] It was against this Karoly and his horde that Hautcharmoi's little expedition, or express attacking party to drive them home again, was shot out (8th–21st April). Which did its work very prettily; Winterfeld, chief hand in it, crowning the matter by a "Fight of Würbitz,"[2] — where Winterfeld, cutting the taproot, in his usual electric way, tumbles Karoly quite *into* the morasses, and clears the country of him for a time. For a time; though for a time only; — Karoly or others returning in a week or two, to a still higher extent of thousands; mischievous as ever in those Ratibor-Namslau countries. Upon which, Friedrich, finding this an endless business, and nothing like the most important, gives it up for the present; calls in his remoter detachments; has his Magazines carted home to the Fortress Towns, — Karoly trying, once or so, to hinder in that operation, but only again getting his crown broken.[3] Or if carting be too difficult, still do not waste your Magazine: — Margraf Karl, for instance, is ordered to Jägerndorf with his Detachment, "to eat the Magazine;" hungry Pandours looking on, till he finish. On which occasion a renowned little Fight took place (Fight of Neustadt, or of Jägerndorf-Neustadt), as shall be mentioned farther on.

So that, for certain weeks to come, the Tolpatcheries had free course, in those Frontier parts; and were left to rove about, under check only of the Garrison Towns; Friedrich being obliged to look elsewhere after higher perils, which were now coming in view. In which favorable circumstances, Karoly and Consorts did, at last, make one stroke in those Ratibor countries; that of Kosel, which was greatly consolatory.[4] "By treachery of an Ensign who had deserted to them [provoked by rigor of discipline, or some intolerable thing], they glided stealthily, one night, across the ditches, into Kosel" (a half-fortified place, Prussian works only half finished): which, being the Key of the Oder in those parts, they reckoned a glorious conquest; of good omen and worthy of *Te-*

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[1] Ranke, iii. 244.

[2] Orlich, ii. 136 (21st April).

[3] "Fight of Mocker," May 4th (Orlich, ii. 141).

[4] 26th May, 1743 (Orlich, ii. 156–158).

deums at Vienna. And they did eagerly, without the least molestation, labor to complete the Prussian works at Kosel: "One garrison already ours!" — which was not had from them without battering (and I believe, burning), when General von Nassau came to inquire after it, in Autumn next.

Friedrich had always hoped that the Saxons, who are not yet in declared War with him, though bound by Treaty to assist the Queen of Hungary under certain conditions, would not venture on actual Invasion of his Territories; but in this, as readers anticipate, Friedrich finds himself mistaken. Weissenfels is hastening from the Leitmeritz northwestern quarter, where he has wintered, to join Prince Karl, who is gathering himself from Olmütz and his southeastern home region; their full intention is to invade Silesia together, and they hope now at length to make an end of Friedrich and it. These Pandour hordes, supported by the necessary grenadiers and cannoniers, are sent as vanguard; these cannot themselves beat him; but they may induce him (which they do not) to divide his Force; they may, in part, burn him away as by slow fire, after which he will be the easier to beat. Instead of which, Friedrich, leaving the Pandours to their luck, lies concentrated in Neisse Valley; watching, with all his faculties, Prince Karl's own advent (coming on like Fate, indubitable, yet involved in mysteries hitherto); and is perilously sensible that only in giving that a good reception is there any hope left him.

Prince Karl "who arrived in Olmütz April 30th," commands in chief again, — saddened, poor man, by the loss of his young Wife, in December last; willing to still his grief in action for the cause *she* loved; — but old Traun is not with him this year: which is a still more material circumstance. Traun is to go this year, under cloak not of Prince Karl, but of Grand-Duke Franz, to clear those Frankfurt Countries for the *Kaiserwahl* and him. Prince Conti lies there, with his famous "Middle-Rhine Army" (D'Ahremberg, from the western parts, not nearly so diligent upon him as one could wish); and must, at all rates, be cleared away. Traun, taking command of Bathyani's Army (now that it has finished the Bavarian job), is preparing to push down upon Conti, while Bathyani (who is to supersede the laggard D'Ahremberg) shall push vigorously up; — and before summer is over, we shall hear of Traun again, and Conti will have heard! —

Friedrich's indignation, on learning that the Saxons were actually on march, and gradually that they intended to invade him, was great; and the whole matter is portentously enigmatic to him, as he lies vigilant in Neisse Valley, waiting on the When and the How. Indignation; — and yet there is need of caution withal. To be ready for events, the Old Dessauer has, as one sure measure, been requested to take charge, once more, of a "Camp of Observation" on the Saxon Frontier (as of old, in 1741); and has given his consent:[1] "Camp of Magdeburg," "Camp of Dieskau;" for it had various names and figures; checkings of your hand, then layings of it on, heavier, lighter and again heavier, according to one's various *readings* of the Saxon Mystery; and we shall hear enough about it, intermittently, till December coming: when it ended in a way we shall not forget! — On which take this Note: —

"The Camp of Observation was to have begun May 1st; did begin somewhat later, 'near Magdeburg,' not too close on the Frontier, nor in too alarming strength; was reinforced to about 30,000; in which state [middle of August] it stept forward to Wieskau, then to Dieskau, close on the Saxon Border; and became, — with a Saxon Camp lying close opposite, and War formally threatened, or almost declared, on Saxony by Friedrich, — an alarmingly serious matter. Friedrich, however, again checked his hand; and did not consummate till November–December. But did then consummate; greatly against his will; and in a way flamingly visible to all men!"[2]

Friedrich's own incidental utterances (what more we have of Fractions from the Podewils Letters), in such portentous aspect of affairs, may now be worth giving. It is not now to Jordan that he writes, gayly unbosoming himself, as in the

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[1] "April 25th" consents (Orlich, ii. 130).

[2] Orlich, ii. 130, 209, 210: *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1224–1226; i. 1117.

First War, — poor Jordan lies languishing, these many months; consumptive, too evidently dying: — Not to Jordan, this time; nor is the theme "*gloire*" now, but a far different!

Friedrich to Podewils (as before, April–May, 1745).

April 20th or so, Orders are come to Berlin (orders, to Podewils's horror at such a thought), Whitherward, should Berlin be assaulted, the Official Boards, the Preciosities and household gods are to betake themselves: — to Magdeburg, all these, which is an impregnable place; to Stettin, the Two Queens and Royal Family, if they like it better. Podewils in horror, "hair standing on end," writes thereupon to Eichel, That he hopes the management, "in a certain contingency," will be given to Minister Boden; he Podewils, with his hair in that posture, being quite unequal to it. Friedrich answers: —

"*April 26th.* . . . 'I can understand how you are getting uneasy, you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet, and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part,' as they surely will, 'in the Invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies, there need great remedies. Either I will maintain my all, or else lose my all. [Hear it, friend; and understand it, — with hair lying flat!] It is true, the disaffection of the Russian Court, on such trifling grounds, was not to be expected; and great misfortune can befall us. Well; a year or two sooner, a year or two later, — it is not worth one's while to bother about the very worst. If things take the better turn, our condition will be surer and firmer than it was before. If we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, neither need we fret and plague ourselves about bad events, which can happen to any man.' — 'I am causing despatch a secret Order for Boden [on *you* know what], which you will not deliver him till I give sign.'" — On hearing of the Peace of Füssen, perhaps a day or so later, Friedrich again writes: —

"*April* [no distinct date; Neisse still? *Quits* Neisse, April 28th]. . . . Peace of Füssen, Bavaria turned against me? 'I can say nothing to it, — except, There has come what had to come. To me remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, resources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I prefer to perish with honor, rather than lead an inglorious life deprived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done more than another to the building up of my House, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain myself there, has become as it were a personal duty; which I will fulfil at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no choice left: I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt anything upon us, we will either beat him, or we will all be hewed to pieces, for the sake of our Country, and the renown of Brandenburg. No other counsel can I listen to.' "

Same Letter, or another? (Herr Ranke having his caprices!) . . . "You are a good man, my Podewils, and do what can be expected of you" (Podewils has been apologizing for his terrors; and referring hopefully "to Providence"): "Perform faithfully the given work on your side, as I on mine; for the rest, let what you call 'Providence' decide as it likes [*une Providence aveugle?* Ranke, who alone knows, gives "*blinde Vorsehung.*" What an utterance, on the part of this little Titan! Consider it as exceptional with him, unusual, accidental to the hard moment, and perhaps not so impious as it looks!] — Neither our prudence nor our courage shall be liable to blame; but only circumstances that would not favor us. . . .

"I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to perish, let it be with honor, and sword in hand. What the issue is to be — Well, what pleases Heaven, or the Other Party (*J'ai jeté le bonnet par dessus les moulins*)! . Adieu, my dear Podewils; become as good a philosopher as you are a politician; and learn from a man who does not go to Elsner's Preaching [fashionable at the time], that one must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron; and, during this life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave."[1]

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[1] Ranke, iii. pp. 238–241.

"By what points the Austrian-Saxon Armament will come through upon us? Together will it be, or separately? Saxons from the Lausitz, Austrians from Böhmen, enclosing us between two fires?" — were enigmatic questions with Friedrich; and the Saxons especially are an enigma. But that come they will, that these Pandours are their preliminary veiling-apparatus as usual, is evident to him; and that he must not spend himself upon Pandours; but coalesce, and lie ready for the main wrestle. So that from April 28th, as above noticed, Friedrich has gone into cantonments, some way up the Neisse Valley, westward of Neisse Town; and is calling in his outposts, his detachments; emptying his Frontier Magazines; — abandoning his Upper-Silesian Frontier more and more, and in the end altogether, to the Pandour hordes; a small matter they, compared to the grand Invasion which is coming on. Here, with shiftings up the Neisse Valley, he lies till the end of May; watching Argus-like, and scanning with every faculty the Austrian-Saxon motions and intentions, until at length they become clear to him, and we shall see how he deals with them.

His own lodging, or head-quarter, most of this time (4th May–27th May), is in the pleasant Abbey of Camenz (mythic scene of that *Baumgarten-Skirmish* business, in the First Silesian War). He has excellent Tobias Stusche for company in leisure hours; and the outlook of bright Spring all round him, flowering into gorgeous Summer, as he hurries about on his many occasions, *not* of an idyllic nature.[1] But his Army is getting into excellent completeness of number, health, equipment, and altogether such a spirit as he could wish. May 22d, here is another snatch from some Note to Podewils, from this balmy Locality, potential with such explosions of another kind. *Camenz, May 22d.* . . . "The Enemies are making movements; but nothing like enough as yet for our guessing their designs. Till we see, therefore, the thunder lies quiet in us (*la foudre repose en mes mains*). Ah, could we but have a Day like that May Eleventh!"[2]

What "that May Eleventh" is or was? Readers are curious to know; especially English readers, who guess *Fontenoy*. And Historic Art, if she were strict, would decline to inform them at any length; for really the thing is no better than a "Victory on the Scamander, and a Siege of Pekin" (as a certain observer did afterwards define it), in reference to the matter now on hand! Well, Pharsalia, Arbela, the Scamander, Armageddon, and so many Battles and Victories being luminous, by study, to cultivated Englishmen, and one's own Fontenoy such a mystery and riddle, — Art, after consideration, reluctantly consents to be indulgent; will produce from her Paper Imbroglios a slight Piece on the subject, and print instead of burning.

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[1] Orlich, ii. 139; Ranke, iii. 242–249.

[2] Ranke, iii. 248 n.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARTIAL BOY AND HIS ENGLISH *versus* THE LAWS OF NATURE.

"Glorious Campaign in the Netherlands, Siege of Tournay, final ruin of the Dutch Barrier!" this is the French program for Season 1745, — no Belleisle to contradict it; Belleisle secure at Windsor, who might have leant more towards German enterprises. And to this his Britannic Majesty (small gain to him from that adroitness in the Harz, last winter!) has to make front. And is strenuously doing so, by all methods; especially by heroic expenditure of money, and ditto exposure of his Martial Boy. Poor old Wade, last year, — perhaps Wade did suffer, as he alleged, from "want of sufficient authority in that mixed Army"? Well, here is a Prince of the Blood, Royal Highness of Cumberland, to command in chief. With a Königseck to dry-nurse him, may not Royal Highness, luck favoring, do very well? Luck did not favor; Britannic Majesty, neither in the Netherlands over seas, nor at home (strange new domestic wool, of a tarry *Highland* nature, being thrown him to card, on the sudden!), made a good Campaign, but a bad. And again a bad (1746), and again (1747), ever again, till he pleased to cease altogether. Of which distressing objects we propose that the following one glimpse be our last.

Battle of Fontenoy (11th May, 1745).

. . . "In the end of April, Maréchal de Saxe, now become very famous for his sieges in the Netherlands, opened trenches before Tournay; King Louis, with his Dauphin, not to speak of mistresses, play-actors and cookery apparatus (in wagons innumerable), hastens to be there. A fighting Army, say of 70,000, besides the garrisons; and great things, it is expected, will be done; Tournay, in spite of strong works and Dutch garrison of 9,000, to be taken in the first place.

"Of the Siege, which was difficult and ardent, we will remember nothing, except the mischance that befell a certain 'Marquis de Talleyrand' and his men, in the trenches, one night. Night of 8th–9th May, by carelessness of somebody, a spark got into the Marquis's powder, two powder-barrels that there were; and, with horrible crash, sent eighty men, Marquis Talleyrand and Engineer Du Mazis among them, aloft into the other world; raining down their limbs into the covered way, where the Dutch were very inhuman to them, and provoked us to retaliate.[1] Du Mazis I do not know; but Marquis de Talleyrand turns out, on study of the French Peerages, to be Uncle of a lame little Boy, who became Right Reverend Talleyrand under singular conditions, and has made the name very current in after-times! —

"Hearing of this Siege, the Duke of Cumberland hastened over from England, with intent to raise the same. Mustered his 'Allied Army' (once called 'Pragmatic'), — self at the head of it; old Count Königseck, who was *not* burnt at Chotusitz, commanding the small Austrian quota [Austrians mainly are gone laggarding with D'Ahremberg up the Rhine]; and a Prince of Waldeck the Dutch, — on the plain of Anderlecht near Brussels, May 4th;[2] and found all things tolerably complete. Upon which, straightway, his Royal Highness, 60,000

[1] Espagnac, ii. 27.

[2] Anonymous, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 190; Espagnac, ii 26.

strong let us say, set forth; by slowish marches, and a route somewhat leftward of the great Tournay Road [no place on it, except perhaps *Steenkerke,* ever heard of by an English reader]; and on Sunday, 9th May,[1] precisely on the morrow after poor Talleyrand had gone aloft, reached certain final Villages: Vezon, Maubray, where he encamps, Briffoeil to rear; Camp looking towards Tournay and the setting sun, — with Fontenoy short way ahead, and Antoine to left of it, and Barry with its Woods to right: — small peaceable Villages, which become famous in the Newspapers shortly after.* Royal Highness, resting here at Vezon, is but some six or seven miles from Tournay; in low undulating Country, woody here and there, not without threads of running water, and with frequent Villages and their adjuncts: the part of it now interesting to us lies all between the Brussels-Tournay Road and the Scheld River, — all in immediate front of his Royal Highness, — to southeastward from beleaguered Tournay, where said Road and River intersect. How shall he make some impression on the Siege of Tournay? That is now the question; and his Royal Highness struggles to manœuvre accordingly.

Maréchal de Saxe, whose habit is much that of vigilance, forethought, sagacious precaution, singular in so dissolute a man, has neglected nothing on this occasion. He knows every foot of the ground, having sieged here, in his boyhood, once before. Leaving the siege-trenches at Tournay, under charge of a ten or fifteen thousand, he has taken camp here; still with superior force (56,000 as they count, Royal Highness being only 50,000 ranked), barring Royal Highness's way. Tournay, or at least the Maréchal's trenches there, are on the right bank of the Scheld; which flows from southeast, securing all on that hand. The broad Brussels Highway comes in to him from the east; — north of that he has nothing to fear, the ground being cut with bogs; no getting through upon him, that way, to Tournay and what he calls the 'Under Scheld.' The 'Upper Scheld' too, eastward of the Enemy, can, for reasons which he sees, avail them nothing. There is only that triangle to the southeast, between Road and River, where the

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[1] Espagnac, ii. 27.

* Patch of Map at p. 440.

Enemy is now manœuvring in front of him, from which damage can well come; and he has done his best to be secure there. Four villages or hamlets, close to the Scheld and onwards to the Great Road, — Antoine, Fontenoy, Barry, Ramecroix, with their lanes and boscages, — make a kind of circular base to his triangle; base of some six or eight miles; with hollows in it, brooks, and northward a considerable Wood [*Bois de Barry*, enveloping Barry and Ramecroix, which do not prove of much interest to us, though the *Bois* does of a good deal]. In and before each of those villages are posts and defences; in Antoine and Fontenoy elaborate redoubts, batteries, redans connecting: in the Wood (*Bois de Barry*), an abattis, or wall of felled trees, as well as cannon; and at the point of the Wood, well within double range of Fontenoy, is a Redoubt, called of Eu (*Redoute d'Eu*, from the regiment occupying it), which will much concern his Royal Highness and us. Saxe has a hundred pieces of cannon [say the English, which is correct], consummately disposed along this space; no ingress possible anywhere, except through the cannon's throat; torrents of fire and cross-fire playing on you. He is armed to the teeth, as they say; and has his 56,000 arranged according to the best rules of tactics, behind this murderous line of works. If his Royal Highness think of breaking in, he may count on a very warm reception indeed.

"Saxe is only afraid his Royal Highness will not. Outside of these lines, with a 50,000 dashing fiercely round us, under any kind of leading; pouncing on our convoys; harassing and sieging *us*, — our siege of Tournay were a sad outlook. And this is old Austrian Königseck's opinion, too; though, they say, Waldeck and the Dutch (impetuous in theory at least) opined otherwise, and strengthened Royal Highness's view. Two young men against one old: 'Be it so, then!' His Royal Highness, resolute for getting in, manœuvres and investigates, all Monday 10th; his cannon is not to arrive completely till night; otherwise he would be for breaking in at once: a fearless young man, fearless as ever his poor Father was; certainly a man *sans peur*, this one too; whether of much *avis*, we shall see anon.

"Tuesday morning early, 11th May, 1745, cannon being up, and dispositions made, his Royal Highness sallies out; sees his men taking their ground: Dutch and Austrians to the left, chiefly opposite Antoine; English, with some Hanoverians, in the centre and to the right; infantry in front, facing Fontenoy, cavalry to rear flanking the Wood of Barry, — Königseck, Ligonier and others able, assisting to plant them advantageously; cannon going, on both sides, the while; radiant enthusiasm, *sans peur et sans avis*, looking from his Royal Highness's face. He has been on horseback since two in the morning; cannon started thundering between five and six, — has killed chivalrous Grammont over yonder (the Grammont of Dettingen), almost at the first volley. And now about the time when ploughers breakfast (eight A.M., no ploughing hereabouts to-day!), begins the attack, simultaneously or in swift succession, on the various batteries which it will be necessary to attack and storm.

"The attacks took place; but none of them succeeded. Dutch and Austrians, on the extreme left, were to have stormed Antoine by the edge of the River; that was their main task; right skirt of them to help *us* meanwhile with Fontenoy. And they advanced, accordingly; but found the shot from Antoine too fierce: especially when a subsidiary battery opened from across the River, and took them in flank, the Dutch and Austrians felt astonished; and hastily drew aside, under some sheltering mound or earthwork they had found for themselves, or prudently thrown up the night before. There, under their earthwork, stood the Dutch and Austrians; patiently expecting a fitter time, — which indeed never occurred; for always, the instant they drew out, the batteries from Antoine, and from across the River, instantly opened upon them, and they had to draw in again. So that they stood there, in a manner, all day; and so to speak did nothing but patiently expect when it should be time to run. For which they were loudly censured, and deservedly. Antoine is and remains a total failure on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.

"Royal Highness in person, with his English, was to attack Fontenoy; — and is doing so, by battery and storm, at various points; with emphasis, though without result. As preliminary, at an early stage he had sent forward on the right, by the Wood of Barry, a Brigadier Ingoldsby 'with Semple's Highlanders' and other force, to silence 'that redoubt yonder at the point of the Wood,' — redoubt, fort, or whatever it be (famous *Redoute d'Eu*, as it turned out!), — which guards Fontenoy to north, and will take us in flank, nay in rear, as we storm the cannon of the Village. Ingoldsby, speed imperative on him, pushed into the Wood; found French light-troops ('God knows how many of them!') prowling about there; found the Redoubt a terribly strong thing, with ditch, drawbridge, what not; spent thirty or forty of his Highlanders, in some frantic attempt on it by rule of thumb; — and found 'He would need artillery' and other things. In short, Ingoldsby, hasten what he might, could not perfect the preparations to his mind, had to wait for this and for that; and did not storm the Redoubt d'Eu at all; but hung fire, in an unaccountable manner. For which he had to answer (to Court-Martial, still more to the Newspapers) afterwards; and prove that it was misfortune merely, or misfortune and stupidity combined. Too evident, the *Redoute d'Eu* was not taken, then or thenceforth; which might have proved the saving of the whole affair, could Ingoldsby have managed it. Royal Highness attacked Fontenoy, and re-attacked, furiously, thrice over; and had to desist, and find Fontenoy impossible on those terms.

"Here is a piece of work. Repulsed at all those points; and on the left and on the right, no spirit visible but what deserves repulse! His Royal Highness blazes into resplendent *Platt-Deutsch* rage, what we may call spiritual white-heat, a man *sans peur* at any rate, and pretty much *sans avis;* decides that he must and will be through those lines, if it please God; that he will not be repulsed at his part of the attack, not he for one; but will plunge through, by what gap there is [900 yards Voltaire measures it[1]] between Fontenoy and that Redoubt with its laggard Ingoldsby; and see what the French interior is like! He rallies rapidly, rearranges; forms himself in thin column or columns [three of them, I think, — which gradually got crushed into one, as they advanced, under cannon-shot on both hands], — wheeling his left round, to be rear, his right to be head of said column or columns. In column, the cannon-shot from Fontenoy on the left, and Redoubt d'Eu on our right, will tell less on us; and between these two death-dealing localities, by the hollowest, least shelterless way discoverable, we mean to penetrate: 'Forward, my men, steady and swift, till we are through the shot-range, and find men to grapple with, instead of case-shot and projectile iron!' Maréchal de Saxe owned afterwards, 'He should have put an additional redoubt in that place, but he did not think any Army would try such a thing' (cannon batteries playing on each hand at 400 yards distance); — nor has any Army since or before!

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[1] *Œuvres,* xxviii. 150 (*Siècle de Louis Quinze,* c. xv. "*Bataille de Fontenoi,*" — elaborately exact on all such points).

"These columns advance, however; through bushy hollows, water-courses, through what defiles or hollowest grounds there are; endure the cannon-shot, while they must; trailing their own heavy guns by hand, and occasionally blasting out of them where the ground favors; — and do, with indignant patience, wind themselves through, pretty much beyond direct shot-range of either d'Eu or Fontenoy. And have actually got into the interior mystery of the French Line of Battle, — which is not a little astonished to see them there! It is over a kind of blunt ridge, or rising ground, that they are coming: on the crown of this rising ground, the French regiment fronting it (*Gardes Françaises* as it chanced to be) notices, with surprise, field-cannon pointed the wrong way; actual British artillery unaccountably showing itself there. Regiment of *Gardes* rushes up to seize said field-pieces: but, on the summit, perceives with amazement that it cannot; that a heavy volley of musketry blazes into it (killing sixty men); that it will have to rush back again, and report progress: Huge British force, of unknown extent, is readjusting itself into column there, and will be upon us on the instant. Here is news!

"News true enough. The head of the English column comes to sight, over the rising ground, close by: their officers doff their hats, politely saluting ours, who return the civility: was ever such politeness seen before? It is a fact; and among the memorablest of this Battle. Nay a certain English Officer of mark — Lord Charles Hay the name of him, valued surely in the annals of the Hay and Tweeddale House — steps forward from the ranks, as if wishing something. Towards whom [says the accurate Espagnac] Marquis d'Auteroche, grenadier-lieutenant, with air of polite interrogation, not knowing what he meant, made a step or two: 'Monsieur,' said Lord Charles (*Lord Charles-hay*), 'bid your people fire (*faites tirer vos gens*)!' '*Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers* (We never fire first).'[1] After *you*, Sirs! Is not this a bit of modern chivalry? A supreme politeness in that sniffing pococurante kind; probably the highest point (or lowest) it ever went to. Which I have often thought of."

It is almost pity to disturb an elegant Historical Passage of this kind, circulating round the world, in some glory, for a century past: but there has a small irrefragable Document come to me, which modifies it a good deal, and reduces matters to the business form. Lord Charles Hay, "Lieutenant-Colonel," practical Head, "of the First Regiment of Foot-guards," wrote, about three weeks after (or dictated in sad spelling, not himself able to write for wounds), a Letter to his Brother, of which here is an Excerpt at first hand, with only the spelling altered: . . . "It was our Regiment that attacked the French Guards: and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our Regiment; drank to them [to the French, from the pocket-pistol one carries on such occasions], and told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they would stand till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheld as they did the Mayn at Dettingen [shameful *third-bridge*, not of wood, though carpeted with blue cloth there]! Upon which I immediately turned about to our own Regiment; speeched them, and made them huzza," — I hope with a will. "An Officer [d'Auteroche] came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzza; however, there were not above three or four in their Brigade that did."[1] . . .

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[1] Espagnac, ii. 60 (of the *Original*, Toulouse, 1789); ii. 48 of the German Translation (Leipzig, 1774), our usual reference. Voltaire, endlessly informed upon details this time, is equally express: "*Milord Charles Hay, capitaine aux gardes anglaises, cria: 'Messieurs des gardes françaises, tirez!'* To which Count d'Auteroche with a loud voice answered" &c. (*Œuvres*, vol. xxviii. p. 155.) See also *Souvenirs du Marquis de Valfons* (edited by a Grand-Nephew, Paris, 1860), p. 151; — a poor, considerably noisy and unclean little Book; which proves unexpectedly worth looking at, in regard to some of those poor Battles and personages and occurrences: the Bohemian Belleisle-Broglio part, to my regret, if to no other person's, has been omitted, as extinct, or undecipherable by the Grand-Nephew.

Very poor counter-huzza. And not the least whisper of that sublime "After you, Sirs!" but rather, in confused form, of quite the reverse; Hay having been himself fired into ("fire had begun on my left;" Hay totally ignorant on which side first), — fired into, rather feebly, and wounded by those D'Auteroche people, while he was still advancing with shouldered arms; — upon which, and not till which, he did give it them: in liberal dose; and quite blew them off the ground, for that day. From all which, one has to infer, That the mutual salutation by hat was probably a fact; that, for certain, there was some slight preliminary talk and gesticulation, but in the Homeric style, by no means in the Espagnac-French, — not chivalrous epigram at all, mere rough banter, and what is called "chaffing;" — and in short, that the French Mess-rooms (with their eloquent talent that way) had rounded off the thing into the current epigrammatic redaction; the authentic business-form of it being ruggedly what is now given. Let our Manuscript proceed.

"D'Auteroche declining the first fire," — or accepting it, if ever offered, nobody can say, — "the three Guards Regiments, Lord Charles's on the right, give it him hot and heavy, 'tremendous rolling fire;' so that D'Auteroche, responding more or less, cannot stand it; but has at once to rustle into discontinuity, he and his, and roll rapidly out of the way. And the British Column advances, steadily, terribly, hurling back all opposition from it; deeper and deeper into the interior mysteries of the French Host; blasting its way with gunpowder; — in a magnificent manner. A compact Column, slowly advancing, — apparently of some 16,000 foot. Pauses, readjusts itself a little, when not meddled with; when meddled with, has cannon, has rolling fire, — delivers from it, in fact, on both hands such a torrent of deadly continuous fire as was rarely seen before or since. '*Feu infernal*,' the French call it. The French make vehement resistance. Battalions, squadrons, regiment after regiment, charge madly on this terrible Column; but rush only on destruction thereby. Regiment This storms in from the right, regiment That from the left; have their colonels shot, 'lose the half of their people;' and hastily draw back again, in a wrecked condition. The cavalry-horses cannot stand such smoke and blazing; nor indeed, I think, can the cavaliers. *Regiment du Roi* rushing on, full gallop, to charge this Column, got one volley from it [says Espagnac] which brought to the ground 460 men. Natural enough that horses take the bit between their teeth;

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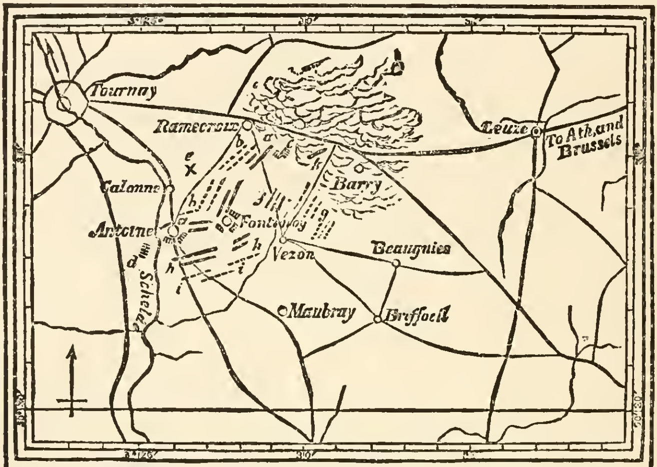
[1] "Ath, May y^e 20th, o.s." (to John, Fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, last "Secretary of State for Scotland," and a man of figure in his day): Letter is at Yester House, East Lothian; Excerpt *penes me*.



a a. French Infantry.
b b. French Horse.
c. Redoubt d'Eu.
d. Subsidiary French Battery, which takes the Dutch in flank.
e. Gallows-Hill, where King Louis and the Dauphin were.
f. English Foot.
g. English Horse.
h h. Dutch and Austrian Foot.
i i. Dutch and Austrian Horse.
k. Ingoldsby, starting (in vain) to attack Redoubt d'Eu.

likewise that men take it, and career very madly in such circumstances!

"The terrible Column with slow inflexibility advances; cannon (now in reversed position) from that Redoubt d'Eu ('Shame on you, Ingoldsby!'), and irregular musketry from Fontenoy side, playing upon it; defeated regiments making barriers of their dead men and firing there; Column always closing its gapped ranks, and girdled with insupportable fire. It ought to have taken Fontenoy and Redoubt d'Eu, say military men; it ought to have done several things! It has now cut the French fairly in two; — and Saxe, who is earnestly surveying it a hundred paces ahead, sends word, conjuring the King to retire instantly, — across the Scheld, by Calonne Bridge and the strong rear-guard there, — who, however, will not. King and Dauphin, on horseback both, have stood 'at the Justice (*Gallows*, in fact) of our Lady of the Woods,' not stirring much, occasionally shifting to a windmill which is still higher, — ye Heavens, with what intrepidity, all day! — 'a good many country-folk in trees close behind them.' Country-folk, I suppose, have by this time seen enough, and are copiously making off: but the King will not, though things do look dubious.

"In fact, the Battle hangs now upon a hair; the Battle is as good as lost, thinks Maréchal de Saxe. His battle-lines torn in two in that manner, hovering in ragged clouds over the field, what hope is there in the Battle? Fontenoy is firing blank, this some time; its cannon-balls done. Officers, in Antoine, are about withdrawing the artillery, — then again (on new order) replacing it awhile. All are looking towards the Scheld Bridge; earnestly entreating his Majesty to withdraw. Had the Dutch, at this point of time, broken heartily in, as Waldeck was urging them to do, upon the redoubts of Antoine; or had his Royal Highness the Duke, for his own behoof, possessed due cavalry or artillery to act upon these ragged clouds, which hang broken there, very fit for being swept, were there an artillery-and-horse besom to do it, — in either of these cases the Battle was the Duke's. And a right fiery victory it would have been; to make his name famous; and confirm the English in their mad method of fighting, like Baresarks or Janizaries rather than strategic human creatures.[1]

"But neither of these contingencies had befallen. The Dutch-Austrian wing did evince some wish to get possession of Antoine; and drew out a little; but the guns also awoke upon them; whereupon the Dutch-Austrians drew in again, thinking the time not come. As for the Duke, he had taken with him of cannon a good few; but of horse none at all (impossible for horse, unless Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu were ours!) — and his horse have been hanging about, in the Wood of Barry all this while, uncertain what to do; their old Commander being killed withal, and their new a dubitative person, and no orders left. The Duke had left no orders; having indeed broken in here, in what we called a spiritual white-heat, without asking himself much what he would do when in: 'Beat the French, knock them to powder if I can!' — Meanwhile the French clouds are reassembling a little: Royal Highness too is readjusting himself, now got '300 yards ahead of Fontenoy,' — pauses there about half an hour, not seeing his way farther.

"During which pause, Duc de Richelieu, famous blackguard man, gallops up to the Maréchal, gallops rapidly from Maréchal to King; suggesting, 'were cannon brought *ahead* of this close deep Column, might not they shear it into beautiful destruction; and then a general charge be made?' So counselled Richelieu: it is said, the Jacobite Irishman, Count Lally of the Irish Brigade, was prime author of this notion, — a man of tragic notoriety in time coming.[2] Whoever was author of it, Maréchal de Saxe adopts it eagerly, King Louis eagerly: swift it becomes a fact. Universal rally, universal simultaneous charge on both flanks of the terrible Column: this it might resist, as it has done these two hours past; but cannon ahead, shearing gaps through it from end to end, this is what no column can resist; — and only perhaps one of Friedrich's columns (if even that) with Friedrich's eye upon it, could make its half-right-about (*quart de conversion*), turn its side to it, and manœuvre out of it, in such circumstances. The wrathful English column, slit into ribbons, can do nothing at manœuvring; blazes and rages, — more and more clearly in vain; collapses by degrees, rolls into ribbon-coils, and winds itself out of the field. Not much chased, — its cavalry now seeing a job, and issuing from the Wood of Barry to cover the retreat. Not much chased; — yet with a loss, they say, in all, of 7,000 killed and wounded, and about 2,000 prisoners; French loss being under 5,000.

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[1] See, in Büsching's *Magazin*, xvi. 169 ("Your illustrious 'Column,' at Fontenoy? It was fortuitous, I say; done like janizaries;" and so forth), a Criticism worth reading by soldiers.

[2] "Thomas Arthur Lally Comte de Tollendal," patronymically "O'Mu*lally* of *Tullindally*" (a place somewhere in Connaught, undiscoverable where, not material where): see our dropsical friend (in one of his wheeziest states), *King James's Irish Army-List* (Dublin, 1855), pp. 594–600.

"The Dutch and Austrians had found that the fit time was now come, or taken time by the forelock, — their part of the loss, they said, was a thousand and odd hundreds. The Battle ended about two o'clock of the day; had begun about eight. Tuesday, 11th May, 1745: one of the hottest half-day's works I have known. A thing much to be meditated by the English mind. — King Louis stept down from the Gallows-Hill of Our Lady; and *kissed* Maréchal de Saxe. Saxe was nearly dead of dropsy; could not sit on horseback, except for minutes; was carried about in a wicker bed; has had a lead bullet in his mouth, all day, to mitigate the intolerable thirst. Tournay was soon taken; the Dutch garrison, though strong, and in a strong place, making no due debate.

"Royal Highness retired upon Ath and Brussels; hovered about, nothing daunted, he or his: 'Dastard fellows, they would not come out into the open ground, and try us fairly!' snort indignantly the Gazetteers and enlightened Public.[1] Nothing daunted; — but, as it were, did not do anything farther, this Campaign; except lose Gand, by negligence *versus* vigilance, and eat his victuals, — till called home by the Rebellion Business, in an unexpected manner! Fontenoy was the nearest approach he ever made to getting victory in a battle; but a miss too, as they all were. He was nothing like so rash, on subsequent occasions; but had no better luck; and was beaten in all his battles — except the immortal Victory of Culloden alone. Which latter indeed, was it not itself (in the Gazetteer mind) a kind of apotheosis, or lifting of a man to the immortal gods, — by endless tar-barrels and beer, for the time being?

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[1] Old Newspapers.

"Old Maréchal de Noailles was in this Battle; busy about the redans, and proud to see his Saxe do well. Chivalrous Grammont, too, as we saw, was there, — killed at the first discharge. Prince de Soubise too (not killed); a certain Lord George Sackville (hurt slightly, — perhaps had *better* have been killed!) — and others known to us, or that will be known. Army-Surgeon La Mettrie, of busy brain, expert with his tourniquets and scalpels, but of wildly blusterous heterodox tongue and ways, is thrice-busy in Hospital this night, — 'English and French all one to you, nay, if anything, the English better!' those are the Royal orders: — La Mettrie will turn up, in new capacity, still blusterous, at Berlin, by and by.

"The French made immense explosions of rejoicing over this Victory of Fontenoy; Voltaire (now a man well at Court) celebrating it in prose and verse, to an amazing degree (21,000 copies sold in one day); the whole Nation blazing out over it into illuminations, arcs of triumph and universal three-times-three: — in short, I think, nearly the heartiest National Huzza, loud, deep, long-drawn, that the Nation ever gave in like case. Now rather curious to consider, at this distance of time. Miraculous Anecdotes, true and not true, are many. Not to mention again that surprising offer of the first fire to us, what shall we say of the 'two camp-sutlers whom I noticed,' English females of the lowest degree; 'one of whom was busy slitting the gold-lace from a dead Officer, when a cannon-ball came whistling, and shore her head away. Upon which, without sound uttered, her neighbor snatched the scissors, and deliberately proceeded.'[1] A deliberate gloomy people; — unconquerable except by French prowess, glory to that same!"

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[1] De Hordt, *Mémoires*, i. 108. *A French Officer's Account* (translated in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745; where, pp. 246, 250, 291, 313, &c., are many confused details and speculations on this subject).

Britannic Majesty is not successful this season; Highland Rebellions rising on him, and much going awry. He is founding his National Debt, poor Majesty; nothing else to speak of. His poor Army, fighting never so well in Foreign quarrels, — and generally itself standing the brunt, with the copartners looking on till it is time to run (as at Roucoux again next season, and at Lauffeld next), — can win nothing but hard knocks and losses. And is defined by mankind, — in phraseology which we have heard again since then! — as having "the heart of a Lion and the head of an Ass."[1] Portentous to contemplate! —

Cape Breton was besieged this Summer, in a creditable manner; and taken. The one real stroke done upon France this Year, or indeed (except at sea) throughout the War. "Ruin to their Fisheries, and a clear loss of £1,400,000 a year." Compared with which all these fine "Victories in Flanders" are a bottle of moonshine. This was actually a kind of stroke; — and this, one finds, was accomplished, under presidency of a small squadron of King's ships, by "New-England Volunteers," on funds raised by subscription, in the way of joint-stock. A shining Colonial feat; said to be very perfectly done, both scrip part of it, and fighting part;[2] — and might have yielded, what incalculable dividends in the Fishery way! But had to be given up again, in exchange for the Netherlands, when Peace came. Alas, your Majesty! Would it be quite impossible, then, to go direct upon your own sole errand, the *Jenkins's-Ear* one, instead of stumbling about among the Foreign chimney-pots, far and wide, under nightmares, in this terrible manner? — Let us to Silesia again.

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[1] Old Pamphlets, *sæpius*.

[2] Adelung, v. 32–35 ("27th June, 1745, after a siege of forty-nine days"): see "Gibson, *Journal of the Siege;*" "Mr. Prince (of the South Church, Boston), *Thanksgiving Sermon* (price fourpence);" &c. &c.: in the Old Newspapers, 1745, 1748, multifarious Notices about it, and then about the "repayment" of those excellent "joint-stock" people.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUSTRIAN-SAXON ARMY INVADES SILESIA, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

Valori, who is to be of Friedrich's Campaign this Year, came posting off directly in rear of the glorious news of Fontenoy; found Friedrich at Camenz, rather in spirits than otherwise; and lodged pleasantly with Abbot Tobias and him, till the Campaign should begin. Two things surprise Valori: first, the great strength, impregnable as it were, to which Neisse has been brought since he saw it last, — superlative condition of that Fortress, and of the Army itself, as it gathers daily more and more about Frankenstein here: — and then secondly, and contrariwise, the strangely neglected posture of mountainous or Upper Silesia, given up to Pandours. Quite submerged, in a manner: Margraf Karl lies quiet among them at Jägerndorf, "eating his magazine;" General Hautcharmoi (Winterfeld's late chief in that Würben affair), with his small Detachment, still hovers about in those Ratibor parts, "with the Strong Towns to fall-back upon," or has in effect fallen back accordingly; and nothing done to coerce the Pandours at all. While Prince Karl and Weissenfels are daily coming on, in force 100,000, their intention certain; force, say, about 100,000 regular! Very singular to Valori.

"Sire, will not you dispute the Passes, then?" asks Valori, amazed: "Not defend your Mountain rampart, then?" "*Mon cher*, the Mountain rampart is three or four hundred miles long; there are twelve or twenty practicable roads through it. One is kept in darkness, too; endless Pandour doggery shutting out your daylight: — ill defending such a rampart," answers Friedrich. "But how, then," persists

Valori; "but — ?" "One day the King answered me," says Valori, "'*Mon ami*, if you want to get the mouse, don't shut the trap; leave the trap open (*on laisse la souricière ouverte*)!'" Which was a beam of light to the inquiring thought of Valori, a military man of some intelligence.[1]

That, in fact, is Friedrich's purpose privately formed. He means that the Austrians shall consider him cowed into nothing, as he understands they already do; that they shall enter Silesia in the notion of chasing him; and shall, if need be, have the pleasure of chasing him, — till perhaps a right moment arrive. For he is full of silent finesse, this young King; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuler vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity, — a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honor, too; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element: a cunning, sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this — if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with — will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war. — Here is the last of our Pandour Adventures for the present: —

"From May 12th, Friedrich had been gathering closer and closer about Frankenstein; by the end of the month (28th, as it proved) he intends that all Detachments shall be home, and the Army take Camp there. The most are home; Margraf Karl, at Jägerndorf, has not yet done eating his magazine; but he too must come home. Summon the Margraf home: — it is not doubted he will cut himself through, he and his 12,000; but such is the swarm of Pandours hovering between him and us, no estafette, or cleverest letter-bearer, can hope to get across to him. Ziethen with 500 Hussars, he must take the Letter; there is no other way. Ziethen mounts;

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[1] See *Valori*, i. 222, 224, 228.

fares swiftly forth, towards Neustadt, with his Letter; lodges in woods; dodges the thick-crowding Tolpatcheries (passes himself off for a Tolpatchery, say some, and captures Hungarian Staff-Officers who come to give him orders[1]); is at length found out, and furiously set upon, 'Ziethen, Hah!'— but gets to Jägerndorf, Margraf Karl coming out to the rescue, and delivers his Letter. 'Home, then, all of us to-morrow!' And so, Saturday, 22d May, before we get to Neustadt on the way home, there is an authentic passage of arms, done very brilliantly by Margraf Karl against Pandours and others.

"To right of us, to left, barring our road, the enemy, 20,000 of them, stand ranked on heights, in chosen positions; cannon-batteries, grenadiers, dragoons of Gotha and infinite Pandours: military jungle bristling far and wide. And you must push it heartily, and likewise cut the tap-root of it (seize its big guns), or it will not roll away. Margraf Karl shoots forth his steady infantry ('Silent till you see the whites of their eyes!'),— his cavalry with new manœuvres; whose behavior is worthy of Ziethen himself:— in brief, the jungle is struck as by a whirlwind, the tap-root of it cut, and rolls simultaneously out of range, leaving only the Regiment of Gotha, Regiment of Ogilvy and some Regulars, who also get torn to shreds, and utterly ruined. Seeing which, the Pandour jungle plunges wholly into the woods, uttering horrible cries (*en poussant des cris terribles*), says Friedrich.[2] Our new cavalry-manœuvres deserve praise. Margraf Karl had the honor to gain his Cousin's approbation this day; and to prove himself, says the Cousin, 'worthy of the grandfather he came from,'— my own great-grandfather; Great Elector, Friedrich-Wilhelm; whose style of motion at Fehrbellin, or on the ice of the Frische Haf (soldiers all in sledges, tearing along to be at the Swedes), was probably somewhat of this kind." . . .

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[1] Frau von Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen*, pp. 171–181 (extremely romantic; now given up as mythical, for most part): see Orlich (ii. 150); but also Ranke (iii. 245), Preuss, &c.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 106. More specially *Berichte von der am* 22 *Mai*, 1745 *bey Neustadt in Ober-Schlesien vorgefallener Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 159–166).

"Some days ago, Winterfeld had been pushed out to Landshut, with Detachment of 2,000, to judge a little for himself which way the Austrians were coming, and to scare off certain Uhlans (the *Saxon* species of Tolpatchery), who were threatening to be mischievous thereabouts. The Uhlans, at sound of Winterfeld, jingled away at once: but, in a day or two, there came upon him, on the sudden, Pandour outburst in quite other force; — and in the very hours while Ziethen was struggling into Jägerndorf, and still more emphatically next day, while Margraf Karl was handling his Pandours, — Colonel Winterfeld, a hundred miles to westward lapped among the Mountains, chanced to be dealing again with the same article. Very busy with it, from 4 o'clock this morning; likely to give a good account of the job. Steadily defending Landshut and himself, against the grenadier battalions, cannon and furious overplus of Pandours (8,000 or 9,000, it is said, six to one or so in the article of cavalry), which General Nadasti, a scientific leader of men or Pandours, skilfully and furiously hurls upon Landshut and him, in an unexpected manner. Colonel Winterfeld had need of all his heart and energy, in the intricate ground; against the furious overplus well manœuvred: but in him too there are manœuvres; if he fall back here, it is to rush on double strong there; hour after hour he inexpugnably defends himself, — till General Stille, Friedrich's old Tutor, our worthy writing friend, whom we occasionally quote, comes up with help; and Nadasti is at once brushed home again, with sore smart of failure, and 'the loss of 600 killed,' among other items.[1] Colonel Winterfeld was made Major-General next day, for this action. Colonel Winterfeld is cutting out a high course for himself, by his conduct in these employments; solidity, brilliant effectuality, shining through all he does; his valor and value, his rapid just insight, fiery energy and nobleness of mind more and more disclosing themselves, — to one who is a judge of men, and greatly needs for his own use the first-rate quality in that article."

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[1] *Bericht von der am* 21 *Mai*, 1745 *bey Landshut vorgefallener Action, in Feldzüge*, i. 302–305 (or in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 155–158); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 105; Stille, pp. 120–124 (who misdates, "23d May" for 22d).

Friedrich has left the mouse-trap open; — and latterly has been baiting it with a pleasant spicing of toasted cheese. One of his Spies, reporting from Prince Karl's quarters, Friedrich has at this time discovered to be a Double-Spy, reporting thither as well. Double-Spy, there is an ugly fact; — perhaps not quite convenient to abolish it by hemp and gibbet; perhaps it could be turned to use, as most facts can? "Very good, my expert Herr von Schönfeld [that was the knave's name]; and now of all things, whenever the Prince does get across, — instant word to us of that! Nothing so important to us. If he should get *between* us and Breslau, for example, what would the consequence be!" To this purport Friedrich instructs his Double-Spy; sends him off, unhanged, to Prince Karl's Camp, to blab this fresh bit of knowledge. "We likewise," says Friedrich, "ordered some repairs on the roads leading to Breslau;" — last turn of the hand to our bit of toasted fragrancy. And Prince Karl is actually striding forward, at an eager pace: — and Nadasti *versus* Winterfeld, the other day, could Winterfeld have guessed it, was the actual vanguard of the march; and will be up again straightway! Whereupon Winterfeld too is called home; and all eyes are bent on the Landshut side.

Prince Karl, under these fine omens, had been urgent on the Saxons to be swift; Saxons under Weissenfels did at last "get their cannon up," and we hear of them for certain, in junction with the Austrians, at Schatzlar, on the Bohemian side of the Giant-Mountains; climbing with diligence those wizard solitudes and highland wastes. In a word, they roll across into Silesia, to Landshut (29th May); nothing doubting but Friedrich has cowered into what retreats he has, as good as desperate of Silesia, and will probably be first heard of in Breslau, when they get thither with their sieging guns. No cautious sagacious old Feldmarschall Traun is in that Host at present; nothing but a Prince Karl, and a poor Duke of Weissenfels; who are too certain of several things; — very capable of certainty, and also of doubt, the wrong way of the facts. Their force is, by strict count, 75,000; and they march from Landshut, detained a little by provender concerns, on the last day of May.[1]

May 28th, Friedrich had encamped at Frankenstein; May 30th, he sets forth northwestward, to be nearer the new scene; encamps at Reichenbach, that night; pushes forward again, next day, for Schweidnitz, for Striegau (in all, a shift northwest of some forty miles); — and from June 1st, lies stretched out between Schweidnitz and Striegau, nine miles long; well hidden in the hollows of the little Rivers thereabouts (Schweidnitz Water, Striegau Water), with their little knolls and hills; watching Prince Karl's probable place of egress from the Mountain Country opposite. His main Camp is from Schweidnitz to Jauernik, some five miles long; but he has his vanguard up as far as Striegau, Dumoulin and Winterfeld as vanguard, in good strength, a little way behind or westward of that Town and Stream; Nassau and his Division are screened in the Wood called Nonnenbusch (*Nun's Bush*), and there are outposts sprinkled all about, and vedettes watching from the hill-tops, from the Stanowitz Foxhill; the Zedlitz "Cowhill," "Winehill:" an Army not courting observation, but intent very much to observe. Nadasti has appeared again; at Freyburg, few miles off, on this side of the Mountains; goes out scouting, reconnoitring; but is "fired at from the growing corn," and otherwise hoodwinked by false symptoms, and makes little of that business. Friedrich's Army we will compute at 70,000.[2] Not quite equal in number to Prince Karl's; and, in other particulars, willing and longing that Prince Karl would arrive, and try its quality.

Friedrich's head-quarter is at Jauernik: he goes daily riding hither, thither; to the top of the Fuchsberg (*Foxhill* at Stanowitz) with eager spy-glass; daily many times looks with his spy-glass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday, 3d June: Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off: — at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts forth into universal field-music, and shakes out its banners to the wind. Thursday, 3d June, 1745; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

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[1] Orlich, ii. 146; Ranke, iii. 247; Stenzel, iv. 245.

[2] General-Lieutenant Freiherr Leo von Lützow, *Die Schlacht von Hohenfriedberg* (Potsdam, 1845), pp. 18, 21.

Friedrich, with Nassau and generals round, stands upon the Fuchsberg, — his remarks not given, his looks or emotions not described to us, his thought well known, — and looks at it through his *tubus* (or spy-glass): There they are, then, and the big moment is come! Friedrich had seen the dust and the manœuvring of them, deeper in the Hills, from this same Fuchsberg yesterday, and inferred what was coming; calculated by what roads or hill-tracks they could issue: and how he, in each case, was to deal with them; his march-routes are all settled, plank-bridges repaired, all privately is ready for these proud Austrian musical gentlemen, here in the hollow. Friedrich has been upon this Fuchsberg with his *tubus* daily, many times since Monday last: it is our general observatorium, says Stille, and commands a fine view into the interior of these Hills. A Fuchsberg which has become notable in the Prussian maps: "the Stanowitz Fuchsberg," east side of Striegau Water, — let no tourist mistake himself; for there are two or even three other Fuchsbergs, a mile or so northward on the western side of that Stream, which need to be distinguished by epithets, as the Striegau Fuchsberg, the Gräben Fuchsberg, and perhaps still others: comparable to the *four* Neisse rivers, three besides the one we know, which occur in this piece of Country! Our German cousins, I have often sorrowed to find, have practically a most poor talent for *giving names;* and indeed much, for ages back, is lying in a sad state of confusion among them. Many confused things, rotting far and wide, in contradiction to the plainest laws of Nature; things as well as names! All the welcomer this Prussian Army, this young

Friedrich leading it; they, beyond all earthly entities of their epoch, are not in a state of confusion, but of most strict conformity to the laws of Arithmetic and facts of Nature: perhaps a very blessed phenomenon for Germany in the long-run.

Prince Karl with Weissenfels, General Berlichingen and many plumed dignitaries, are dining on the Hill-top near Hohenfriedberg: after having given order about everything, they witness there, over their wine, the issue of their Columns from the Mountains; which goes on all afternoon, with field-music, spread banners; and the oldest General admits he never saw a finer review-manœuvre, or one better done, if so well. Thus sit they on the Hill-top (*Galgenberg*, not far from the gallows of the place, says Friedrich), in the beautiful June afternoon. Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet; the Zobtenberg, enchanted Mountain, blue and high on one's eastern horizon; Prussians noticeable only in weak hussar parties four or five miles off, which vanish in the hollow grounds again. All intending for Breslau, they, it is like; — and here, red wine and the excellent manœuvre going on. "The Austrian-and-Saxon Army streamed out all afternoon," says a Country Schoolmaster of those parts, whose Day-book has been preserved,[1] "each regiment or division taking the place appointed it; all afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the Country as in a deluge," five miles long of them; taking post at the foot of the Hills there, from Hohenfriedberg round upon Striegau, looking towards the morrow's sunrise. To us poor country-folk not a beautiful sight; their light troops flying ahead, and doing theft and other mischief at a sad rate.

On the other hand, the Austrian and Saxon gentlemen, from their Gallows-Hill at Hohenfriedberg, notice, four or five miles in the distance, opposite them, or a little to the left of opposite, a Body of Prussian horse and foot, visibly wending northward; like a long glittering serpent, the glitter of their muskets flashing back yonder on the afternoon sun and us, as they mount from hollow to height. Ten or twelve thousand of them; making for Striegau, to appearance. Intending to bivouac or billet there, and keep some kind of watch over us; belike with an eye to being rear-guard, on the retreat towards Breslau to-morrow? Or will they retreat without attempting mischief? Serenity of Weissenfels engages to seize the heights and proper posts, over yonder, this night yet; and will take Striegau itself, the first thing, to-morrow morning.

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[1] In Lützow, pp. 123-132.

Yes, your Serenities, those are Prussians in movement: Vanguard Corps of Dumoulin, Winterfeld; — Rittmeister Seydlitz rides yonder: — and it is not their notion to retreat without mischief. For there stands, not so far off, on the Stanowitz Fuchsberg, a brisk little Gentleman, if you could notice him; with his eyes fixed on you, and plans in the head of him now getting nearly mature. For certain, he is pushing out that column of men; and all manner of other columns are getting order to push out, and take their ground; and to-morrow morning — you will not find him in retreat! Such are the phenomena in that Striegau-Hohenfriedberg region, while the sun is bending westward, on Thursday, 3d June, 1745.

"From Hohenfriedberg, which leans against the higher Mountains, there may be, across to Striegau northeast, which stands well apart from them, among lower Hills of its own, a distance of about five English miles. The intervening country is of flat, though upland nature: the first broad stage, or *stair-step,* so to speak, leading down into the general interior levels of Silesia in those parts. A tract which is now tolerably dried by draining, but was then marshy as well as bushy: — flat to the eye, yet must be imperceptibly convexed a little, for the line of watershed is hereabouts: walk from Hohenfriedberg to Striegau, the water on your left hand flows, though mainly in ditches or imperceptible oozings, to the north and west, — there to fall into an eastern fork of the Roaring Neisse [one of our three new Neisses, which is a very quiet stream here; runs close by the Mountain base, fed by many torrents, and must get its name, *Wüthende* or Roaring, from the suddenness of its floods]: into this, bound northward and westward, run or ooze all waters on your left hand, as you go to Striegau. Right hand, again, or to eastward, you will find all sauntering, or running in visible brooks into Striegau Water [little River notable to us], which comes circling from the Mountains, past Hohenfriedberg, farther south; and has got to some force as a stream before it reaches Striegau, and turns abruptly eastward; — eastward, to join Schweidnitz Water, and form with it the *second* stair-step downwards to the Plain Country. Has its Fuchsbergs, Kuhbergs and little knolls and heights interspersed, on both sides of it, in the conceivable way.

"So that, looking eastward from the heights of Hohenfriedberg, our broad stage or stair-step has nothing of the nature of a valley, but rather is a kind of insensibly swelling plain between two valleys, or hollows, of small depth; and slopes both ways. Both ways; but *more* towards the Striegau-Water valley or hollow; and thence, in a lazily undulating manner, to other hollows and waters farther down. Friedrich's Camp lies in the next, the Schweidnitz-Water hollow; and is five, or even nine miles long, from Schweidnitz northward; — much hidden from the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen at present. No hills farther, mere flat country, to eastward of that. But to the north, again, about Striegau, the hollow deepens, narrows; and certain Hills," much notable at present, "rise to west of Striegau, definite peaked Hills, with granite quarries in them and basalt blocks atop: — Striegau, it appears, is, in old Czech dialect, *Trziza*, which means *Triple Hill*, the 'Town of the Three Hills.'[1] An ancient quaint little Town, of perhaps 2,000 souls: brown-gray, the stones of it venerably weathered; has its wide big market-place, piazza, plain-stones, silent enough except on market-days: nestles itself compactly in the shelter of its Three Hills, which screen it from the northwest; and has a picturesque appearance, its Hills and it, projected against the big Mountain range beyond, as you approach it from the Plain Country.

"Hohenfriedberg, at the other corner of our battle-stage, on the road to Landshut, is a Village of no great compass; but sticks pleasantly together, does not straggle in the usual way; climbs steep against its Gallows-Hill (now called '*Siegesberg*, Victory Hill,' with some tower or steeple-monument on it, built by subscription); and would look better, if trimmed a little and habitually well swept. The higher Mountain summits, Landshut way, or still more if you look south-eastward, Glatz-ward, rise blue and huge, remote on your right; to left, the Roaring Neisse range close at hand, is also picturesque, though less Alpine in type."[1] . . . And of all Hills, the notablest, just now to us, are those "Three" at Striegau.

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[1] Lützow, p. 28.

Those Three Hills of Striegau his Serenity of Weissenfels is to lay hold of, this night, with his extreme left, were it once got deployed and bivouacked. Those Hills, if he can: but Prussian Dumoulin is already on march thither; and privately has his eye upon them, on Friedrich's part! — For the rest, this upland platform, insensibly sloping two ways, and as yet undrained, is of scraggy boggy nature in many places; much of it damp ground, or sheer morass; better parts of it covered, at this season, with rank June grass, or greener luxuriance of oats and barley. A humble peaceable scene; peaceable till this afternoon; dotted, too, with six or seven poor Hamlets, with scraggy woods, where they have their fuel; most sleepy littery ploughman Hamlets, sometimes with a *Schloss* or Mansion for the owner of the soil (who has absconded in the present crisis of things), their evening smoke rising rather fainter than usual; much cookery is not advisable with Uhlans and Tolpatches flying about. Northward between Striegau and the higher Mountains there is an extensive *Teichwirthschaft*, or "Pond-Husbandry" (gleaming visible from Hohenfriedberg Gallows-Hill just now); a combination of stagnant pools and carp-ponds, the ground much occupied hereabouts with what they name Carp-Husbandry. Which is all drained away in our time, yet traceable by the studious: — quaggy congeries of sluices and fish-ponds, no road through them except on intricate dams; have scrubby thickets about the border; — this also is very strong ground, if Weissenfels thought of defence there.

Which Weissenfels does not, but only of attack. He occupies the ground nevertheless, rearward of this Carp-Husbandry, as becomes a strategic man; gradually bivouacking all round there, to end on the Three Hills, were his last regiments got up. The Carp-Husbandry is mainly about Eisdorf Hamlet: — in Pilgramshayn, where Weissenfels once thought of lodging, lives our Writing Schoolmaster. The Mountains lie to westward; flinging longer shadows, as the invasive troops continually deploy, in that beautiful manner; and coil themselves strategically on the ground, a bent rope, cordon, or line (*three* lines in depth), reaching from the front skirts of Hohenfriedberg to the Hills at Striegau again, — terrible to behold.

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[1] Tourist's Note (1858).

In front of Hohenfriedberg, we say, is the extremity or right wing of the Austrian-Saxon bivouac, or will be when the process is complete; five miles to northeast, sweeping round upon Striegau region, will be their left, where mainly are the Saxons, — to nestle upon those Three Hills of Striegau: whitherward however, Dumoulin, on Friedrich's behalf, is already on march. Austrian-Saxon bivouac, as is the way in regulated hosts, can at once become Austrian-Saxon order-of-battle: and then, probably, on the Chord of that Arc of five miles, the big Fight will roll to-morrow; Striegau one end of it, Hohenfriedberg the other. Flattish, somewhat elliptic upland, stair-step from the Mountains, as we called it; tract considerably cut with ditches, carp-husbandries, and their tufts of wood; line from Striegau to Hohenfriedberg being axis or main diameter of it, and in general the line of watershed: there, probably, will the tug of war be. Friedrich, on his Fuchsberg, knows this; the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen, over their wine on the Gallows-Hill, do not yet know it, but will know.

It was about four in the afternoon, when Valori, with a companion, waiting a good while in the King's Tent at Jauernik, at last saw his Majesty return from the Fuchsberg observatory. Valori and friend have great news: "Tournay fallen; siege done, your Majesty!" Valori's friend is one De Latour; who had brought word of Fontenoy ("important victory on the Scamander," as Friedrich indignantly defined it to himself); and was bid wait here till this Siege-of-Tournay.

consummation ("as helpful to me as the Siege of Pekin!") should supervene. They hasten to salute his Majesty with the glorious tidings. Hmph! thinks Friedrich: and we are at death-grips here, little to be helped by your taking Pekin! However, he lets wit of nothing. "I make my compliments; mean to fight to-morrow."[1] Valori, as old soldier and friend, volunteers to be there and assist: — Good.

Friedrich, I presume, at this late hour of four, may be snatching a morsel of dinner; his orderlies are silently speeding, plans taken, orders given: To start all, at eight in the evening, for the Bridge of Striegau; there to cross, and spread to the right and to the left. Silent, not a word spoken, not a pipe lighted: silently across the Striegau Water there. A march of three miles for the nearest, who are here at Jauernik; of nine miles for the farthest about Schweidnitz; at Schweidnitz leave all your baggage, safe under the guns there. To the Bridge of Striegau, diligently, silently march along; Bridge of Striegau, there cross Striegau Water, and deploy to right and to left, in the way each of you knows. These are Friedrich's orders.

Late in the dusk, Dumoulin and Winterfeld, whom we saw silently on march some hours ago, have silently glided past Striegau, and got into the Three-Hill region, which is some furlong or so farther north: — to his surprise, Dumoulin finds Saxon parties posting themselves thereabouts. He attacks said Saxon parties; and after some slight tussle, drives them mostly from their Three Hills; mostly, not altogether; one Saxon Hill is precipitous on our hither side of it, and we must leave that till the dawn break. Of the other Heights Dumoulin takes good possession, with cannon too, to be ready against dawn; — and ranks himself out to leftward withal, along the plain ground; for he is to be right wing, had the other troops come up. These are now all under way; astir from Jauernik and Schweidnitz, silently streaming along; and Dumoulin bivouacs here, — very silent he: not so silent the Saxons; who are still marching in, over yonder, to westward of Dumoulin, their rear-guard groping out its posts as it best can in the dark. Elsewhere, miles and miles along the foot of the Mountains, Austrian-Saxon watch-fires flame through the ambrosial night; and it is an impressive sight for Dumoulin, — still more for the poor Schoolmaster at Pilgramshayn and others, less concerned than Dumoulin. "It was beautiful," says Stille, who was there, "to see how the plain about Rohnstock, and all over that way, was ablaze with thousands of watch-fires (*tausend und aber tausend*); by the light of these, we could clearly perceive the enemy's troops continually defile from the Hills the whole night through."[1]

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[1] Valori, i. 228.

Serenity of Weissenfels, after all, does not lodge at Pilgramshayn; far in the night, he goes to sleep at Rohnstock, a Schloss and Hamlet on that fork of Roaring Neisse, by the foot of the Mountains; three or four miles off, yet handy enough for picking up Striegau the first thing to-morrow. His Highness Prince Karl lies in Hausdorf, tolerable quarters, pretty much in the centre of his long bivouac; day's business well done, and bottle (as one's wont rather is) well enjoyed. Nadasti has been out scouting; but was pricked into by hussar parties, fired into from the growing corn; and could make out little, but the image of his own ideas. Nadasti's ultimate report is, That the Prussians are perfectly quiet in their camp; from Jauernik to Schweidnitz, watch-fires all alight, sentries going their rounds. And so they are, in fact; sentries and watch-fires, — but now nothing else there, a mere shell of a camp; the men of it streaming steadily along, without speech, without tobacco; and many of them are across Striegau Bridge by this time! —

It was past eleven, so close and continuous went this march, before Valori and his Latour, with their carriages and furnitures, could find an interval, and get well into it. Never will Valori forget the discipline of these Prussians, and how they marched. Difficult ways; the hard road is for their artillery; the men march on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water, — never mind. Wholly in order, wholly silent; Valori followed them three leagues close, and there was not one straggler. Every private man, much more every officer, knows well what grim errand they are on; and they make no remarks. Steady as Time; and, except that their shoes are not of felt, silent as he. The Austrian watch-fires glow silent manifold to leftward yonder; silent overhead are the stars: — the path of all duty, too, is silent (not about Striegau alone) for every well-drilled man. To-morrow; — well, to-morrow?

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[1] Cited in Seyfarth, i. 630.

A grimmish feeling against the Saxons is understood to be prevalent among these men. Brühl, Weissenfels himself, have been reported talking high, — "Reduce our King to the size of an Elector again," and other foolish things; — indeed, grudges have been accumulating for some time. "*Kein Pardon* (No quarter)!" we hear has been a word among the Saxons, as they came along; the Prussians growl to one another, "Very well then, None!" Nay Friedrich's general order is, "No prisoners, you cavalry, in the heat of fight; cavalry, strike at the faces of them: you infantry, keep your fire till within fifty steps; bayonet withal is to be relied on." These were Friedrich's last general orders, given in the hollow of the night, near the foot of that Fuchsberg where he had been so busy all day; a widish plain space hereabouts, Striegau Bridge now near: he had lain some time in his cloak, waiting till the chief generals, with the heads of their columns, could rendezvous here. He then sprang on horseback; spoke briefly the essential things (one of them the above); — "Had meant to be more minute, in regard to positions and the like; but all is so in darkness, embroiled by the flare of the Austrian watch-fires, we can make nothing farther of localities at present: Striegau for right wing, left wing opposite to Hohenfriedberg, — so, and Striegau Water well to rear of us. Be diligent, exact, all faculties awake: your own sense, and the Order of Battle which you know, must do the rest. Forward; steady: can I doubt but you will acquit yourselves like Prussian men?" And so they march, across the Bridge at Striegau, south outskirt of the Town, — plank Bridge, I am afraid; — and pour themselves, to right and to left, continually the livelong night.

To describe the Battle which ensued, Battle named of Striegau or Hohenfriedberg, excels the power of human talent, — if human talent had leisure for such employment. It is the huge shock and clash of 70,000 against 70,000, placed in the way we said. An enormous furious *simultas* (or "both-at-once," as the Latins phrase it), spreading over ten square miles. Rather say, a wide congeries of electric simultaneities; all *electric*, playing madly into one another; most loud, most mad: the aspect of which is smoky, thunderous, abstruse; the true *sequences* of which, who shall unravel? There are five accounts of it, all modestly written, each true-looking from its own place: and a thrice-diligent Prussian Officer, stationed on the spot in late years, has striven well to harmonize them all.[1] Well worth the study of military men; — who might make tours towards this and the other great battle-field, and read such things, were they wise. For us, a feature or two, in the huge general explosion, to assist the reader's fancy in conceiving it a little, is all that can be pretended to.

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CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

With the first streak of dawn, the dispute renewed itself between those Prussians and Saxons who are on the Heights of Striegau. The two Armies are in contact here; they lie wide apart as yet at the other end. Cannonading rises here, on both sides, in the dim gray of the morning, for the possession of these Heights. The Saxons are out-cannonaded and dislodged, other Saxons start to arms in support: the cry "To arms!" spreads everywhere, rouses Weissenfels to horseback; and by sunrise a furious storm of battle has begun, in this part. Hot and fierce on both sides; charges of horse, shock after shock, bayonet-charges of foot; the great guns going like Jove's thunder, and the continuous tearing storm of small guns, very loud indeed: such a noise, as our poor Schoolmaster, who lives on this spot, thinks he will hear only once again, when the Last Trumpet sounds! It did indeed, he informs us, resemble the dissolution of Nature: "For all fell dark too;" a general element of sulphurous powder-smoke, streaked with dull blazes; and death and destruction very nigh. What will become of poor pacific mortals hereabouts? Rittmeister Seydlitz, Winterfeld his patron ride, with knit brows, in these horse-charges; fiery Rothenburg too; Truchsess von Waldburg, at the head of his Division, — poor Truchsess known in London society, a cannon-ball smites the life out of him, and he ended here.

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[1] Five Accounts: 1°. The Prussian Official Account, in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1098–1102. 2°. The Saxon, ib. 1103–1108. 3°. The Austrian, ib. 1109–1115. 4°. Stille's (ii. 125–133, of English Translation). 5°. Friedrich's own, *Œuvres*, iii. 108–118. Lützow, above cited, is the harmonizer. Besides which, two of value, in *Feldzüge*, i. 310–323, 328–336; not to mention Cogniazzo, *Confessions of an Austrian Veteran* (Breslau, 1788–1791: strictly Anonymous at that time, and candid, or almost more, to Prussian merit; — still worth reading, here and throughout), ii. 123–135; &c. &c.

At the first clash of horse and foot, the Saxons fancied they rather had it; at the second, their horse became distressed; at the third, they rolled into disorderly heaps. The foot also, stubborn as they were, could not stand that swift firing, followed by the bayonet and the sabre; and were forced to give ground. The morning sun shone into their eyes, too, they say; and there had risen a breath of easterly wind, which hurled the smoke upon them, so that they could not see. Decidedly staggering backwards; getting to be taken in flank and ruined, though poor Weissenfels does his best. About five in the morning, Friedrich came galloping hitherward; Valori with him: "*Mon ami*, this is looking well! This will do, won't it?" The Saxons are fast sinking in the scale; and did nothing thenceforth but sink ever faster; though they made a stiff defence, fierce exasperation on both sides; and disputed every inch. Their position, in these scraggy Woods and Villages, in these Morasses and Carp-Husbandries, is very strong.

It had proved to be farther north, too, than was expected; so that the Prussians had to wheel round a little (right wing as a centre, fighting army as radius) before they could come parallel, and get to work: a delicate manœuvre, which they executed to Valori's admiration, here in the storm of battle; tramp, tramp, velocity increasing from your centre outwards, till at the end of the radius, the troops are at treble-quick, fairly running forward, and the line straight all the while. Admirable to Valori, in the hot whirlwind of battle here. For the great guns go, in horrid salvos, unabated, and the crackling thunder of the small guns; "terrible tussling about those Carp-ponds, that quaggy Carp-husbandry," says the Schoolmaster, "and the Heavens blotted out in sulphurous fire-streaked smoke. What had become of us pacific? Some had run in time, and they were the wisest; others had squatted, who could find a nook suitable. Most of us had gathered into the Nursery-garden at the foot of our Village; we sat quaking there, — our prayers grown tremulously vocal; — in tears and wail, at least the women part. Enemies made reconcilement with each other," says he, "and dear friends took farewell."[1] One general Alleleu; the Last Day, to all appearance, having come. Friedrich, seeing things in this good posture, gallops to the left again, where much urgently requires attention from him.

On the Austrian side, Prince Karl, through his morning sleep at Hausdorf, had heard the cannonading: "Saxons taking Striegau!" thinks he; a pleasant lullaby enough; and continues to sleep and dream. Agitated messengers rush in, at last; draw his curtains: "Prussians all in rank, this side Striegau Water; Saxons beaten, or nearly so, at Striegau: we must stand to arms, your Highness!" — "To arms, of course," answers Karl; and hurries now, what he can, to get everything in motion. The bivouac itself had been in order of battle; but naturally there is much to adjust, to put in trim; and the Austrians are not distinguished for celerity of movement. All the worse for them just now.

On Friedrich's side, so far as I can gather, there have happened two cross accidents. First, by that wheeling movement, done to Valori's admiration in the Striegau quarter, the

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[1] His Narrative, in Lützow, *ubi suprà.*

Prussian line has hitched itself up towards Striegau, has got curved inward, and covers less ground than was counted on; so that there is like to be some gap in the central part of; — as in fact there was, in spite of Friedrich's efforts, and hitchings of battalions and squadrons: an indisputable gap, though it turned to rich profit for Friedrich; Prince Karl paying no attention to it. Upon such indisputable gap a wakeful enemy might have done Friedrich some perilous freak; but Karl was in his bed, as we say; — in a terrible flurry, too, when out of bed. Nothing was done upon the gap; and Friedrich had his unexpected profit by it before long.

The second accident is almost worse. Striegau Bridge (of planks, as I feared), creaking under such a heavy stream of feet and wheels all night, did at last break, in some degree, and needed to be mended; so that the rearward regiments, who are to form Friedrich's left wing, are in painful retard; — and are becoming frightfully necessary, the Austrians as yet far outflanking us, capable of taking us in flank with that right wing of theirs! The moment was agitating to a General-in-chief: Valori will own this young King's bearing was perfect; not the least flurry, though under such a strain. He has aides-de-camp, dashing out every-whither with orders, with expedients; Prince Henri, his younger Brother, galloping the fastest; nay, at last, he begs Valori himself to gallop, with orders to a certain General Gessler, in whose Brigade are Dragoons. Which Valori does, — happily without effect on Gessler; who knows no Valori for an aide-de-camp, and keeps the ground appointed him; rearward of that gap we talked of.

Happily the Austrian right wing is in no haste to charge. Happily Ziethen, blocked by that incumbrance of the Bridge mending, "finds a ford higher up," the assiduous Ziethen; splashes across, other regiments following; forms in line well leftward; and instead of waiting for the Austrian charge, charges home upon them, fiercely through the difficult grounds. No danger of the Austrians outflanking us now; they are themselves likely to get hard measure on their flank. By the ford and by the Bridge, all regiments, some of them at treble-quick, get to their posts still in time. Accident second has passed without damage. Forward, then; rapid, steady; and reserve your fire till within fifty paces! — Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Friedrich's Brother-in-law, a bright-eyed steady young man, of great heart for fight) tramps forth with his Division: — steady! — all manner of Divisions tramp forth; and the hot storm, Ziethen and cavalry dashing upon that right wing of theirs, kindles here also far and wide.

The Austrian cavalry on this wing and elsewhere, it is clear, were ill off. "We could not charge the Prussian left wing, say they, partly because of the morasses that lay between us; *and* partly [which is remarkable] because they rushed across and charged us."[1] Prince Karl is sorry to report such things of his cavalry; but their behavior was bad and not good. The first shock threw them wavering; the second, — nothing would persuade them to dash forth and meet it. High officers commanded, obtested, drew out pistols, Prince Karl himself shot a fugitive or two, — it was to no purpose; they wavered worse at every new shock; and at length a shock came (sixth it was, as the reporter counts) which shook them all into the wind. Decidedly shy of the Prussians with their new manœuvres, and terrible way of coming on, as if sure of beating. In the Saxon quarter, certain Austrian regiments of horse would not charge at all; merely kept firing from their carbines, and when the time came ran.

As for the Saxons, they have been beaten these two hours; that is to say, hopeless these two hours, and getting beaten worse and worse. The Saxons cannot stand, but neither generally will they run; they dispute every ditch, morass and tuft of wood, especially every village. Wrecks of the muddy desperate business last, hour after hour. "I gave my men a little rest under the garden walls," says one Saxon Gentleman, "or they would have died, in the heat and thirst and extreme fatigue: I would have given 100 gulden [£10 Sterling] for a glass of water."[2] The Prussians push them on, bayonet in back; inexorable, not to be resisted; slit off whole battalions of them (prisoners now, and quarter given); take all their guns, or all that are not sunk in the quagmires; — in fine, drive them, part into the Mountains direct, part by circuit thither, down upon the rear of the Austrian fight: through Hausdorf, Seifersdorf and other Mountain gorges, where we hear no more of them, and shall say no more of them. A sore stroke for poor old Weissenfels; the last public one he has to take, in this world, for the poor man died before long. Nobody's blame, he says; every Saxon man did well; only some Austrian horse-regiments, that we had among us, were too shy. Adieu to poor old Weissenfels. Luck of war, what else, — thereby is he in this pass.

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[1] Austrian report, *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1113.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ubi suprà.

And now new Prussian force, its Saxons being well abolished, is pressing down upon Prince Karl's naked left flank. Yes; — Prince Karl too will have to go. His cavalry is, for most part, shaken into ragged clouds; infantry, steady enough men, cannot stand everything. "I have observed," says Friedrich, "if you step sharply up to an Austrian battalion [within fifty paces or so], and pour in your fire well, in about a quarter of an hour you see the ranks beginning to shake, and jumble towards indistinctness;"[1] a very hopeful symptom to you!

It was at this moment that Lieutenant-General Gessler, under whom is the Dragoon regiment Baireuth, who had kept his place in spite of Valori's message, determined on a thing, — advised to it by General Schmettau (younger Schmettau), who was near. Gessler, as we saw, stood in the rear line, behind that gap (most likely one of several gaps, or wide spaces, left too wide, as we explained); Gessler, noticing the jumbly condition of those Austrian battalions, heaped now one upon another in this part, — motions to the Prussian Infantry to make what farther room is needful; then dashes through, in two columns (self and the Dragoon-Colonel heading the one, French Chasot, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, heading the other), sabre in hand, with extraordinary impetus and fire, into the belly of these jumbly Austrians; and slashes them to rags, "twenty battalions of them," in an altogether unexampled manner. Takes "several thousand prisoners," and such a haul of standards, kettle-drums and insignia of honor, as was never got before at one charge. Sixty-seven standards by the tale, for the regiment (by most All-Gracious Permission) wears, ever after, "67" upon its cartridge-box, and is allowed to beat the grenadier march;[1] — how many kettle-drums memory does not say.

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[1] *Military Instructions.*

Prince Karl beats retreat, about 8 in the morning; is through Hohenfriedberg about 10 (cannon covering there, and Nadasti as rear-guard): back into the Mountains; a thoroughly well-beaten man. Towards Bolkenhayn, the Saxons and he; their heavy artillery and baggage had been left safe there. Not much pursued, and gradually rearranging himself; with thoughts, — no want of thoughts! Came pouring down, triumphantly invasive, yesterday; returns, on these terms, in about fifteen hours. Not marching with displayed banners and field-music, this time; this is a far other march. The mouse-trap had been left open, and we rashly went in! — Prince Karl's loss, including that of the Saxons (which is almost equal, though their number in the field was but *half*), is 9,000 dead and wounded, 7,000 prisoners, 66 cannon, 73 flags and standards; the Prussian is about 5,000 dead and wounded.[2] Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his *gros Valori;* says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!" Actually there was a kind of devout feeling visible in him, thinks Valori: "A singular mixture, this Prince, of good qualities and of bad; I never know which preponderates."[3] As is the way with fat Valoris, when they come into such company.

Friedrich is blamed by some military men, and perhaps himself thought it questionable, that he did not pursue Prince Karl more sharply. He says his troops could not; they were worn out with the night's marching and the day's fighting. He himself may well be worn out. I suppose, for the last four-and-twenty hours he, of all the contemporary sons of Adam, has probably been the busiest. Let us rest this day; rest till to-morrow morning, and be thankful. "So decisive a defeat," writes he to his Mother (hastily, misdating "6th" June for 4th), "has not been since Blenheim"[1] (which is tolerably true); and "I have made the Princes sign their names," to give the good Mother assurance of her children in these perils of war. Seldom has such a deliverance come to a man.

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[1] Orlich, ii. 179 (173 n., 179 n., slightly wrong); *Militair-Lexikon,* ii. 9, iv. 465, 468. See Preuss, i. 212; *Œuvres de Frédéric;* &c. &c.

[2] In Orlich (ii. 182) all the details.

[3] Valori, *sæpius.*

CHAPTER XI.

CAMP OF CHLUM: FRIEDRICH CANNOT ACHIEVE PEACE.

Friedrich marched, on the morrow, likewise to Bolkenhayn; which the enemy have just left; our hussars hanging on their rear, and bickering with Nadasti. Then again on the morrow, Sunday, — "twelve hours of continuous rain," writes Valori; but there is no down-pour, or distress, or disturbance that will shake these men from their ranks, writes Valori. And so it goes on, march after march, the Austrians ahead, Dumoulin and our hussars infesting their rear, which skilfully defended itself: through Landshut down into Bohemia; where are new successive marches, the Prussian quarterstaff stuck into the back of defeated Austria, "Home with you; farther home!" — and shogging it on, — without pause, for about a fortnight to come. And then only with temporary pause; that is to say, with intricate manœuvrings of a month long, which shove it to Königsgrätz, its ultimatum, beyond which there is no getting it. The stages and successive campings, to be found punctually in the old Books and new, can interest only military readers. Here is a small theological thing at Landshut, from first hand: —

June 8th, 1745. "The Army followed Dumoulin's Corps, and marched upon Landshut. On arriving in that neighborhood, the King was surrounded by a troop of 2,000 Peasants," — of Protestant persuasion very evidently! (which is much the prevailing thereabouts), — "who begged permission of him

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[1] Letter in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 71.

'to massacre the Catholics of these parts, and clear the country of them altogether.' This animosity arose from the persecutions which the Protestants had suffered during the Austrian domination, when their churches used to be taken from them and given to the Popish priests," — churches and almost their children, such was the anxiety to make them orthodox. The patience of these peasants had run over; and now, in the hour of hope, they proposed the above sweeping measure. "The King was very far from granting them so barbarous a permission. He told them, 'They ought rather to conform to the Scripture precept, to bless those that cursed them, and pray for those that despitefully used them; such was the way to gain the Kingdom of Heaven.' The peasants," rolling dubious eyes for a moment, "answered, His Majesty was right; and desisted from their cruel pretension."[1] . . . — "On Hohenfriedberg Day," says another Witness, "as far as the sound of the cannon was heard, all round, the Protestants fell on their knees, praying for victory to the Prussians;"[2] and at Breslau that evening, when the "Thirteen trumpeting Postilions" came tearing in with the news, what an enthusiasm without limit!

Prince Karl has skill in choosing camps and positions: his Austrians are much cowed; that is the grievous loss in his late fight. So, from June 8th, when they quit Silesia, — by two roads to go more readily, — all through that month and the next, Friedrich spread to the due width, duly pricking into the rear of them, drives the beaten hosts onward and onward. They do not think of fighting; their one thought is to get into positions where they can have living conveyed to them, and cannot be attacked; for the former of which objects, the farther homewards they go, it is the better. The main pursuit, as I gather, goes leftward from Landshut, by Friedland, — the Silesian Friedland, once Wallenstein's. Through rough wild country, the southern slope of the Giant Mountains, goes that slow pursuit, or the main stream of it, where Friedrich in person is; intricate savage regions, cut by precipitous rocks and soaking quagmires, shaggy with woods:

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* ii. 218.

[2] In Ranke, iii. 259.

watershed between the Upper Elbe and Middle Oder; Glatz on our left, — with the rain of its mountains gathering to a Neisse River, eastward, which we know; and on their west or hither side, to a Mietau, Adler, Aupa and other many-branched feeders of the Elbe. Most complex military ground, the manœuvrings on it endless, — which must be left to the reader's fancy here.

About the end of June, Karl and his Austrians find a place suitable to their objects: Königsgrätz, a compact little Town, in the nook between the Elbe and Adler; covered to west and to south by these two streams; strong enough to east withal; and sure and convenient to the southern roads and victual. Against which Friedrich's manœuvres avail nothing; so that he at last (20th July) crosses Elbe River; takes, he likewise, an inexpugnable Camp on the opposite shore, at a Village called Chlum; and lies there, making a mutual dead-lock of it, for six weeks or more. Of the prior Camps, with their abundance of strategic shufflings, wheelings, pushings, all issuing in this of Chlum, we say nothing: none of them, — except the immediately preceding one, called of Nahorzan, called also of Drewitz (for it was in parts a shifting entity, and flung the *limbs* of it about, strategically clutching at Königsgrätz), — had any permanency: let us take Chlum (the longest, and essentially the last in those parts) as the general summary of them, and alone rememberable by us.[1]

Friedrich's purposes, at Chlum or previously, are not towards conquests in Bohemia, nor of fighting farther, if he can help it. But, in the mean while, he is eating out these Bohemian vicinages; no invasion of Silesia possible from that quarter soon again. That is one benefit: and he hopes always his enemies, under screw of military pressure with the one hand, and offer of the olive-branch with the other,

[1] "Camp of Gross-Parzitz [across the Mietau, to dislodge Prince Karl from his shelter behind that stream], June 14th:" "Camp of Nahorzan, June 18th [and abstruse manœuvrings, of a month, for Königsgrätz]: 20th July," cross Elbe for Chlum; and lie, yourself also inexpugnable, there. See *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii. 120 et seq.); especially see Orlich (ii. pp. 193, 194, 203, &c. &c.), — with an amplitude of inorganic details, sufficient to astonish the robustest memory!

will be induced to grant him Peace. Britannic Majesty, after Fontenoy and Hohenfriedberg, not to mention the first rumors of a Jacobite Rebellion, with France to rear of it, is getting eager to have Friedrich settled with, and withdrawn from the game again; — the rather, as Friedrich, knowing his man, has ceased latterly to urge him on the subject. Peace with George the Purseholder, does not that mean Peace with all the others? Friedrich knows the high Queen's indignation; but he little guesses, at this time, the humor of Brühl and the Polish Majesty. He has never yet sent the Old Dessauer in upon them; always only keeps him on the slip, at Magdeburg; still hoping actualities may not be needed. He hopes too, in spite of her indignation, the Hungarian Majesty, with an Election on hand, with the Netherlands at such a pass, not to speak of Italy and the Middle Rhine, will come to moderate views again. On which latter points, his reckoning was far from correct! Within three months, Britannic Majesty and he did get to explicit Agreement (*Convention of Hanover*, 26th August): but in regard to the Polish Majesty and the Hungarian there proved to be no such result attainable, and quite other methods necessary first!

"Of military transactions in this Camp of Chlum, or in all these Bohemian-Silesian Camps, for near four months, there is nothing, or as good as nothing: Chlum has no events; Chlum vigilantly guards itself; and expects, as the really decisive to it, events that will happen far away. We are to conceive this military business as a dead-lock; attended with hussar skirmishes; attacks, defences, of outposts, of provision-wagons from Moravia or Silesia: — Friedrich has his food from Silesia chiefly, by several routes, 'convoys come once in the five days.' His horse-provender he forages; with Tolpatches watching him, and continual scufflings of fight: 'for hay and glory,' writes one Prussian Officer, 'I assure you we fight well!' Endless enterprising, manœuvring, counter-manœuvring there at first was; and still is, if either party stir: but here, in their mutually fixed camps, tacit mutual observances establish themselves; and amid the rigorous armed vigilances, there are traits of human neighborship. As usual in such cases. The guard-parties do not fire on one another, within certain limits: a signal that there are dead to bury, or the like, is strictly respected. On one such occasion it was (June 30th, Camp-of-Nahorzan time) that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick — Prince Ferdinand, with a young Brother Albert volunteering and learning his business here, who are both Prussian — had a snatch of interview with a third much-loved Brother, Ludwig, who is in the Austrian service. A Prussian officer, venturing beyond the limits, had been shot; Ferdinand's message, 'Grant us burial of him!' found, by chance, Brother Ludwig in command of that Austrian outpost; who answers: 'Surely; — and beg that I may embrace my Brothers!' And they rode out, those three, to the space intermediate; talked there for half an hour, till the burial was done.[1] Fancy such an interview between the poor young fellows, the soul of honor each, and tied in that manner!

"Trenck of the Life-guard was not quite the soul of honor. It was in the Nahorzan time too that Trenck, who had, in spite of express order to the contrary, been writing to his Cousin the indigo Pandour, was put under arrest when found out. 'Wrote merely about horses: purchase of horses, so help me God!' protests the blusterous Life-guardsman, loud as lungs will, — whether with truth in them, nobody can say. 'Arrest for breaking orders!' answers Friedrich, doubting or disbelieving the horses; and loud Trenck is packed over the Hills to Glatz; to Governor Fouquet, or Substitute; — where, by *not* submitting and repenting, by resisting and rebelling, and ever again doing it, he makes out for himself, with Fouquet and his other Governors, what kind of life we know! '*Gardez étroitement ce drôle-là, il a voulu devenir Pandour auprès de son oncle* (Keep a tight hold of this fine fellow; he wanted to become Pandour beside his Uncle)!' writes Friedrich: — 'Uncle' instead of 'Cousin,' all one to Friedrich. This he writes with his own hand, on the margin: 28th June, 1745; the inexorable Records fix that date.[2] Which I should not mention, except for another inexorable date (30th

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[1] Mauvillon, *Geschichte Ferdinands von Braunschweig-Lüneburg*, i. 118.

[2] Rödenbeck, iii. 381. Copy of the Warrant, once *penes me*.

September), that is coming; and the perceptible slight comfort there will be in fixing down a loud-blustering, extensively fabulous blockhead, still fit for the Nurseries, to one undeniable premeditated lie, and tar-marking him therewith, for benefit of more serious readers." As shall be done, were the 30th of September come!

Here is still something, — if it be not rather nothing, by a great hand! Date uncertain; Camp-of-Chlum time, pretty far on: . . . "There are continual foragings, on both sides; with parties mutually dashing out to hinder the same. The Prussians have a detached post at Smirzitz; which is much harassed by Hungarians lurking about, shooting our sentry and the like. An inventive head contrives this expedient. Stuff a Prussian uniform with straw; fix it up, by aid of ropes and check-strings, to stand with musket shouldered, and even to glide about to right and left, on judicious pulling. So it is done: straw man is made; set upon his ropes, when the Tolpatches approach; and pensively saunters to and fro, — his living comrades crouching in the bushes near by. Tolpatches fire on the walking straw sentry; straw sentry falls flat; Tolpatches rush in, esurient, triumphant; are exploded in a sharp blast of musketry from the bushes all round, every wounded man made prisoner; — and come no more back to that post." Friedrich himself records this little fact: "slight pleasantry to relieve the reader's mind," says he, in narrating it.[1] — Enough of those small matters, while so many large are waiting.

June 26th, a month before Chlum, General Nassau had been detached, with some 8 or 10,000, across Glatz Country, into Upper Silesia, to sweep that clear again. Hautcharmoi, quitting the Frontier Towns, has joined, raising him to 15,000; and Nassau is giving excellent account of the multitudinous Pandour doggeries there; and will retake Kosel, and have Upper Silesia swept before very long.[2] On the other hand, the Election matter (*Kaiserwahl*, a most important point) is obviously in threatening, or even in desperate state! That famed Middle-Rhine Army has gone to the — what shall we say?

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[1] *Œuvres*, iii. 123.

[2] Kosel, "September 5th:" Excellent, lucid and even entertaining Account of Nassau's Expedition, in the form of *Diary* (a model, of its kind), in *Feldzüge*, iv. 257, 371, 532.

July 5th–19th, Middle-Rhine Country. "The first Election-news that reaches Friedrich is from the Middle-Rhine Country, and of very bad complexion. Readers remember Traun, and his Bathyanis, and his intentions upon Conti there. In the end of May, old Traun, things being all completed in Bavaria, had got on march with his Bavarian Army, say 40,000, to look into Prince Conti down in those parts; a fact very interesting to the Prince. Traun held leftward, westward, as if for the Neckar Valley, — 'Perhaps intending to be through upon Elsass, in those southern undefended portions of the Rhine?' Conti, and his Ségur, and Middle-Rhine Army stood diligently on their guard; got their forces, defences, apparatuses, hurried southward, from Frankfurt quarter where they lay on watch, into those Neckar regions. Which seen to be done, Traun whirled rapidly to rightward, to northward; crossed the Mayn at Wertheim, wholly leaving the Neckar and its Conti; having weighty business quite in the other direction, — on the north side of the Mayn, namely; on the Kinzig River, where Bathyani (who has taken D'Ahremberg's command below Frankfurt, and means to bestir himself in another than the D'Ahremberg fashion) is to meet him on a set day. Traun having thus, by strategic suction, pulled the Middle-Rhine Army out of his and Bathyani's way, hopes they two will manage a junction on the Kinzig; after junction they will be a little stronger than Conti, though decidedly weaker taken one by one. Traun, in the long June days, had such a march, through the Spessart Forest (Mayn River to his left, with our old friends Dettingen, Aschaffenburg, far down in the plain), as was hardly ever known before: pathless wildernesses, rocky steeps and chasms; the sweltering June sun sending down the upper snows upon him in the form of muddy slush; so that 'the infantry had to wade haunch-deep in many of the hollow parts, and nearly all the cavalry lost its horse-shoes.' A strenuous march; and a well-schemed. For at the Kinzig River (Conti still far off in the

Neckar country), Bathyani punctually appeared, on the opposite shore; and Traun and he took camp together; July 5th, at Langen-Selbord (few miles north of Hanau, which we know); — and rest there; calculating that Conti is now a manageable quantity; — and comfortably wait till the Grand-Duke arrives.[1] For this is, theoretically, *his* Army; Grand-Duke Franz being the Commander's Cloak, this season; as Karl was last, — a right lucky Cloak he, while Traun lurked under him, not so lucky since! July 13th, Franz arrived; and Traun, under Franz, instantly went into Conti (now again in those Frankfurt parts); clutched at Conti, Briareus-like, in a multiform alarming manner: so that Conti lost head; took to mere retreating, rushing about, burning bridges; — and in fine, July 19th, had flung himself bodily across the Rhine (clouds of Tolpatches sticking to him), and left old Traun and his Grand-Duke supreme lord in those parts. Who did *not* invade Elsass, as was now expected; but lay at Heidelberg, intending to play pacifically a surer card. All French are out of Teutschland again; and the game given up. In what a premature and shameful manner! thinks Friedrich.

"Nominally it was the Grand-Duke that flung Conti over the Rhine; and delivered Teutschland from its plagues. After which fine feat, salvatory to the Cause of Liberty, and destructive to French influence, what is to prevent his election to the Kaisership? Friedrich complains aloud: 'Conti has given it up; you drafted 15,000 from him (for imaginary uses in the Netherlands), — you have given it up, then! Was that our bargain?' 'We have given it up,' answers D'Argenson the War-minister, writing to Valori; 'but,' — And supplies, instead of performance according to the laws of fact, eloquent logic; very superfluous to Friedrich and the said laws! — Valori, and the French Minister at Dresden, had again been trying to stir up the Polish Majesty to stand for Kaiser; but of course that enterprise, eager as the Polish Majesty might be for such a dignity, had now to collapse, and become totally hopeless. A new offer of Friedrich's to cooperate had been refused by Brühl, with a brevity, a decisiveness — 'Thinks me finished (*aux abois*),' says Friedrich; 'and not worth giving terms to, on surrendering!' The foolish little creature; insolent in the wrong quarter!"[1]

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[1] Adelung, iv. 421; v. 36.

The German Burden, then, — which surely was mutual, at lowest, and lately was French altogether, — the French have thrown it off; the French have dropped their end of the *bearing-poles* (so to speak), and left Friedrich by himself, to stand or stagger, under the beweltered broken harness-gear and intolerable weight! That is one's payment for cutting the rope from their neck last year! — Long since, while the present Campaign was being prepared for, under such financial pressures, Friedrich had bethought him, "The French might at least give me money, if they can nothing else?" — and he had one day penned a Letter with that object; but had thrown it into his desk again, "No; not till the very last extremity, that!" Friedrich did at last despatch the unpleasant missive: "Service done you in Elsass, let us say little of it; but the repayment has been zero hitherto: your Bavarian expenses (poor Kaiser gone, and Peace of Füssen come!) are now ended: — A round sum, say of £600,000, is becoming indispensable here, if we are to keep on our feet at all!" Herr Ranke, who has seen the Most Christian King's response (though in a capricious way), finds "three or four successive redactions" of the difficult passage; all painfully meaning, "Impossible, alas!" — painfully adding, "We will try, however!" And, after due cunctations, Friedrich waiting silent the while, — Louis, Most Christian King, who had failed in so many things towards Friedrich, does empower Valori To offer him a subsidy of 500,000 livres a month, till we see farther. Twenty thousand pounds a month; he hopes this will suffice, being himself run terribly low. Friedrich's feeling is to be guessed: "Such a dole might answer to a Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt; but to me is not in the least suitable;" — and flatly refuses it; *fièrement*, says Valori.[2]

Mon gros Valori, who could not himself help all this, poor soul, "falls now into complete disgrace;" waits daily upon Friedrich at the giving out of the parole, "but frequently his Majesty does not speak to me at all." Hardly looks at me, or only looks as if I had suddenly become Zero Incarnate. It is now in these days, I suppose, that Friedrich writes about the "Scamander Battle" (of Fontenoy), and "Capture of Pekin," by way of helping one to fight the Austrians according to Treaty. And has a touch of bitter sarcasm in uttering his complaints against such treatment, — the heart of him, I suppose, bitter enough. Most Christian King has felt this of the Scamander, Friedrich perceives; Louis's next letter testifies pique; — and of course we are farther from help, on that side, than ever. "From the *Stände* of the Kur-Mark [Brandenburg] Friedrich was offered a considerable subsidy instead; and joyfully accepted the same, 'as a loan:'" — paid it punctually back, too; and never, all his days, forgot it of those *Stände*.[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 128.

[2] Ranke, iii. 235, 299 n. (not the least of *date* allowed us in either case); Valori, i. 240.

Camp of Dieskau: Britannic Majesty makes Peace, for himself, with Friedrich; but cannot for Austria or Saxony.

About the middle of August, there are certain Saxon phenomena which awaken dread expectation in the world. Friedrich, watching, Argus-like, near and far, in his Chlum observatory, has noticed that Prince Karl is getting reinforced in Königsgrätz; 10,000 lately, 7,000 more coming; — and contrariwise that the Saxons seem to be straggling off from him; ebbing away, corps after corps, — towards Saxony, can it be? There are whispers of "Bavarian auxiliaries" being hired for them, too. And little Brühl's late insolence; Brühl's evident belief that "we are finished (*aux abois*)"? Putting all this together, Friedrich judges — with an indignation very natural — that there is again some insidious Saxon mischief, most likely an attack on Brandenburg, in the wind. Friedrich orders the Old Dessauer, "March into them, delay no longer!" and publishes a clangorously indignant Manifesto (evidently his own writing, and coming from the heart):[1] "How they have, *not* bound by their Austrian Treaty, wantonly invaded our Silesia; have, since and before, in spite of our forbearance, done so many things: — and, in fact, have finally exhausted our patience; and are forcing us to seek redress and safety by the natural methods," which they will see how they like! —

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 255; Ranke, &c.

Old Leopold advances straightway, as bidden, direct for the Saxon frontier. To whom Friedrich shoots off detachments, — Prince Dietrich, with so many thousands, to reinforce Papa; then General Gessler with so many, — till Papa is 30,000 odd; and could eat Saxony at a mouthful; nothing whatever being yet ready there on Brühl's part, though he has such immense things in the wind! — Nevertheless Friedrich again paused; did not yet strike. The Saxon question has Russian bugbears, no end of complications. His Britannic Majesty, now at Hanover, and his prudent Harrington with him, are in the act of laboring, with all earnestness, for a general Agreement with Friedrich. Without farther bitterness, embroilment and bloodshed: how much preferable for Friedrich! Old Dessauer, therefore, pauses: "Camp of Dieskau," which we have often heard of, close on the Saxon Border; stands there, looking over, as with sword drawn, 30,000 good swords, — but no stroke, not for almost three months more. In three months, wretched Brühl had not repented; but, on the contrary, had completed his preparations, and gone to work; — and the stroke did fall, as will be seen. That is Brühl's posture in the matter.[2]

To Britannic George, for a good while past, it has been manifest that the Pragmatic Sanction, in its original form, is an extinct object; that reconquest of Silesia, and such like, is melancholy moonshine; and that, in fact, towards fighting the French with effect, it is highly necessary to make peace with Friedrich of Prussia again. This once more is George's and his Harrington's fixed view. Friedrich's own wishes are known, or used to be, ever since the late Kaiser's death, —

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[1] In Adelung, v. 64–71 (no date; "middle of August," say the Books).

[2] Ranke, iii. 231, 314.

though latterly he has fallen silent, and even avoids the topic when offered (knowing his man)! Harrington has to apply formally to Friedrich's Minister at Hanover. "Very well, if they are in earnest this time," so Friedrich instructs his Minister: "My terms are known to you; no change admissible in the terms; — do not speak with me on it farther: and, observe, within four weeks, the thing finished, or else broken off!"[1] And in this sense they are laboring incessantly, with Austria, with Saxony, — without the least success; — and Excellency Robinson has again a panting uncomfortable time. Here is a scene Robinson transacts at Vienna, which gives us a curious face-to-face glimpse of her Hungarian Majesty, while Friedrich is in his Camp at Chlum.

Schönbrunn, 2d August, 1745, *Robinson has Audience of her Hungarian Majesty.*

Robinson, in a copious sonorous speech (rather apt to be copious, and to fall into the Parliamentary *canto-fermo*), sets forth how extremely ill we Allies are faring on the French hand; nothing done upon Silesia either; a hopeless matter that, — is it not, your Majesty? And your Majesty's forces all lying there, in mere dead-lock; and we in such need of them! "Peace with Prussia is indispensable." — To which her Majesty listened, in statuesque silence mostly; "never saw her so reserved before, my Lord." . . .

Robinson. . . . "'Madam, the Dutch will be obliged to accept Neutrality' [and plump down again, after such hoisting]!

Queen. "'Well, and if they did, they? "It would be easier to accommodate with France itself, and so finish the whole matter, than with Prussia." My Army could not get to the Netherlands this season. No General of mine would undertake conducting it at this day of the year. Peace with Prussia, what good could it do at present?'

Robinson. "'England has already found, for subsidies, this year, £1,178,753. Cannot go on at that rate. Peace with

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[1] Ranke, iii. 277–281.

Prussia is one of the returns the English Nation expects for all it has done.'

Queen. "'I must have Silesia again: without Silesia the Kaiserhood were an empty title. "Or would you have us administer it under the guardiancy of Prussia!"'. . .

Robinson. "'In Bohemia itself things don't look well; nothing done on Friedrich: your Saxons seem to be quarrelling with you, and going home.'

Queen. "'Prince Karl is himself capable of fighting the Prussians again. Till that, do not speak to me of Peace! Grant me only till October!'

Robinson. "'Prussia will help the Grand-Duke to Kaisership.'

Queen. "'The Grand-Duke is not so ambitious of an empty honor as to engage in it under the tutelage of Prussia. Consider farther: the Imperial dignity, is it compatible with the fatal deprivation of Silesia? "One other battle, I say! Good God, give me only till the month of October!"'

Robinson. "'A battle, Madam, if won, won't reconquer Silesia; if lost, your Majesty is ruined at home.'

Queen. "'*Dussé-je conclure avec lui le lendemain, je lui livrerais bataille ce soir* (Had I to agree with him to-morrow, I would try him in a battle this evening)!'"[1]

Her Majesty is not to be hindered; deaf to Robinson, to her Britannic George who pays the money. "Cruel man, is that what you call keeping the Pragmatic Sanction; dismembering me of Province after Province, now in Germany, then in Italy, on pretext of necessity? Has not England money, then? Does not England love the Cause of Liberty? Give me till October!" Her Majesty did take till October, and later, as we shall see; poor George not able to hinder, by power of the purse or otherwise: who can hinder high females, or low, when they get into their humors? Much of this Austrian obstinacy, think impartial persons, was of female nature. We shall see what profit her Majesty made by taking till October.

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[1] Robinson's Despatch, 4th August, 1745. Ranke, iii. 287; Raumer, pp. 161, 162.

As for George, the time being run, and her Majesty and Saxony unpersuadable, he determined to accept Friedrich's terms himself, in hope of gradually bringing the others to do it. August 26th, at Hanover, there is signed a *Convention of Hanover* between Friedrich and him: "Peace on the old Breslau-Berlin terms, — precisely the same terms, but Britannic Majesty to have them guaranteed by All the Powers, on the General Peace coming, — so that there be no snake-procedure henceforth." Silesia Friedrich's without fail, dear Hanover unmolested even by a thought of Friedrich's; — and her Hungarian Majesty to be invited, nay urged by every feasible method, to accede.[1] Which done, Britannic Majesty — for there has hung itself out, in the Scotch Highlands, the other day ("Glenfinlas, August 12th"), a certain Standard "*Tandem Triumphans*," and unpleasant things are imminent! — hurries home at his best pace, and has his hands full there, for some time. On Austria, on Saxony, he could not prevail: "By no manner of means!" answered they; and went their own road, — jingling his Britannic subsidies in their pocket; regardless of the once Supreme Jove, who is sunk now to a very different figure on the German boards.

Friedrich's outlook is very bad: such a War to go on, and not even finance to do it with. His intimates, his Rothenburg one time, have "found him sunk in gloomy thought." But he wears a bright face usually. No wavering or doubting in him, his mind made up; which is a great help that way. Friedrich indicates, and has indicated everywhere, for many months, that Peace, precisely on the old footing, is all he wants: "The Kaiser being dead, whom I took up arms to defend, what farther object is there?" says he. "Renounce Silesia, more honestly than last time; engage to have it guaranteed by everybody at the General Peace (or perhaps Hohenfriedberg will help to guarantee it), — and I march home!" My money is running down, privately thinks he; guarantee Silesia, and I shall be glad to go. If not, I must raise money somehow; melt the big silver balustrades at Berlin, borrow from the *Stände*, or do something; and, in fact, must stand here, unless Silesia is guaranteed, and struggle till I die.

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[1] Adelung, v. 75; is "in Rousset, xix. 441;" in &c. &c.

That latter withal is still privately Friedrich's thought. Under his light air, he carries unspoken that grimly clear determination, at all times, now and henceforth; and it is an immense help to the guidance of him. An indispensable, indeed. No king or man, attempting anything considerable in this world, need expect to achieve it except, tacitly, on those same terms, "I will achieve it or die!" For the world, in spite of rumors to the contrary, is always much of a bedlam to the sanity (so far as he may have any) of every individual man. A strict place, moreover; its very bedlamisms flowing by law, as do alike the sudden mud-deluges, and the steady Atlantic tides, and all things whatsoever: a world inexorable, truly, as gravitation itself;—and it will behoove you to front it in a similar humor, as the tacit basis for whatever wise plans you lay. In Friedrich, from the first entrance of him on the stage of things, we have had to recognize this prime quality, in a fine tacit form, to a complete degree; and till his last exit, we shall never find it wanting. Tacit enough, unconscious almost, not given to articulate itself at all;—and if there be less of piety than we could wish in the silence of it, there is at least no play-actor mendacity, or cant of devoutness, to poison the high worth of it. No braver little figure stands on the Earth at that epoch. Ready, at the due season, with his mind silently made up;—able to answer diplomatic Robinsons, Bartensteins and the very Destinies when they apply. If you will withdraw your snakish notions, will guarantee Silesia, will give him back his old Treaty of Berlin in an irrefragable shape, he will march home; if not, he will never march home, but be carried thither dead rather. That is his intention, if the gods permit.

Grand-Duke Franz is elected Kaiser (13th September, 1745); *Friedrich, the Season and Forage being done, makes for Silesia.*

There occurred at Frankfurt — the clear majority, seven of the nine Electors, Bavaria itself (nay Bohemia this time, "distaff" or not), and all the others but Friedrich and Kur-Pfalz, being so disposed or so disposable, Traun being master of the ground — no difficulty about electing Grand-Duke Franz Stephan of Tuscany, Joint-King of Bohemia, to be Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich. Friedrich's envoy protested; — as did Kur-Pfalz's, with still more vehemence, and then withdrew to Hanau: the other Seven voted September 13th, 1745: and it was done. A new Kaiser, Franz Stephan, or Franz I., — with our blessing on him, if that can avail much. But I fear it cannot. Upon such mendacious Empty-Case of Kaiserhood, without even money to feed itself, not to speak of governing, of defending and coercing; upon such entities the blessings of man avail little; the gods, having warned them to go, do not bless them for staying! — However, tar-barrels burn, the fountains play (wine in some of them, I hope); Franz is to be crowned in a fortnight hence, with extraordinary magnificence. At this last part of it Maria Theresa will, in her own high person, attend; and proceeds accordingly towards Frankfurt, in the end of September (say the old Books), so soon as the Election is over.

Hungarian Majesty's bearing was not popular there, according to Friedrich, — who always admires her after a sort, and always speaks of her like a king and gentleman: — but the High Lady, it is intimated, felt somewhat too well that she was high. Not sorry to have it known, under the due veils, that her Kaiser-Husband is but of a mimetic nature; that it is she who has the real power; and that indeed she is in a victorious posture at present. Very high in her carriage towards the Princes of the Reich, and their privileges: — poor Kur-Pfalz's notary, or herald, coming to protest (I think, it was the second time) about something, she quite disregarded his tabards, pasteboards, or whatever they were, and clapt him in prison. The thing was commented upon; but Kur-Pfalz got no redress. Need we repeat, — lazy readers having so often met him, and forgotten him again, — this is a new younger Kur-Pfalz: Karl Theodor, this one; not Friedrich Wilhelm's old Friend, but his Successor, of the Sulzbach line; of whom, after thirty years or so, we may again hear. He can complain about his violated tabard; will get his notary out of jail again, but no redress.

Highish even towards her friends, this "Empress-Queen" (*Kaiserin-Königin,* such her new title), and has a kind of "Thank-you-for-Nothing" air towards them. Prussian Majesty, she said, had unquestionable talents; but, oh, what a character! Too much levity, she said, by far; heterodox too, in the extreme; a *böser Mann ;* — and what a neighbor has he been! As to Silesia, she was heard to say, she would as soon part with her petticoat as part with it.[1] — So that there is not the least prospect of peace here? "None," answer Friedrich's emissaries, whom he had empowered to hint the thing. Which is heavy news to Friedrich.

Early in August, not long after that Audience of Robinson's, her Majesty, after repeated written messages to Prince Karl, urging him to go into fight again or attempt something, had sent two high messengers: Prince Lobkowitz, Duke d'Ahremberg, high dignitaries from Court, have come to Königsgrätz with the latest urgencies, the newest ideas; and would fain help Prince Karl to attempt something. Daily they used to come out upon a little height, in view of Friedrich's tent, and gaze in upon him, and round all Nature, "with big tubes," he says, "as if they had been astronomers;" but never attempted anything. We remember D'Ahremberg, and what part he has played, from the Dettingen times and onward. "A debauched old fellow," says Friedrich; "gone all to hebetude by his labors in that line; agrees always with the last speaker." Prince Karl seems to have little stomach himself; and does not see his way into (or across) another Battle. Lobkowitz, again, is always saying: "Try something! We are now stronger than they, by their detachings, by our reinforcings" (indeed, about twice their number, regular and irregular), though most of the Saxons are gone home. After much gazing through their tubes, the Austrians (August 23d) do make a small shift of place, insignificant otherwise; the Prussians, next day, do the like, in consequence; quit Chlum, burning their huts; post themselves a little farther up the Elbe, — their left at a place called Jaromirz, embouchure of the Aupa into Elbe,[1] — and are again unattackable.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 126, 128.

The worst fact is the multitude of Pandours, more and more infesting our provision-roads; and that horse-forage itself is, at last, running low. Detachments lie all duly round to right and left, to secure our communications with Silesia, especially to left, out of Glatz, where runs one of the chief roads we have. But the service is becoming daily more difficult. For example: —

"*Neustadt, 8th September.* In that left-hand quarter, coming out of Glatz at a little Bohemian Town called Neustadt, the Prussian Commander, Tauenzien by name, was repeatedly assaulted; and from September 8th, had to stand actual siege, gallantly repulsing a full 10,000 with their big artillery, though his walls were all breached, for about a week, till Friedrich sent him relief. Prince Lobkowitz, our old anti-Belleisle friend, who is always of forward fiery humor, had set them on this enterprise; which has turned out fruitless. The King is much satisfied with Tauenzien;[2] of whom we shall hear again. Who indeed becomes notable to us, were it only for getting one Lessing as secretary, by and by: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, whose fame has since gone into all countries; the man having been appointed a 'Secretary' to the very Destinies, in some sort; that is to say, a Writer of Books which have turned out to have truth in them! Tauenzien, a grimmish aquiline kind of man, of no superfluous words, has distinguished himself for the present by defending Neustadt, which the Austrians fully counted to get hold of."

Let us give another little scene; preparatory to quitting this Country, as it is evident the King and we will soon have to do; Country being quite eaten out, Pandours getting ever rifer, and the Season done:—

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 129.

[2] Ib. 132.

Jaromirz, "early in September," 1745. "Jaromirz is a little Bohemian Town on the Aupa, or between the Aupa and Metau branches of the Upper Elbe; four or five miles north of Semonitz, where Friedrich's quarter now is. Valori, so seldom spoken to, is lodged in a suburb there: 'Had not you better go into the town itself?' his Majesty did once say; but Valori, dreading nothing, lodged on,—'Landlord a Burgher whom I thought respectable.' Respectable, yes he; but his son had been dealing with Franquini the Pandour, and had sold Valori,—night appointed, measures all taken; a miracle if Valori escape. Franquini, chief of 30,000 Pandours, has come in person to superintend this important capture; and lies hidden, with a strong party, in the woods to rearward. Prussians about 200, scattered in posts, occupy the hedges in front, for guard of the ovens; to rear, Jaromirz being wholly ours, there is no suspicion.

"In the dead of the night, Franquini emerges from the woods; sends forward a party of sixty, under the young Judas; who, by methods suitable, gets them stealthily conducted into Papa's Barn, which looks across a courtyard into Valori's very windows. From the Barn it is easy, on paws of velvet, to get into the House, if you have a Judas to open it. Which you have:—bolts all drawn for you, and even beams ready for barricading if you be meddled with. 'Upstairs is his Excellency asleep; Excellency's room is—to right, do you remember; or to left'—'Pshaw, we shall find it!' The Pandours mount; find a bedroom, break it open,—some fifteen or sixteen of them, and one who knows a little French;—come crowding forward: to the horror and terror of the poor inhabitant. '*Que voulez-vous donc?*' 'His Excellency Valori!' 'Well, no violence; I am your prisoner: let me dress!' answers the supposed Excellency,—and contrives to secrete portfolios, and tear or make away with papers. And is marched off, under a select guard, who leave the rest to do the pillage. And was not Valori at all; was Valori's Secretary, one D'Arget, who had called himself Valori on this dangerous occasion! Valori sat quaking behind his partition; not till the Pandours began plundering the stables did the Prussian sentry catch sound of them, and plunge in."

Friedrich had his amusement out of this adventure; liked D'Arget, the clever Secretary; got D'Arget to himself before long, as will be seen; — and, in quieter times, dashed off a considerable Explosion of Rhyme, called *Le Palladion* (Valori as Prussia's "Palladium," with Devils attempting to steal him, and the like), which was once thought an exquisite Burlesque, — Kings coveting a sight of it, in vain, — but is now wearisome enough to every reader.[1] — Let us attend his Majesty's exit from Bohemia.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF SOHR.

The famed beautiful Elbe River rises in romantic chasms, terrible to the picturesque beholder, at the roots of the Riesengebirge; overlooked by the Hohe-Kamms, and highest summits of that chain. "Out of eleven wells," says gentle Dulness, "*Eilf* or *Elf Quellen*, whence its name, Elbe for *Elf*." Sure enough, it starts out of various wells;[2] rushes out, like a great peacock's or pasha's tail, from the roots of the Giant Mountains thereabouts; and hurries southward, — or even rather eastward, at first; for (except the Iser to westward, which does not fall in for a great while) its chief branches come from the eastern side: Aupa, Metau, Adler, the drainings of Glatz, and of that rugged Country where Friedrich has been camping and manœuvring all summer. On the whole, its course is southward for the first seventy or eighty miles, washing Jaromirz, Königshof, Königsgrätz, down to Pardubitz: at Pardubitz it turns abruptly westward, and holds on so, bending even northward, by hill and plain, through the rest of its five or six hundred miles.

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[1] Valori, i. 242; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 130: for the Fact. Exquisite Burlesque, *Palladion* itself, is in *Œuvres*, xi. 192–271 (see *ib.* 139): a bad copy of that very bad Original, *Jeanne d'Arc*, — the only thing now good in it, Friedrich's polite yet positive refusal to gratify King Louis and his Pompadour with a sight of it (see *ib. Preface*, x-xiv, Friedrich's Letter to Louis; date of request and of refusal, March, 1750).

[2] Description, in Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien*, ii. 305; in &c. &c.

Its first considerable branch, on that eastern or left bank, is the Aupa, which rises in the Pass of Schatzlar (great struggling there, for convoys, just now); goes next by Trautenau, which has lately been burnt; and joins the Elbe at Jaromirz, where Valori was stolen, or nearly so, from under the Prussian left wing. The Aupa runs nearly straight south; the Elbe, till meeting it, has run rather southeast; but after joining they go south together, augmented by the Metau, by the Adler, down to Pardubitz, where the final turn to west occurs. Jaromirz, which lies in the very angle of Elbe and Aupa, is the left wing of Friedrich's Camp; main body of the Camp lies on the other side of the Elbe, but of course has bridges (as at Smirzitz, where that straw sentry did his pranks lately); bridges are indispensable, part of our provision coming always by that *Bohemian* Neustadt, from the northeast quarter out of Silesia; though the main course of our meal (and much fighting for it) is direct from the north, by the Pass of Schatzlar, — "Chaslard," as poor Valori calls it.

Thus Friedrich lay, when Valori escaped being stolen; when Tauenzien was assailed by the 10,000 Pandours with siege artillery, and stood inexpugnable in the breach till Friedrich relieved him. Those Pandours "had cut away his water, for the last two days;" so that, except for speedy relief, all valor had been in vain. Water being gone, not recoverable without difficulties, Neustadt was abandoned (September 16th, as I guess); — one of our main Silesian roads for meal has ceased. We have now only Schatzlar to depend on; where Franquini — lying westward among the glens of the Upper Elbe, and possessed of abundant talent in the Tolpatch way (witness Valori's narrow miss lately) — gives us trouble enough. Friedrich determines to move towards Schatzlar. Homewards, in fact; eating the Country well as he goes.

Saturday, 18th September, Friedrich crosses the Elbe at

Jaromirz. Entirely unopposed; the Austrians were all busy firing *feu-de-joie* for the Election of their Grand-Duke: Election done five days ago at Frankfurt, and the news just come. So they crackle about, and deliver rolling fire, at a great rate; proud to be "*Imperial* Army" henceforth, as if that could do much for them. There was also vast dining, for three days, among the high heads, and a great deal of wine spent. That probably would have been the chance to undertake something upon them, better than crossing the Elbe, says Friedrich looking back. But he did not think of it in time; took second-best in place of best.

He is now, therefore, over into that Triangular piece of Country between Elbe and Aupa (if readers will consult their Map); in that triangle, his subsequent notable operations all lie. He here proposes to move northward, by degrees, — through Trautenau, Schatzlar, and home; well eating this bit of Country too, the last uneaten bit, as he goes. This well eaten, there will be no harbor anywhere for Invasion, through the Winter coming. One of my old Notes says of it, in the topographic point of view: —

"It is a triangular patch of Country, which has lain asleep since the Creation of the World; traversed only by Boii (*Boiheim-ers,* Bohemians), Czechs and other such populations, in Human History; but which Friedrich has been fated to make rather notable to the Moderns henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, especially to the military one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents and the unadulterated ruggedness of Nature, will find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, and perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland; topmost Upland, we may say, of Europe in general, or portion of such Upland; for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads, — into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau; — and it is the waste Outfield whither you rise, by long weeks-journeys, from many sides.

"Much of it, towards the angle of Elbe and Aupa, is occupied by a huge waste Wood, called 'Kingdom Forest' (*Königreich Sylva* or *Wald,* peculium of Old Czech Majesties, I fancy); may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A Country of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires, straight labyrinthic passages; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor Hamlets here and there, probably the sleepiest in Nature, are scattered about; there may be patches ploughable for rye [modern Tourist says snappishly, There are many such; whole region now drained; reminded me of Yorkshire Highlands, with the Western Sun gilding it, that fine afternoon!] — ploughable for rye, buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do; pigs at least are presumable, among these straggling outposts of humanity in their obscure Hamlets: poor ploughing, moiling creatures, they little thought of becoming notable so soon! None of the Books (all intent on mere soldiering) take the least notice of them; not at the pains to spell their Hamlets right: no more notice than if they also had been stocks and moss-grown stones. Nevertheless, there they did evidently live, for thousands of years past, in a dim manner; — and are much terrified to have become the seat of war, all on a sudden. Their poor Hamlets, Sohr, Staudentz, Prausnitz, Burgersdorf and others still send up a faint smoke; and have in them, languidly, the live-coal of mysterious human existence, in those woods, — to judge by the last maps that have come out. A thing worth considering by the passing tourist, military or other."

It is in this Kingdom Forest (which he calls *Royaume de Silva*, instead of *Sylva de Royaume*) that Friedrich now marches; keeping the body of the Forest well on his left, and skirting the southern and eastern sides of it. Rough marching for his Majesty; painfully infested by Nadastian Tolpatches; who run out on him from ambushes, and need to be scourged; one ambush in particular, at a place called Liebenthal (second day's march, and near the end of it), — where our Prussian Hussars, winding like fiery dragons on the dangerous precipices, gave them better than they brought, and completely quenched their appetite for that day. After Liebenthal, the march soon ends; three miles farther on, at the dim wold-hamlet of Staudentz: here a camp is pitched; here, till the Country is well eaten out, or till something else occur, we propose to tarry for a time.

Horse-forage abounds here; but there is no getting of it without disturbance from those dogs; you must fight for every truss of grass: if a meal-train is coming, as there does every five days, you have to detach 8,000 foot and 3,000 horse to help it safe in. A fretting fatiguing time for regular troops. Our bakery is at Trautenau, — where Valori is now lodging. The Tolpatchery, unable to take Trautenau, set fire to it, though it is their own town, their own Queen's town; thatchy Trautenau, wooden too in the upper stories of it, takes greedily to the fire; goes all aloft in flame, and then lies black. A scandalous transaction, thinks Friedrich. The Prussian corn lay nearly all in cellars; little got, even of the Prussians, by such an atrocity: and your own poor fellow-subjects, where are they? Valori was burnt out here; again exploded from his quarters, poor man; — seems to have thought it a mere fire in his own lodging, and that he was an unfortunate diplomatist. Happily he got notice (*privatissime*, for no officer dare whisper in such cases) that there is an armed party setting out for Silesia, to guard meal that is coming: Valori yokes himself to this armed party, and gets safe over the Hills with it, — then swift, by extra post, to Breslau and to civilized (partially civilized) accommodation, for a little rest after these hustlings and tossings.

Friedrich had lain at Staudentz, in this manner, bickering continually for his forage, and eating the Country, for about ten days: and now, as the latter process is well on, and the season drawing to a close, he determines on a shift northward. Thursday, 30th September next, let there be one other grand forage, the final one in this eaten tract, then northward to fresh grounds. That, it appears, was the design. But, on Wednesday, there came in an Austrian deserter; who informs us that Prince Karl is not now in Königsgrätz, but in motion up the

Elbe; already some fifty miles up; past Jaromirz: his rear at Königshof, his van at Arnau, — on a level with burnt Trautenau, and farther north than we ourselves are. This is important news. "Intending to block us out from Schatzlar? Hmh!" Single scouts, or small parties, cannot live in this Kingdom Wood, swarming with Pandours: Friedrich sends out a Colonel Katzler, with 500 light horse, to investigate a little. Katzler pushes forward, on such lane or forest road-track as there is, towards Königshof; beats back small hussar parties; — comes, in about an hour's space, not upon hussars merely, but upon dense masses of heavy horse winding through the forest lanes; and, with that imperfect intelligence, is obliged to return. The deserter spake truth, apparently; and that is all we can know. Forage scheme is given up; the order is, "Baggage packed, and *march* to-morrow morning at ten." Long before ten, there had great things befallen on the morrow! — Try to understand this Note a little: —

"The Camp of Staudentz — which two persons (the King, and General Stille, a more careful reporter, who also was an eye-witness) have done their best to describe — will, after all efforts, and an Ordnance Map to help, remain considerably unintelligible to the reader; as is too usual in such cases. A block of high-lying ground; Friedrich's Camp on it, perhaps two miles long, looks to the south; small Village of Staudentz in front; hollow beyond that, and second small Village, Deutsch Prausnitz, hanging on the opposite slope, with shaggy heights beyond, and the Kingdom Forest there beginning: on the left, defiles, brooks and strait country, leading towards the small town of Eypel: that is our left and front aspect, a hollow well isolating us on those sides. Hollow continues all along the front; hollow definite on our side of it, and forming a tolerable defence: — though again, I perceive, to rightward at no great distance, there rise High Grounds which considerably overhang us." A thing to be marked! "These we could not occupy, for want of men; but only maintain vedettes upon them. Over these Heights, a mile or two westward of this hollow of ours, runs the big winding hollow called Georgengrund (*George's bottom*), which winds up and down in that

Kingdom Forest, and offers a road from Königshof to Trautenau, among other courses it takes.

"From the crown of those Heights on our right flank here, looking to the west, you might discern (perhaps three miles off, from one of the sheltering nooks in the hither side of that Georgengrund), rising faintly visible over knolls and dingles, the smoke of a little Forest Village. That Village is Sohr; notable ever since, beyond others, in the Kingdom Wood. Sohr, like the other Villages, has its lane-roads; its road to Trautenau, to Königshof, no doubt; but much nearer you, on our eastern slope of the Heights, and far hitherward of Sohr, which is on the western, goes the great road [what is now the great road], from Königshof to Trautenau, well visible from Friedrich's Camp, though still at some distance from it. Could these Heights between us and Sohr, which lie beyond the great road, be occupied, we were well secured; isolated on the right too, as on the other sides, from Kingdom Forest and its ambushes. 'Should have been done,' admits Friedrich; 'but then, as it is, there are not troops enough:' with 18,000 men you cannot do everything!"

Here, however, is the important point. In Sohr, this night, 29th September, in a most private manner, the Austrians, 30,000 of them and more, have come gliding through the woods, without even their pipe lit, and with thick veil of hussars ahead! Outposts of theirs lie squatted in the bushes behind Deutsch Prausnitz, hardly 500 yards from Friedrich's Camp. And eastward, leftward of him, in the defiles about Eypel, lie Nadasti and Ruffian Trenck, with ten or twelve thousand, who are to take him in rear. His "Camp of Staudentz" will be at a fine pass to-morrow morning. The Austrian Gentlemen had found, last week, a certain bare Height in the Forest (Height still known), from which they could use their astronomer tubes day after day;[1] and now they are about attempting something!

Thursday morning, very early, 30th September, 1745, Friedrich was in his tent, busy with generals and march-routes, — when a rapid orderly comes in, from that Vedette, or strong

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[1] Orlich, ii. 225.

Piquet, on the Heights to our right: "Austrians visibly moving, in quantity, near by!" and before he has done answering, the officer himself arrives: "Regular Cavalry in great force; long dust-cloud in Kingdom Forest, in the gray dawn; and, so far as we can judge, it is their Army coming on." Here is news for a poor man, in the raw of a September morning, by way of breakfast to him! "To arms!" is, of course, Friedrich's instant order; and he himself gallops to the Piquet on the Heights, glass in hand. "Austrian Army sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them, we only eighteen.[1] Coming to take us on the right flank here; to attack our Camp by surprise: will crush us northward through the defiles, and trample us down in detail? Hmh! To run for it, will never do. We must fight for it, and even attack *them*, as our way is, though on such terms. Quick, a plan!" The head of Friedrich is a bank you cannot easily break by coming on it for plans: such a creature for impromptu plans, and unexpected dashes swift as the panther's, I have hardly known, — especially when you squeeze him into a corner, and fancy he is over with it! Friedrich gallops down, with his plan clear enough; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon those Heights he has quitted; Fifty Squadrons of Horse for left wing to them, and a battery of Twenty-eight big Guns is establishing itself where Friedrich's Piquet lately stood.

Friedrich's right flank has to become his front, and face those formidable Austrian Heights and Batteries; and this with more than Prussian velocity, and under the play of those twenty-eight big guns, throwing case-shot (*grénades royales*) and so forth, all the while. To Valori, when he heard of the thing, it is inconceivable how mortal troops could accomplish such a movement; Friedrich himself praises it, as a thing honorably well done. Took about half an hour; case-shot raining all the while; soldier honorably never-minding: no flurry, though a speed like that of spinning-tops. And here we at length are, Staudentz now to rear of us, behind our centre a good space; Burgersdorf in front of us to right, our left reaching to Prausnitz: Austrian lines, three deep of them, on the opposite Height; we one line only, which matches them in length.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* iii. 139.

They, that left wing of horse, should have thundered down on us, attacking us, not waiting our attack, thinks Friedrich; but they have not done it. They stand on their height there, will perhaps fire carbines, as their wont is. "You, Buddenbrock, go into them with your Cuirassiers!" Buddenbrock and the Cuirassiers, though it is uphill, go into them at a furious rate; meet no countercharge, mere sputter of carbines; — tumble them to mad wreck, back upon their second line, back upon their third: absurdly crowded there on their narrow height, no room to manœuvre; so that they plunge, fifty squadrons of them, wholly into the Georgengrund rearward, into the Kingdom Wood, and never come on again at all. Buddenbrock has done his job right well.

Seeing which, our Infantry of the right wing, which stood next to Buddenbrock, made impetuous charge uphill, emulous to capture that Battery of Twenty-eight; but found it, for some time, a terrible attempt. These Heights are not to be called "hills," still less "mountains" (as in some careless Books); but it is a stiff climb at double-quick, with twenty-eight big guns playing in the face of you. Storms of case-shot shear away this Infantry, are quenching its noble fury in despair; Infantry visibly recoiling, when our sole Three Regiments of Reserve hurry up to support. Round these all rallies; rushes desperately on, and takes the Battery, — of course, sending the Austrian left wing rapidly adrift, on loss of the same.

This, I consider, is the crisis of the Fight; the back of the Austrian enterprise is already broken, by this sad winging of it on the left. But it resists still; comes down again, — the *reserve* of their left wing seen rapidly making for Burgersdorf, intending an attack there; which we oppose with vigor, setting Burgersdorf on fire for temporary screen; and drive the Austrian reserve rapidly to rearward again. But there is rally after rally of them. They rank again on every new height, and dispute there; loath to be driven into Kingdom Wood, after such a flourish of arms. One height, "bushy steep height," the light-limbed valiant Prince, little Ferdinand of Brunswick, had the charge of attacking; and he did it with his usual impetus and irresistibility: — and, strangely enough, the defender of it chanced to be that Brother of his, Prince Ludwig, with whom he had the little Interview lately. Prince Ludwig got a wound, as well as lost his height. The third Brother, poor Prince Albrecht, who is also here, as volunteer apprentice, on the Prussian side, gets killed. There will never be another Interview, for all three, between the Camps! Strange times for those poor Princes, who have to seek soldiering for their existence.

Meanwhile the Cavalry of Buddenbrock, that is to say of the right wing, having now no work in that quarter, is despatched to reinforce the left wing, which has stood hitherto apart on its own ground; not attacked or attacking, — a left wing *refused*, as the soldiers style it. Reinforced by Buddenbrock, this left wing of horse does now also storm forward; — "near the Village of Prausnitz" (Prausnitz a little way to rear of it), thereabouts, is the scene of its feat. Feat done in such fashion that the Austrians opposite will not stand the charge at all; but gurgle about in a chaotic manner; then gallop fairly into Kingdom Wood, without stroke struck; and disappear, as their fellows had done. Whereupon the Prussian horse breaks in upon the adjoining Infantry of that flank (Austrian right flank, left bare in this manner); champs it also into chaotic whirlpools; cuts away an outskirt of near 2,000 prisoners, and sets the rest running. This seems to have been pretty much the *coup-de-grâce* of the Fight; and to have brought the Austrian dispute to finis. From the first, they had rallied on the heights; had struggled and disputed. Two general rallies they made, and various partial, but none had any success. They were driven on, bayonet in back, as the phrase is: with this sad slap on their right, added to that old one on their left, what can they now do but ebb rapidly; pour in cataracts into Kingdom Wood, and disappear there?[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 135–143; Stille, pp. 144–163; Orlich, ii. 227–243; *Feldzüge*, i. 357, 363, 374.

Prince Karl's scheme was good, says Friedrich; but it was ill executed. He never should have let us form; his first grand fault was that he waited to be attacked, instead of attacking. Parts of his scheme were never executed at all. Duke d'Ahremberg, for instance, it is said, had so dim a notion of the ground, that he drew up some miles off, with his *back* to the Prussians. Such is the rumor, — perhaps only a rumor, in mockery of the hebetated old gentleman fallen unlucky? On the other hand, that Nadasti made a failure which proved important, is indubitable. Nadasti, with some thousands of Tolpatchery, was at Liebenthal, four miles to southeast of the action; Ruffian Trenck lay behind Eypel, perhaps as far to east of it: Trenck and Nadasti were to rendezvous, to unite, and attack the Prussian Camp on its rear, — "Camp," so ran the order, for it was understood the Prussians would all be there, we others attacking it in front and both flanks; — which turned out otherwise, not for Nadasti alone!

Nadasti came to his rendezvous in time; Ruffian Trenck did not: Nadasti grew tired of waiting for Trenck, and attacked the Camp by himself: — Camp, but not any men; Camp being now empty, and the men all fighting, ranked at right angles to it, furlongs and miles away. Nadasti made a rare hand of the Camp; plundered everything, took all the King's Camp-furniture, ready money, favorite dog Biche, — likewise poor Eichel his Secretary, who, however, tore the papers first. Tolpatchery exultingly gutted the Camp; and at last set fire to it, — burnt even some eight or ten poor Prussian sick, and also "some women whom they caught. We found the limbs of these poor men and women lying about," reports old General Lehwald; who knew about it. A doggery well worthy of the gallows, think Lehwald and I. "Could n't help it; ferocity of wild men," says Nadasti. "Well; but why not attack, then, with your ferocity?" Confused Court-martial put these questions, at Vienna subsequently; and Ruffian Trenck, some say, got injustice, Nadasti shuffling things upon him; for which one cares almost nothing. Lehwald, lying at Trautenau, had heard the firing at sunrise; and instantly marched to help:

he only arrived to give Nadasti a slash or two, and was too late for the Fight. One Schlichtling, on guard with a weak party, saved what was in the right wing of the Camp, — small thanks to him, the Main Fight being so near : Friedrich's opinion is, an Officer, in Schlichtling's place, ought to have done more, and not have been so helpless.

This was the Battle of Sohr; so called because the Austrians had begun there, and the Prussians ended there. The Prussian pursuit drew bridle at that Village; unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the deeps of Kingdom Forest. The Battle has lasted five hours. It must be now getting towards noon; and time for breakfast, if indeed any were to be had; but that is next to impossible, Nadasti having been so busy. Not without extreme difficulty is a manchet of bread, with or without a drop of wine, procured for the King's Majesty this day. Many a tired hero will have nothing but tobacco, with spring-water, to fall back upon. Never mind! says the King, says everybody. After all, it is a cheap price to pay for missing an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such crisis went on ahead.

Lying *Cousin* Trenck, of the Life-guard, who is now in Glatz, gives vivid eye-witness particulars of these things, time of the morning and so on; says expressly he was there, and what he did there,[1] — though in Glatz under lock and key, three good months before. "How could I help mistakes," said he afterwards, when people objected to this and that in his blusterous mendacity of a Book: "I had nothing but my poor agitated memory to trust to!" A man's memory, when it gets the length of remembering that he was in the Battle of Sohr while bodily absent, ought it not to — in fact, to strike work; to *still* its agitations altogether, and call halt? Trenck, some months after, got clambered out of Glatz, by sewers, or I forget how; and leaped, or dropped, from some parapet into the River Neisse, — sinking to the loins in tough mud, so that he could not stir farther. "Fouquet let me stand there half a day,

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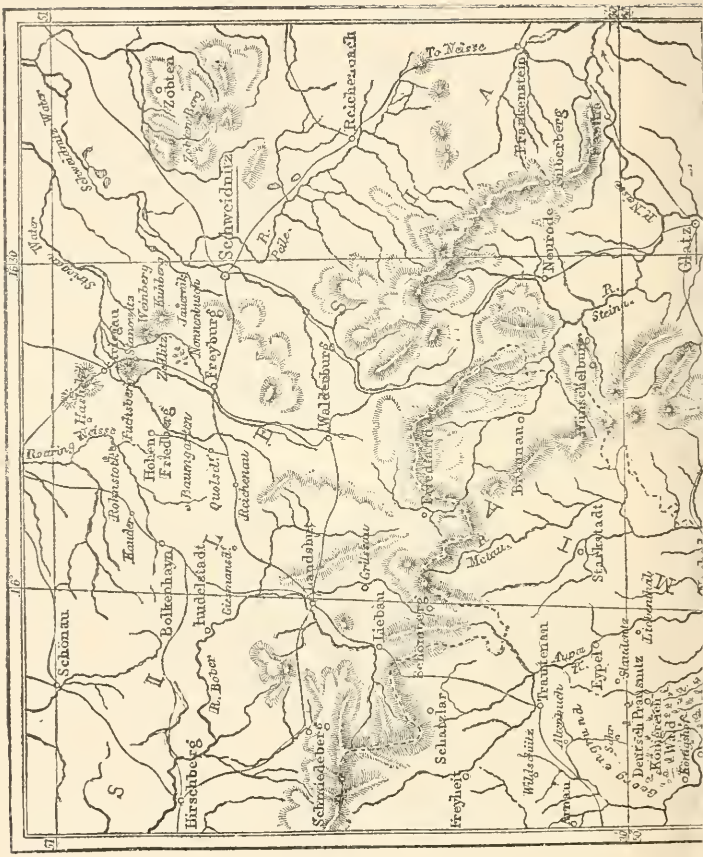
[1] Frédéric Baron de Trenck, *Mémoires, traduits par lui-même* (Strasburg and Paris, 1789), i. 74–78, 79.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Roaring Neisse
Hohen Friedberg
Baumgarten
Quolsdf.
Reichenau
Gitmansd.
Landshut
Grüssau
Liebau
Schatzlar
Schmiedeberg
Schomberg
Freyheit
Striegau
Fuchsberg
Stanowitz
Weinberg
Kuhberg
Jauernik
Zedlitz
Nonnenbusch
Freyburg
Striegau Water
Schweidnitz Water
Schweidnitz
R. Peile
Zobten
Zobtenberg
Reichenbach
To Neisse
Frankenstein
Silberberg
Neurode
Glatz
R. Steina
R. Neisse
Waldenburg
Friedland
Braunau
Wünschelburg
Metau
Starkstadt
Trautenau
Aupa
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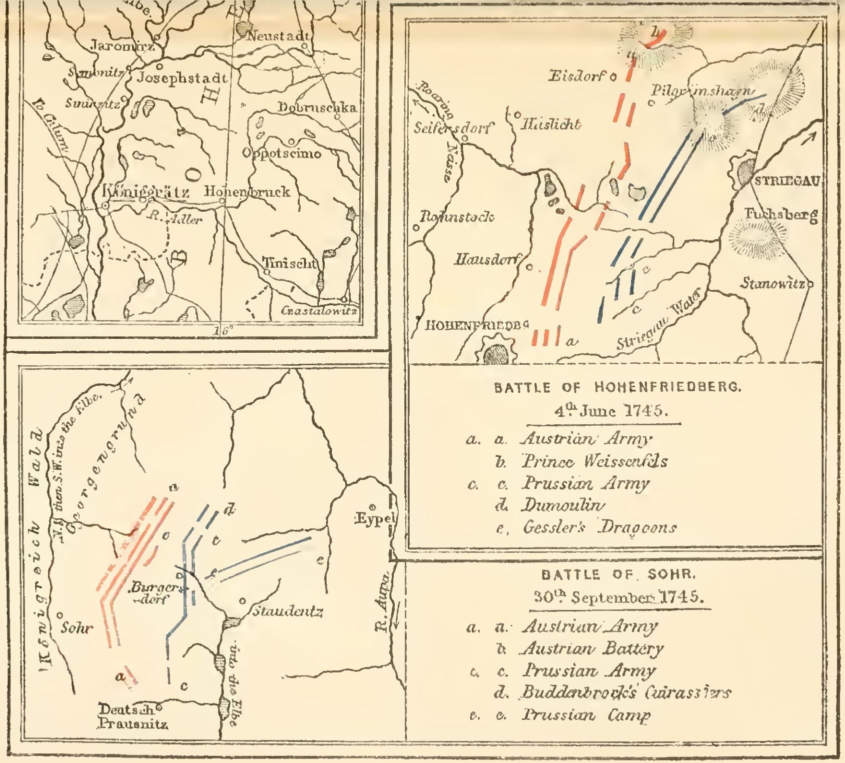
Altenbuch
Wildschütz
Arnau
Deutsch Prausnitz
Königreich Wald
Königshof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Czastalowitz
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Pilgrimshagen
Roaring
Seifersdorf
Hislicht
Nasse
STRIEGAU
Fuchsbarg
Rohnstock
Hausdorf
Stanowitz
HOHENFRIEDBG
Striegau Water
BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.
4th June 1745.
a. a. Austrian Army
b. Prince Weissenfels
c. c. Prussian Army
d. Dumoulin
e. Gessler's Dragoons
Königreich Wald
N.E. then S.W. into the Elbe
Georgengrund
Eypel
Burgersdorf
Staudentz
R. Aupa
Sohr
into the Elbe
Deutsch Prausnitz
BATTLE OF SOHR.
30th September 1745.
a. a. Austrian Army
b. Austrian Battery
c. c. Prussian Army
d. Buddenbrock's Cuirassiers
e. e. Prussian Camp

before he would pick me out again." Rigorous Fouquet, human mercy forbidding, could not let him stand there in permanence, — as we, better circumstanced, may with advantage try to do, in time coming!

Friedrich lay at Sohr five days; partly for the honor of the thing, partly to eat out the Country to perfection. Prince Karl, from Königshof, soon fell back to Königsgrätz; and lay motionless there, nothing but his Tolpatcheries astir. Sohr Country all eaten, Friedrich, in the due Divisions, marched northward. Through Trautenau, Schatzlar, his own Division, which was the main one; — and, fencing off the Tolpatches successfully with trouble, brings all his men into Silesia again. A good job of work behind them, surely! Cantons them to right and left of Landshut, about Rohnstock and Hohenfriedberg, hamlets known so well; and leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drives for Berlin (30th October), — rapidly, as his wont is. Prince Karl has split up his force at Königsgrätz; means, one cannot doubt, to go into winter-quarters. If he think of invading, across that eaten Country and those bad Mountains, — well, our troops can all be got together in six hours' time.

At Trautenau, a week after Sohr, Friedrich had at last received the English ratification of that Convention of Hanover, signed 26th August, almost a month ago; not ratified till September 22d. About which there had latterly been some anxiety, lest his Britannic Majesty himself might have broken off from it. With Austria, with Saxony, Britannic Majesty has been entirely unsuccessful: — "May not Sohr, perhaps, be a fresh persuasive?" hopes Friedrich; — but as to Britannic Majesty's breaking off, his thoughts are far from that, if we knew! Poor Majesty: not long since, Supreme Jove of Germany; and now — is like to be swallowed in ragamuffin street-riots; not a thunder-bolt within clutch of him (thunder-bolts all sticking in the mud of the Netherlands, far off), and not a constable's staff of the least efficacy! Consider these dates in combination. Battle of Sohr was on *Thursday, September 30th*: —

"*Sunday* preceding, *September 26th*, was such a Lord's-Day in the City of Edinburgh, as had not been seen there, — not since Jenny Geddes's stool went flying at the Bishop's head, above a hundred years before. Big alarm-bell bursting out in the middle of divine service; emptying all the Churches ('Highland rebels just at hand!') — into General Meeting of the Inhabitants, into Chaos come again, for the next forty hours. Till, in the gaunt midnight, Tuesday, 2 A.M., Lochiel with about 1,000 Camerons, waiting slight opportunity, crushed in through the Netherbow Port; and" — And, about noon of that day, a poor friend of ours, loitering expectant in the road that leads by St. Anthony's Well, saw making entry into paternal Holyrood, — the Young Pretender, in person, who is just being proclaimed Prince of Wales, up in the High-street yonder! "A tall slender young man, about five feet ten inches high; of a ruddy complexion, high-nosed, large rolling brown eyes; long-visaged, red-haired, but at that time wore a pale periwig. He was in a Highland habit [coat]; over the shoulder a blue sash wrought with gold; red velvet breeches; a green velvet bonnet, with white cockade on it and a gold lace. His speech seemed very like that of an Irishman; very sly [how did you know, my poor friend?]; — spoke often to O'Sullivan [thought to be a person of some counsel; had been Tutor to Maillebois's Boys, had even tried some irregular fighting under Maillebois] — to O'Sullivan and"[1] . . . And on Saturday, in short, came *Prestonpans.* Enough of such a Supreme Jove; good for us here as a time-table chiefly, or marker of dates!

Sunday, 3d October, King's Adjutant, Captain Mollendorf, a young Officer deservedly in favor, arrives at Berlin with the joyful tidings of this Sohr business ("Prausnitz" we then called it): to the joy of all Prussians, especially of a Queen Mother, for whom there is a Letter in pencil. After brief congratulation, Mollendorf rushes on; having next to give the Old Dessauer notice of it in his Camp at Dieskau, in the Halle neighborhood. Mollendorf appears in Halle suddenly next morning, Monday, about ten o'clock, sixteen postilions trumpeting, and at their swiftest trot, in front of him; — shooting, like a melodious morning-star, across the rusty old city, in this manner, — to Dieskau Camp, where he gives the Old Dessauer his good news. Excellent Victory indeed; sharp striking, swift self-help on our part. Halle and the Camp have enough to think of, for this day and the next. Whither Mollendorf went next, we will not ask: perhaps to Brunswick and other consanguineous places? — Certain it is,

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[1] Henderson, *Highland Rebellion*, p. 14.

"On Wednesday, the 6th, about two in the afternoon, the Old Dessauer has his whole Army drawn out there, with green sprigs in their hats, at Dieskau, close upon the Saxon Frontier; and, after swashing and manœuvring about in the highest military style of art, ranks them all in line, or two suitable lines, 30,000 of them; and then, with clangorous outburst of trumpet, kettle-drum and all manner of field-music, fires off his united artillery a first time; almost shaking the very hills by such a thunderous peal, in the still afternoon. And mark, close fitted into the artillery peal, commences a rolling fire, like a peal spread out in threads, sparkling strangely to eye and ear; from right to left, long spears of fire and sharp strokes of sound, darting aloft, successive simultaneous, winding for the space of miles, then back by the rear line, and home to the starting-point: very grand indeed. Again, and also again, the artillery peal, and rolling small-arms fitted into it, is repeated; a second and a third time, kettle-drums and trumpets doing what they can. That was the Old Dessauer's bonfiring (what is called *feu-de-joie*), for the Victory of Sohr; audible almost at Leipzig, if the wind were westerly. Overpowering to the human mind; at least, to the old Newspaper reporter of that day. But what was strangest in the business," continues he "(*das Curieuseste dabey*), was that the Saxon Uhlans, lying about in the villages across the Border, were out in the fields, watching the sight, hardly 300 yards off, from beginning to end; and little dreamed that his High Princely Serenity," blue of face and dreadful in war, "was quite close to them, on the Height called Bornhöck; condescending to 'take all this into High-Serene Eye-shine there; and, by having a white flag waved, deigning to give signal for the discharges of the artillery.' "[1]

By this the reader may know that the Old Dessauer is alive, ready for action if called on; and Brühl ought to comprehend better how riskish his game with edge-tools is. Brühl is not now in an unprepared state: — here are Uhlans at one's elbow looking on. Rutowski's Uhlans; who lies encamped, not far off, in good force, posted among morasses; strongly entrenched, and with schemes in his head, and in Brühl's, of an aggressive, thrice-secret and very surprising nature! I remark only that, in Heidelberg Country, victorious old Traun is putting his people into winter-quarters; himself about to vanish from this History,[2] — and has detached General Grüne with 10,000 men; who left Heidelberg October 9th, on a mysterious errand, heeded by nobody; and will turn up in the next Chapter.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SAXONY AND AUSTRIA MAKE A SURPRISING LAST ATTEMPT.

After this strenuous and victorious Campaign, which has astonished all public men, especially all Pragmatic Gazetteers, and with which all Europe is disharmoniously ringing, Friedrich is hopeful there will be Peace, through England; — cannot doubt, at least, but the Austrians have had enough for one year; — and looks forward to certain months, if not of rest, yet of another kind of activity. Negotiation, Peace through England, if possible; that is the high prize: and in the other case, or in any case, readiness for next Campaign; — which with the treasury exhausted, and no honorable subsidy from France, is a difficult problem.

That was Friedrich's, and everybody's, program of affairs for the months coming: but in that Friedrich and everybody found themselves greatly mistaken. Brühl and the Austrians had decided otherwise. "Open mouse-trap," at Striegau; claws of the sleeping cat, at Sohr: these were sad experiences; ill to bear, with the Sea-Powers grumbling on you, and the world sniffing its pity on you; — but are not conclusive, are only provoking and even maddening, to the sanguine mind. Two sad failures; but let us try another time. "A tricky man; cunning enough, your King of Prussia!" thinks Brühl, with a fellness of humor against Friedrich which is little conceivable to us now: "Cunning enough. But it is possible cunning may be surpassed by deeper cunning!" — and decides, Bartenstein and an indignant Empress-Queen assenting eagerly, That there shall, in the profoundest secrecy till it break out, be a third, and much fiercer trial, this Winter yet. The Brühl-Bartenstein plan (owing mainly to the Russian Bugbear which hung over it, protective, but with whims of its own) underwent changes, successive redactions or editions; which the reader would grudge to hear explained to him.[1] Of the final or acted edition, some loose notion, sufficient for our purpose, may be collected from the following fractions of Notes: —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* i. 1124.

[2] Went to *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania) as Governor; died there February, 1748, age seventy-one (*Maria Theresiens Leben,* p. 56 n.).

November 17th (*Interior of Germany*). . . . "Feldmarschall-Lieutenant von Grüne, a General of mark, detached by Traun not long since, from the Rhine Country, with a force of 10,000 men, why is he marching about: first to Baireuth Country, 'at Hof, November 9th,' as if for Bohemia; then north, to Gera ('lies at Gera till the 17th'), as if for Saxony Proper? Prince Karl, you would certainly say, has gone into winter-quarters; about Königsgrätz, and farther on? Gone or going, sure enough, is Prince Karl, into the convenient Bohemian districts, — uncertain which particular districts; at least the Young Dessauer, watching him from the Silesian side, is uncertain which. Better be vigilant, Prince Leopold! — Grüne, lying at Gera yonder, is not intending for Prince Karl, then? No, not thither. Then perhaps towards Saxony, to reinforce the Saxons? Or some-whither to find fat winter-quarters: who knows? Indeed, who cares particularly, for such inconsiderable Grüne and his 10,000! —

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[1] Account of them in Orlich, ii. 273–278 (from various *Rutowski* Papers; and from the contemporary satirical Pamphlet, "*Mondscheinwürfe*, Mirror-castings of Moonshine, by *Zebedäus* Cuckoo, beaten Captain of a beaten Army."

"The Saxons quitted their inexpugnable Camp towards Halle, some time ago; went into cantonments farther inland; — the Old Dessauer (middle of October) having done the like, and gone home: his force lies rather scattered, for convenience of food and forage. From the Silesian side, again, Prince Leopold, whose head-quarters are about Striegau, intimates, That he cannot yet say, with certainty, what districts Prince Karl will occupy for winter-quarters in Bohemia. Prince Karl is vaguely roving about; detaching Pandours to the Silesian Mountains, as if for checking our victorious Nassau there; — always rather creeping northward; skirting Western Silesia with his main force; 30,000 or better, with Lobkowitz and Nadasti ahead. Meaning what? Be vigilant, my young friend.

"The private fact is, Prince Karl does not mean to go into winter-quarters at all. In private fact, Prince Karl is one of Three mysterious Elements or Currents, sent on a far errand: Grüne is another: Rutowski's Saxon Camp (now become Cantonment) is a third. Three Currents instinct with fire and destruction, but as yet quite opaque; which have been launched, — whitherward thinks the reader? On Berlin itself, and the Mark of Brandenburg; there to collide, and ignite in a marvellous manner. There is their meeting-point: there shall they, on a sudden, smite one another into flame; and the destruction blaze, fiery enough, round Friedrich and his own Brandenburg homesteads there! —

"It is a grand scheme; scheme at least on a grand scale. For the *legs* of it, Grüne's march and Prince Karl's, are about 500 miles long! Plan due chiefly, they say, to the yellow rage of Brühl; aided by the contrivance of Rutowski, and the counsel of Austrian military men. For there is much consulting about it, and redacting of it; Polish Majesty himself very busy. To Brühl's yellow rage it is highly solacing and hopeful. 'Rutowski, lying close in his Cantonments, and then suddenly springing out, will overwhelm the Old Dessauer, who lies wide;

— can do it, surely; and Grüne is there to help if necessary. Dessauer blown to pieces, Grüne, with Rutowski combined, push in upon Brandenburg, — Grüne himself upon Berlin, — from the west and south, nobody expecting him. Prince Karl, not taking into winter-quarters in Bohemia, as they idly think; but falling down the Valley of the Bober, or Bober and Queiss, into the Lausitz (to Görlitz, Guben, where we have Magazines for him), comes upon it from the southeast, — nobody expecting any of them. Three simultaneous Armies hurled on the head of your Friedrich; combustible deluges flowing towards him, as from the ends of Germany; so opaque, silent, yet of fire wholly: will not that surprise him!' thinks Brühl. These are the schemes of the little man."

Brühl, having constituted himself rival to Friedrich, and fallen into pale or yellow rage by the course things took, this Plan is naturally his chief joy, or crown of joys; a bubbling well of solace to him in his parched condition. He should, obviously, have kept it secret; thrice-secret, the little fool; — but a poor parched man is not always master of his private bubbling wells in that kind! Wolfstierna is Swedish Envoy at Dresden; Rudenskjöld, Swedish Envoy at Berlin, has run over to see him in the dim November days. Swedes, since Ulrique's marriage, are friendly to Prussia. Brühl has these two men to dinner; talks with them, over his wine, about Friedrich's insulting usage of him, among other topics. "Insulting; how, your Excellency?" asks Rudenskjöld, privately a friend of Friedrich. Brühl explains, with voice quivering, those cuts in the Friedrich manifesto of August last, and other griefs suffered; the two Swedes soothing him with what oil they have ready. "No matter!" hints Brühl; and proceeds from hint to hint, till the two Swedes are fully aware of the grand scheme: Grüne, Prince Karl; and how Destruction, with legs 500 miles long, is steadily advancing to assuage one with just revenge. "Right, your Excellency!" — only that Rudenskjöld proceeds to Berlin; and there straightway ("8th November") punctually makes Friedrich also aware.[1] Foolish

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 262; Ranke, iii. 317–323; Friedrich's own narrative of it, *Œuvres,* iii. 148.

Brühl: a man that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.

Friedrich goes out to meet his Three-legged Monster; cuts one Leg of it in two (Fight of Hennersdorf, 23d November, 1745).

Friedrich, having heard the secret, gazes into it with horror and astonishment: "What a time I have! This is not living; this is being killed a thousand times a day!"[1] — with horror and astonishment; but also with what most luminous flash of eyesight is in him; compares it with Prince Karl's enigmatic motions, Grüne's open ones and the other phenomena; — perceives that it is an indisputable fact, and a thrice-formidable; requiring to be instantly dealt with by the party interested! Whereupon, after hearty thanks to Rudenskjöld, there occur these rapidly successive phases of activity, which we study to take up in a curt form.

First (probably 9th or 10th November), there is Council held with Minister Podewils and the Old Dessauer; Council from which comes little benefit, or none. Podewils and Old Leopold stare incredulous; cannot be made to believe such a thing. "Impossible any Saxon minister or man would voluntarily bring the theatre of war into his own Country, in this manner!" thinks the Old Dessauer, and persists to think, — on what obstinate ground Friedrich never knew. To which Podewils, "who has properties in the Lausitz, and would so fain think them safe," obstinately, though more covertly, adheres. "Impossible!" urge both these Councillors; and Friedrich cannot even make them believe it. Believe it; and, alas, believing it is not the whole problem!

Happily Friedrich has the privilege of ordering, with or without their belief. "You, Podewils, announce the matter to foreign Courts. You, Serene Highness of Anhalt, at your swiftest, collect yonder, and encamp again. Your eye well on Grüne and Rutowski; and the instant I give you signal — ! I am for Silesia, to look after Prince Karl, the other long leg of this Business." Old Leopold, according to Friedrich's account, is visibly glad of such opportunity to fight again before he die: and yet, for no reason except some senile jealousy, is not content with these arrangements; perversely objects to this and that. At length the King says, — think of this hard word, and of the eyes that accompany it! — "When your Highness gets Armies of your own, you will order them according to your mind; at present, it must be according to mine." On, then; and not a moment lost: for of all things we must be swift!

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[1] Ranke (iii. 321 n.): *to* whom said, we are not told.

Old Leopold goes accordingly. Friedrich himself goes in a week hence. Orders, correspondences from Podewils and the rest, are flying right and left; — to Young Leopold in Silesia, first of all. Young Leopold draws out his forces towards the Silesian-Lausitz border, where Prince Karl's intentions are now becoming visible. And, — here is the *second* phase notable, —

"On Monday, 15th,[1] at 7 A.M.," Friedrich rushes off, by Crossen, full speed for Liegnitz; "with Rothenburg, with the Prince of Prussia and Ferdinand of Brunswick accompanying." With what thoughts, — though, in his face, you can read nothing; all Berlin being already in such tremor! Friedrich is in Liegnitz next day; and after needful preliminaries there, does, on the Thursday following, "at Nieder-Adelsdorf," not far off, take actual command of Prince Leopold's Army, which had lain encamped for some days, waiting him. And now with such force in hand, — 35,000, soldiers every man of them, and freshened by a month's rest, — one will endeavor to do some good upon Prince Karl. Probably sooner than Prince Karl supposes. For there is great velocity in this young King; a panther-like suddenness of spring in him: cunning, too, as any Felis of them; and with claws like the Felis Leo on occasion. Here follows the brief Campaign that ensued, which I strive greatly to abridge.

Prince Karl's intentions towards Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, through the Lausitz, are now becoming practically manifest. There is a Magazine for him at Guben, within thirty miles of Frankfurt; arrangements getting ready all the way. A winter march of 150 miles; — but what, say the spies, is to hinder? Prince Karl dreams not that Friedrich is on the ground, or that anybody is aware. Which notion Friedrich finds that it will be extremely suitable to maintain in Prince Karl. Friedrich is now at Adelsdorf, some thirty miles eastward of the Lausitz Border, perhaps forty or more from the route Prince Karl will follow through that Province.

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[1] "18th," *Feldzüge*, i. 402 (see Rödenbeck, i. 122).

"It is a high-lying irregularly hilly Country; hilly, not mountainous. Various streams rise out of it that have a long course, — among others, the Spree, which washes Berlin; — especially three Valleys cross it, three Rivers with their Valleys: Bober, Queiss, Neisse (the *third* Neisse we have come upon); all running northward, pretty much parallel, though all are branches of the Oder. This is Neisse *Third*, we say; not the Neisse of Neisse City, which we used to know at the north base of the Giant Mountains, nor the Roaring Neisse, which we have seen at Hohenfriedberg; but a third [and the *fourth* and last, "Black Neisse," thank Heaven, is an upper branch of this, and we have, and shall have, nothing to do with it!] — third Neisse, which we may call the Lausitz Neisse. On which, near the head of it, there is a fine old spinning, linen-weaving Town called Zittau, — where, to make it memorable, one Tourist has read, on the Town-house, an Inscription worth repeating: '*Bene facere et male audire regium est*, To do good and have evil said of you, is a kingly thing.' Other Towns, as Görlitz, and seventy miles farther the above-said Guben, lie on this same Neisse, — shall we add that Herrnhuth stands near the head of it? The wondrous Town of Herrnhuth (*Lord's-Keeping*), founded by Count Zinzendorf, twenty years before those dates;[1] where are a kind of German Methodist-Quakers to this day, who have become very celebrated in the interim. An opulent enough, most silent, strictly regular, strange little Town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress. Missionaries, speaking flabby English, who have been in the West Indies or are

[1] "In 1722, the first tree felled" (*Lives* of Zinzendorf).

going thither, seem to abound in the place; male population otherwise, I should think, must be mainly doing trade elsewhere; nothing but prayers, preachings, charitable boarding-schooling and the like, appeared to be going on. Herrnhuth is 'a Sabbath Petrified; Calvinistic Sabbath done into Stone,' as one of my companions called it."[1]

Herrnhuth, of which all Englishmen have heard, stands near the head of this our third Neisse; as does Zittau, a few miles higher up. I can do nothing more to give it mark for them. Bober Valley, then Queiss Valley, which run parallel though they join at last, and become Bober wholly before getting into the Oder, — these two Valleys and Rivers lie in Friedrich's own Territory; and are between him and the Lausitz, Queiss River being the boundary of Silesia and the Lausitz here. It is down the Neisse that Prince Karl means to march. There are Saxons already gathering about Zittau; and down as far as Guben they are making Magazines and arrangements, — for it is all their own Country in those years, though most of it is Prussia's now. Prince Karl's march will go parallel to the Bober and the Queiss; separated from the Queiss in this part by an undulating Hill-tract of twenty miles or more.

Friedrich has had somewhat to settle for the Southern Frontier of Silesia withal, which new doggeries of Pandours are invading, — to lie ready for Prince Karl on his return thither, whose grand meaning all this while (as Friedrich well knows), is "Silesia in the lump" again, had he once cut us off from Brandenburg and our supplies! General Nassau, far eastward, who is doing exploits in Moravia itself, — him Friedrich has ordered homeward, westward to his own side of the Mountains, to attend these new Pandour gentlemen; Winterfeld he has called home, out of those Southern mountains, as likely to be usefuler here on this Western frontier. Winterfeld arrived in Camp the same day with Friedrich; and is sent forward with a body of 3,000 light troops, to keep watch about the Lausitz Frontier and the River Queiss; "careful not to quit our own side of that stream," — as we mean to hoodwink Prince Karl, if we can!

[1] Tourist's Note (Autumn, 1852).

Friedrich lies strictly within his own borders, for a day or two; till Prince Karl march, till his own arrangements are complete. Friedrich himself keeps the Bober, Winterfeld the Queiss; "all pass freely out of the Lausitz; none are allowed to cross into it: thereby we hear notice of Prince Karl, he none of us." Perfectly quiescent, we, poor creatures, and aware of nothing! Thus, too, Friedrich — in spite of his warlike Manifesto, which the Saxons are on the eve of answering with a formal Declaration of War — affects great rigor in considering the Saxons as not yet at war with him: respects their frontier, Winterfeld even punishes hussars "for trespassing on Lausitz ground." Friedrich also affects to have roads repaired, which he by no means intends to travel: — the whole with a view of lulling Prince Karl; of keeping the mouse-trap open, as he had done in the Striegau case. It succeeded again, quite as conspicuously, and at less expense.

Prince Karl — whose Tolpatch doggery Winterfeld will not allow to pass the Queiss, and to whom no traveller or tidings can come from beyond that River — discerns only, on the farther shore of it, Winterfeld with his 3,000 light troops. Behind these, he discerns either nothing, or nothing immediately momentous; but contentedly supposes that this, the superficies of things, is all the solid-content they have. Prince Karl gets under way, therefore, nothing doubting; with his Saxons as vanguard. Down the Neisse Valley, on the right or Queiss-ward side of it: Saturday, 20th November, is his first march in Lusatian territory. He lies that night spread out in three Villages, Schönberg, Schönbrunn, Kieslingswalde;[1] some ten miles long; parallel to the Neisse River, and about four miles from it, east or Queiss-ward of it. Karl himself is rear, at Schönberg; fierce Lobkowitz is centre; the Saxons are vanguard, 6,000 in all, posted in Villages, which again are some ten or twelve miles ahead of Prince Karl's forces; the Queiss on their right hand, and the Naumburg Bridge of Queiss, where Winterfeld now is, about fifteen miles to east. Their Uhlans circulate through the intervening space (were much patrolling needed, in such quiet circumstances), and maintain the due communication. There lies Prince Karl, on Saturday night, 20th November, 1745; an Army of perhaps 40,000, dangerously straggling out above twenty miles long; and appears to see no difficulty ahead. The Saxons, I think, are to continue where they are; guarding the flank, while the Prince and Lobkowitz push forward, closer by Neisse River. In four marches more, they can be in Brandenburg, with Guben and their Magazines at hand.

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[1] *Feldzüge*, i. 407 (Bericht von der Action bey Katholisch-Hennersdorf, &c.).

Seeing which state of matters, Winterfeld gives Friedrich notice of it; and that he, Winterfeld, thinks the moment is come. "Pontoons to Naumburg, then!" orders Friedrich. Winterfeld, at the proper moment, is to form a Bridge there. One permanent Bridge there already is; and two fords, one above it, one below: with a second Bridge, there will be roadway for four columns, and a swift transit when needful. Sunday, 21st, Friedrich quits the Bober, diligently towards Naumburg; marches Sunday, Monday; Tuesday, 23d, about eleven A.M., begins to arrive there; Winterfeld and passages all ready. Forward, then, and let us drive in upon Prince Karl; and either cut him in two, or force him to fight us: he little thinks where or on what terms. Sure enough, in the worst place we can choose for him! Friedrich begins crossing in four columns at one P.M.; crosses continuously for four hours; unopposed, except some skirmishing of Uhlans, while his Cavalry is riding the Fords to right and left; Uhlans were driven back swiftly, so soon as the Cavalry got over. At five in the evening, he has got entirely across, 35,000 horse and foot: Ziethen is chasing the Uhlans at full speed; who at least will show us the way, — for by this time a mist has begun falling, and the brief daylight is done.

Friedrich himself, without waiting for the rear of his force, and some while before this mist fell (as I judge), is pushing forward, "a miller lad for his guide," across to Hennersdorf, — Katholisch-Hennersdorf, a long straggling Village, eight or ten miles off, and itself two miles long, — where he understands the Saxons are. Miller lad guides us, over height and hollow, with his best skill, at a brisk pace; — through one hollow, where he has known the cattle pasture in summer time; but which proves impassable, and mere quagmire, at this season. No getting through it, you unfortunate miller lad (*garçon de meunier*). Nevertheless, we did find passage through the skirts of it: nay this quagmire proved the luck of us; for the enemy, trusting to it, had no outguard there, never expecting us on that side. So that the vanguard, Ziethen and rapid Hussars, made an excellent thing of it. Ziethen sends us word, That he has got into the body of Hennersdorf, — "found the Saxon Quartermaster quietly paying his men;" — that he, Ziethen, is tolerably master of Hennersdorf, and will amuse the enemy till the other force come up.

Of course Friedrich now pushes on, double speed; detaches other force, horse and foot: which was lucky, says my informant; for the Ziethen Hussars, getting good plunder, had by no means demolished the Saxons; but had left them time to draw up in firm order, with a hedge in front, a little west of the Village; — from which post, unassailable by Ziethen, they would have got safe off to the main body, with little but an affront and some loss of goods. The new force — a rapid Katzler with light horse in the van, cuirassiers and foot rapidly following him — sweeps past the long Village, "through a thin wood and a defile;" finds the enemy firmly ranked as above said; cavalry their left, infantry on right, flanked by an impenetrable hedge; and at once strikes in. At once, Katzler does, on order given; but is far too weak. Charges, he; but is counter-charged, tumbled back; the Saxons, horse and foot, showing excellent fight. At length, more Prussian force coming up, cuirassiers charge them in front, dragoons in flank, hussars in rear; all attacking at once, and with a will; and the poor Saxon Cavalry is entirely cut to shreds.

And now there remains only the Infantry, perhaps about 1,000 men (if one must guess); who form a square; ply vigorously their field-pieces and their fire-arms; and cannot be broken by horse-charges. In fact, these Saxons made a fierce resistance; — till, before long, Prussian Infantry came up; and, with counter field-pieces and musketries, blasted gaps in them; upon which the Cavalry got admittance, and reduced the gallant fellows nearly wholly to annihilation either by death or capture. There are 914 Prisoners in this Action, 4 big guns, and I know not how many kettle-drums, standards and the like, — all that were there, I suppose. The number of dead not given.[1] But, in brief, this Saxon Force is utterly cut to pieces; and only scattered twos and threes of it rush through the dark mist; scattering terror to this hand and that. The Prussians take their post at and round Hennersdorf that night; — bivouacking, though only in sack trousers, a blanket each man: — "We work hard, my men, and suffer all things for a day or two, that it may save much work afterwards," said the King to them; and they cheerfully bivouacked.

This was the Action of Katholisch-Hennersdorf, fought on Tuesday, 23d November, 1745; and still celebrated in the Prussian Annals, and reckoned a brilliant passage of war. *Katholisch*-Hennersdorf, some ten miles southwest of Naumburg *on the Queiss* (for there are, to my knowledge, Twenty-five other Villages called Hennersdorf, and Three several Towns of Naumburg, and many Castles and Hamlets so named in dear Germany of the Nomenclatures): — Katholisch-Hennersdorf is the place, and Tuesday about dusk the time. A sharp brush of fighting; not great in quantity, but laid in at the right moment, in the right place. Like the prick of a needle, duly sharp, into the spinal marrow of a gigantic object; totally ruinous to such object. Never, or rarely, in the Annals of War, was as much good got of so little fighting. You may, with labor and peril, plunge a hundred dirks into your boa-constrictor; hack him with axes, bray him with sledge-hammers; that is not uncommon: but the one true prick in the spinal marrow, and the Artist that can guide you well to that, he and it are the notable and beneficent phenomena.

Prince Karl, cut in two, tumbles home again double-quick.

Next morning, Wednesday, 24th, the Prussians are early astir again; groping, on all manner of roads, to find what Prince Karl is doing, in a world all covered in thick mist.

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[1] Orlich, ii. 291; *Feldzüge*, i. 400–413.

They can find nothing of him, but broken tumbrils, left baggage-wagons, rumor of universal marching hither and marching thither; — evidences of an Army fallen into universal St. Vitus's-Dance; distractedly hurrying to and fro, not knowing whitherward for the moment, except that it must be homewards, homewards with velocity.

Prince Karl's farther movements are not worth particularizing. Ordering and cross-ordering; march this way; no, back again: such a scene in that mist. Prince Karl is flowing homeward; confusedly deluging and gurgling southward, the best he can. Next afternoon, near Görlitz, and again one other time, he appears drawn up, as if for fighting; but has himself no such thought; flies again, without a shot; leaves Görlitz to capitulate, that afternoon; all places to capitulate, or be evacuated. We hear he is for Zittau; Winterfeld with light horse hastens after him, gets sight of him on the Heights at Zittau yonder,[1] "about two in the morning:" but the Prince has not the least notion to fight. Prince leaves Zittau to capitulate, — quits silently the Heights of Zittau at two A.M. (Winterfeld, very lively in the rear of him, cutting off his baggage); — and so tumbles, pell-mell, through the Passes of Gabel, home to Bohemia again. Let us save this poor Note from the fire:

"On Saturday night, November 27th, the Prussians, pursuing Prince Karl, were cantoned in the Herrnhuth neighborhood, — my informant's regiment in the Town of Herrnhuth itself.[2] Yes, there lay the Prussians over Sunday; and might hear some weighty expounder, if they liked. Considerably theological, many of these poor Prussian soldiers; carrying a Bible in their knapsack, and devout Psalms in the heart of them. Two-thirds of every regiment are *Landeskinder*, native Prussians; each regiment from a special canton, — generally rather religious men. The other third are recruits, gathered in the Free Towns of the Reich, or where they can be got; not distinguished by devotion these, we may fancy, only trained to the uttermost by Spartan drill."

Before the week is done, that "first leg" of the grand Enterprise (the Prince-Karl leg) is such a leg as we see. "Silesia in the lump," — fond dream again, what a dream! Old Dessauer getting signal, where now, too probably, is Saxony itself? — Ranking again at Aussig in Bohemia, Prince Karl — 5,000 of his men lost, and all impetus and fire gone — falls gently down the Elbe, to join Rutowski at least; and will reappear within four weeks, out of Saxon Switzerland, still rather in dismal humor.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 157; Orlich, ii. 296.

[2] *Feldzüge*, i. ubi suprà.

The Prussian Troops, in four great Divisions, are cantoned in that Lausitz Country, now so quiet; in and about Bautzen, and three other Towns of the neighborhood; to rest, and be ready for the Old Dessauer, when we hear of him. The "Magazine at Guben in 138 wagons," the Görlitz and other Magazines of Prince Karl in the due number of wagons, supply them with comfortable unexpected provender. Thus they lie cantoned; and have with despatch effectually settled their part of the problem. Question now is, How will it stand with the Old Dessauer and his part? Or, better still, Would not perhaps the Saxons, in this humiliated state, accept Peace, and finish the matter?

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